

RIPENED YEARS

II—Thomas Jefferson—Time Treated Him Kindly

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THROUGH all the years of his brilliant and successful political career Thomas Jefferson longed for the quiet delights of home. At each interval in his public service he turned his face joyfully toward Monticello, and with each recall his pleasure was marred by regret for the lost domesticity.

In 1776, while on the threshold of the career which was to give him immortality in history, he wrote John Randolph, "My first wish is a restoration of our just rights; my second a return to the happy period, when . . . I may withdraw myself totally from the public stage and pass the rest of my days in domestic ease and tranquillity, banishing every desire of hearing what passes in the world."

From France, more than a decade later he wrote his daughter: "To your sister and yourself I look to render the evening of my life serene and contented. Its morning has been crowded with loss after loss till I have nothing left but you."

In 1793, retiring from the State Department, he wrote a friend, "I am then to be liberated from the hated occupation of politics and to remain in the bosom of my family, my farm and my books."

And finally in 1809 he wrote

Dupont de Nemours: "Within a few days I retire to my family, my books and farms; and having gained the harbor myself, I shall look on my friends still buffeting the storm with anxiety indeed, but not with envy. Never did a prisoner, released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall on shaking off the shackles of power. Nature intended me for the tranquil pursuits of science, by rendering them my supreme delight. But the enormities of the times in which I have lived have forced me to take a part in resisting them, and to commit myself on the boisterous ocean of political passions."

In the interval of these letters he filled with honor, success and public applause, every office of high importance in the gift of his state and country, founded a great political party and formulated its principles, and successfully made the tenets of the political faith thus expressed the foundation-stones of American political doctrine. Few men ever had a better right to enjoy public life, and yet it is beyond doubt that through all these years his heart and mind were always filled with avid longing for the life he thus described. His natural tastes, his love of home and family, his passion for the country and for the soil, were chiefly respon-

sible, but an important factor was his shyness and his almost feminine shrinking from the storms of American politics. He was tired, too, deadly tired, of being the "Rawhead and Bloody-bones" of Federalism and the clergy. He wanted quiet, peace and leisure. He was getting old and he longed for tranquillity which he declared to be "*the summum bonum* of age."

He was happier in his exit from public life than was John Adams. Hated and slandered as he had been, he had not been betrayed in his own house, he had not met defeat and he had not been the victim of disappointment. To which fortunate circumstances may be added the fact of his possession of a disposition naturally sunny and a temperament uniformly optimistic. And so, happily, he turned over the conduct of affairs to a successor of his own choosing, a devoted and lifelong friend and neighbor who came nearer carrying out the policies of his predecessor than did any other hand-picked president in our history—and joyfully turned toward Monticello. He did not exactly shake the dust, or more properly the mud, of Washington off his feet as Adams had done, but he took precious good care that no more ever got on. He crossed for the last time the boundary line of Virginia to be as long as he lived America's greatest citizen. There is tragedy in the fact that John Adams, who deserved it, did not share with him this distinction.

To Monticello Jefferson came like one released from prison. There he found his daughter Martha with her husband, Thomas Mann Randolph, and their numerous family.

His delight in them, but for its youthful quality, would have been somewhat pathetic. He loved children and young people and from the time he reached home until his death he found, perhaps, his greatest pleasure in his grandchildren and presently his great-grandchildren. "Among these," he wrote John Adams in 1820, "I live like a patriarch of old."

Home began to make him over. He came weary with the storms of the preceding two years, but soon his step grew light and elastic and he was "as busy as a bee in a molasses barrel," buzzing about, arranging his books and papers, going over the place planning improvements for the future, humming or singing old and favorite songs, radiant as a boy on a vacation.

To be at Monticello was in itself a delight. It was the very apple of its master's eye. Built through thirty years, after his own plans and conforming to his own tastes and habits, it was in every way comfortable and, superbly situated, it satisfied a craving for beauty which in Jefferson was ever strong. Set in a plantation of nearly six thousand acres, it was the most impressive estate in that part of Virginia.

To this plantation and his other, Poplar Forest in Bedford County, Jefferson now turned for occupation and livelihood. He did it with no unwillingness. Long before this he had declared that "those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God," and he still believed it. He had always been interested in agriculture and he was convinced that by the application of system and scientific knowledge it could be made

highly profitable. That it had at that time largely ceased to be profitable, he attributed partly to the fact of his long absence from home and partly to Non-intercourse and Embargo which had dealt him with other planters a terrible blow.

But financial difficulties piled up and he seemed doomed to poverty. What the Embargo had begun, the War of 1812 finished, and the last chance of overcoming those difficulties disappeared. He was not entirely unaware of its meaning. Writing to Adams of the war he said:

"To me this state of things brings a sacrifice of all tranquillity and comfort through the residue of life. For although the debility of age disables me from the services and sufferings of the field, yet, by the total annihilation in value of the produce which was to give me subsistence and independence, I shall be like Tantalus up to the shoulders in water, yet dying with thirst. We can make indeed enough to eat, drink and clothe ourselves; but nothing for our salt, iron, groceries and taxes which must be paid in money. For what can we raise for the market? Wheat? we can only give it to our horses, as we have been doing ever since harvest. Tobacco? it is not worth the pipe it is smoked in. Some say whiskey; but all mankind must become drunkards to consume it. But although we feel we shall not shrink."

When the war was over the situation did not improve, but Jefferson's persistent optimism prevented his realizing the full seriousness of the case. He persistently kept accounts but they did not lessen extravagance or open-handed generosity. As a

matter of fact he could not live otherwise than extravagantly as long as he virtually kept a free hotel, and to make any change would have been in his eyes, a grave violation of an ideal of hospitality which he held sacred.

In 1815 he obtained some relief from the more burdensome of his obligations. As soon as the news reached him of the burning by the British of the Library of Congress, he offered to sell his own very carefully chosen and valuable collection of books to the government as the nucleus of a new one. After some cheap higgling on the part of Congress, the purchase was made, Jefferson receiving for it \$23,950, which was considerably less than half its value. This money went at once to his creditors.

He found out before a great while that he could not give the time needed for the direction of the plantation, if indeed he had the required knowledge, and in 1816 he turned over the management of all his farms to his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, who was able for several years more to avert disaster. But the panic of 1819 dealt another hard blow and a year or so later Jefferson became liable as security for his close friend—and Thomas J. Randolph's father-in-law—Wilson C. Nicholas, for a debt of \$20,000. And this was the final stroke. Randolph personally assumed a considerable part of the debts, but in spite of this, ruin was in sight and he finally had to tell Jefferson the truth of the situation. And so the last year of his life was saddened and embittered by the hopeless undertaking of saving Monticello for his daughter and her

children. After much thought he devised the scheme of securing authority from the legislature to sell tickets for a lottery with the Monticello plantation, excluding the house, and the Shadwell and Albemarle farms, as grand prizes. The members of the legislature opposed the plan and Jefferson was informed that the bill could not be passed. He was deeply hurt and utterly hopeless, but the news of his plight had become public and New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore raised by subscription \$16,500. Sadly, but gratefully, he accepted it and then at last the legislature authorized the lottery. It hung fire, and when Jefferson died in the same year, his debts exceeded all his assets by more than forty thousand dollars. His grandson later paid the entire amount.

Great as were his financial embarrassments, they did not dominate his years of retirement. His care-free nature saved him from that, and most of his years were happy and comparatively unmarred by his evil fortune. The reconciliation with John Adams contributed much to his happiness, as did that with Mrs. Adams which came later in the same year. Jefferson had feared she was hopelessly estranged, but soon she added an affectionate postscript to one of her husband's letters and thereafter their feeling was cordial and they occasionally exchanged letters and more frequently sent friendly and even affectionate messages. At her death Jefferson wrote Adams one of the most beautiful letters of condolence in history, one worthy of a place alongside that of Lincoln's to Mrs. Bixby.

"Monticello, November 13th, 1818.

"The public papers, my dear friend, announce the fatal event of which your letter of October the 20th had given me ominous foreboding. Tried myself in the school of affliction, by the loss of every form of connection which can rive the human heart, I know well, and feel what you have lost, what you have suffered, are suffering, and have yet to endure. The same trials have taught me that for ills so immeasurable time and silence are the only medicine. I will not, therefore, by useless condolences, open afresh the sluices of your grief, nor, although mingling sincerely my tears with yours, will I say a word more where words are vain, but that it is of some comfort to us both that the term is not very distant at which we are to deposit in the same cerement our sorrows and suffering bodies, and to ascend in essence to an ecstatic meeting with the friends we have loved and lost, and whom we shall still love and never lose again. God bless you and support you under your heavy affliction."

This letter indicates, perhaps, more clearly than anything Jefferson ever wrote, the character of his religious beliefs. Like Adams, he thought much of religion during these latter years. While scarcely orthodox, he was deeply and sincerely religious. In the end his views were in substantial agreement with those of the Unitarians and he expressed the hope that ultimately every young man in the country would become a Unitarian. He believed in a personal God, and was a close and devoted student of the life

and teachings of Christ which he accepted fully as he conceived them to be. He was liberal in his views, and detested dogma. He attended church quite regularly, usually the Episcopalian, and in spite of his sharp utterances concerning the clergy as a class, he counted a number of them among his best friends.

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In spite of his long years of political activity and the deep interest which he continued to feel in politics, Jefferson was remarkably successful in maintaining a scrupulous detachment from any participation other than that involved in advising and inspiring Madison and Monroe. Both, while in office, constantly sought his judgment as to events and policies. So great was his confidence in these friends that he expressed his willingness "to put his soul and body in their pockets." He was entirely sympathetic with the declaration of war against Great Britain in 1812, believing that while war was a misfortune, it was an inevitable one. "Every hope of time, patience and the love of peace is exhausted," he wrote Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, "and war or abject submission are the only alternatives left us." He regretted the war chiefly, perhaps, for the changes which he foresaw it would make in the United States. He watched with interest the course of the struggle and, eager for the conquest of Canada, was horrified and depressed at American failures there. But the most cruel blow inflicted on him by the war was the attitude of New England and particularly of Massachusetts.

As far as may be gathered from his letters, Jefferson showed little interest

in the nationalistic legislation of 1816. He was intensely interested in Monroe's advancement to the Presidency, but he had little to say on the subject. Probably he was more concerned with the return home of his friend and neighbor, Madison, in whose companionship he was deeply content.

The Missouri question, which he compared to "a fire-bell in the night," and which he considered as, possibly, the "knell of the Union," aroused him. Opposed as he was to slavery, he could see no reason for the excitement in the North. The truth is, of course, that Jefferson's opposition to the peculiar institution was based on his theory of liberty and his belief that no man was good enough to own another human being. The free soil doctrine which underlay the opposition to slavery extension had apparently not occurred to him, or, at least, did not influence him. His views on the agitation were not expressed publicly, for by 1820 he was begging to be kept out of all controversy. He had stopped reading speeches made in Congress, and from 1818 on he took only one newspaper—Ritchie's "Examiner"—which he declared "the best that is published or ever has been published in America," and added in another comment that he read it more for its advertisements than its news since they were much more trustworthy! Jefferson had come far from the time when he believed in the press as a substitute for government.

Monroe consulted him before the preparation of his message of 1823 as to the policy which should be adopted in respect to the Holy Alliance, and also toward Canning's

suggestion of joint action with Great Britain. Jefferson in 1808 had clearly outlined the principles of the Monroe Doctrine and he replied, stating them powerfully but favoring concert of action with England. This letter is the strongest answer to the charge that he was fundamentally hostile to England.

The heated personal campaign of 1824 did not excite Jefferson. Every kind of effort was made to win his support, but he carefully refrained from committing himself. It may well have been that Jefferson used his influence in behalf of Adams for there is every reason to believe that he preferred him at that time. Crawford, apparently, had been his first choice, but his breakdown made him an impossibility. Later attempts were made to show that he favored Jackson, much emphasis being placed on his toast at a dinner to Jackson in Lynchburg, 1815, "Honor and gratitude to those who have filled the measure of their country's honor," but he was honoring military success with no thought of the Presidency. When Monroe later asked his advice about sending Jackson as minister to Russia, Jefferson replied, "Why good God, he would breed you a quarrel before he had been there a month!" His comment to John Adams that the election involved the question, "Whether we are at last to end our days under a civil or military government," is convincing to any student of Jefferson. Also there is good reason to accept as authentic the story that in 1824 he thus expressed himself, "One might as well make a sailor of a cock, or a soldier of a goose, as a President of Andrew Jackson."

Jefferson's life in these years

assumed quite a regular routine. He could not have found one more to his taste than that which he described to Kosciuszko in 1810:

"My mornings are devoted to correspondence. From breakfast to dinner I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms; from dinner to dark, I give to society and recreation with my neighbors and friends; and from candle-light to early bed-time I read. My health is perfect, and my strength considerably reinforced by the activity of the course I pursue; perhaps it is as great as usually falls to the lot of near sixty-seven years of age. I talk of ploughs and harrows, of seeding and harvesting with my neighbors, and of politics too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow-citizens, and feel, at length, the blessing of being free to say and do what I please without being responsible for it to any mortal. A part of my occupation, and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighboring village, and have the use of my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavor to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science, the freedom and happiness of man. So that, coming to bear a share in the councils and government of their country, they will keep ever in view the sole objects of all legitimate government."

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But as time passed several changes were made necessary by circumstances. His strength failed and he gave less time to shops, garden and

farms. In another particular it was changed to his deep distress. Retirement had been made happy by the opportunity which it seemed to offer for reading, and at first he read constantly. But more and more the pressure of correspondence lessened the time available for anything else. He liked to write letters and to receive them, as he "lost the sense of crippled wrists and fingers" while writing, but the burden became almost unendurable. He wrote Adams in 1817 that from dinner to dark he was "drudging at the writing table." "All this," he continued, "to answer letters into which neither interest nor inclination on my part enters; and often from persons whose names I have never before heard. Yet writing civilly it is hard to refuse them civil answers. This is the burden of my life, a very grievous one, indeed, and one which I must get rid of."

He consented to write a few lines of introduction to one of Delaplaine's books that he might make there a public appeal for relief from this burden, but it does not appear to have been successful, for he wrote Adams in 1822 that he had received 1267 letters the previous year and had answered all, though many of them had required long replies and some, extensive investigation. "Is this life?" he asked. "At best it is but the life of a mill horse who sees no end to his circle but in death. To such a life that of a cabbage is paradise." Since he had earlier described the life of a cabbage as "surely not worth a wish" he had evidently come close to the irreducible minimum in enjoyment of existence. At the time of his death he had twenty-six

thousand letters filed and had copies of sixteen thousand replies. Part of these had been made with a letterpress, which by the way he is credited with inventing, and part had been written on a cleverly devised duplicating machine which he called a "polygraph."

Among the letters of this period are some of the most interesting of his writings. They reveal the very best that was in him which is enough to indicate their quality. In addition, they cover a wide range and many of them are as interesting to-day as when they were written. His style was easy, but he wrote with precision and conciseness, and at times with an almost poetic felicity of diction. His constitutional calmness, circumspection, vigor of understanding and creative fancy are all revealed in them as are his acquired philosophical view of men and events and the richness of his intellectual resources. He and Adams in their famous correspondence were excellent foils for each other.

In spite of the time given to writing, the amount of reading he accomplished was enormous. Classical and standard authors attracted him. He read Homer, Virgil, Livy, Tacitus, Horace, Cicero, Dante, Corneille, Cervantes, Shakspeare and Milton. In the last year of his life he read Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. In 1814, while on a protracted visit to Poplar Forest, where he went at intervals partly to inspect the plantation but chiefly to escape from visitors, he read Plato's "Republic" and expressed himself as disgusted with "the whimsies, the puerilities and unintelligible jargon of the work."

He did not, however, confine his attention to classical authors, he was too completely a modernist for that. He read regularly the "Edinburgh Review," to which he subscribed, and his letters mention reading Paganel's work on the French Revolution, Marshall's Washington, which he termed "a party diatribe," Destutt de Tracy's ideology, Botta's American Revolution, Eaton's life of Jackson, Flourens' experiments on the functions of the nervous system in vertebrate animals, Woodward's system of universal science and scores of other titles. He read also Greek and Latin readers and a Cherokee grammar and he was interested in Pestalozzi's theories of education. He had been fond of poetry but found his taste for it gone, as it had pretty much for mathematics. Of history he read widely, denouncing Hume as having "done more toward the suppression of the liberties of man than all the million of men in arms of Bonaparte and the millions of human lives with the sacrifice of which he will stand loaded before the judgment seat of his maker."

Retirement with Jefferson, as it turned out, meant merely withdrawal from active public life, not from the world. He had looked to association chiefly with the local community, which he described as consisting "of plain, honest and rational neighbors, some of them well-informed, and men of reading, all superintending their farms, hospitable and friendly," and he saw much of them, becoming "their friendly adviser, lawyer, and even gardener," but they were only a small part of his visitors. Never before or since did the world so in-

sistently beat a pathway to any man's door. Friends came, such as Madison, Monroe, Wirt, Nelson, Lafayette, Correa da Serra and Cabell; distinguished national figures such as Webster and Clay, but there came also many others. Monticello was "overrun with pilgrims from the illustrious to the impertinent." His granddaughter well described it. "They came of all nations, at all times, and paid longer or shorter visits. I have known a New England judge bring a letter of introduction to my grandfather, and stay three weeks. . . . We had persons from abroad, from all the states of the Union, from every part of the State—men, women, and children. In short, almost every day, for at least eight months of the year, brought its contingent guests. People of wealth, fashion, men in office, professional men, military and civil, lawyers, doctors, Protestant clergymen, Catholic priests, members of Congress, foreign ministers, missionaries, Indian agents, tourists, travelers, artists, strangers, friends. Some came from affection and respect, some from curiosity, some to give or receive advice or instruction, some from idleness, some because others set the example, and very varied, amusing, and agreeable was the society afforded by this influx of guests." Sometimes there were as many as fifty guests at one time, the great majority unexpected and uninvited, and many unknown. In the stables were their horses and in the kitchen their servants, and altogether they not only robbed him of time and rest and destroyed his privacy, but they literally ate him out of house and home.

Age brought to Jefferson little loss of mental vigor or spirit. In 1822 he was accused anonymously in the press of personal dishonesty in the settlement of accounts with the United States. He replied resentfully and, of course, conclusively; and reporting the matter to Adams, said, "Although I know it is too late for me to buckle on the armor of youth, yet my indignation would not permit me passively to receive the kick of an ass." Not often, however, did such matters touch him or did the changes taking place in the world tempt him from retirement. "To me," he wrote, "they have been like the howlings of the winter storm over the battlements while warm in my bed."

And yet he met old age with a youthful spirit. He had retired not to die but to live more abundantly, and in that frame of mind he went on to the end. He never varied in the attitude which he expressed to Adams when asked if he would be willing to live over his seventy-three years. "To which I say, yea. I think with you that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been founded on a principle of benevolence and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. . . . My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with Hope in the head, leaving Fear astern."

In another respect was his old age youthful. He had none of the inflexibility of mind which age so often imposes. He was eager to learn and ready to change his views when they were proved wrong or when conditions altered. He became an advocate of the development of industry, or "placing the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturist," or "the consumer by the side of the pro-

ducer," as he phrased it. Always he was seeking the truth as he had sought liberty. Truth alone could make men free. Just before his death he voiced his faith. "There is not a truth existing which I fear, or would wish unknown to the whole world."



The greatest service of his later years—in his mind one of three things for which he believed himself worthy of remembrance—was, of course, the founding of the University of Virginia. Always interested in popular education he began in 1776 to urge it enthusiastically. Later the establishment of a state university seemed to him a necessary part of the plan. He converted Virginia to the idea,—no light task—he planned its organization and its program on different lines from those prevailing in the United States, he designed and had built under his own eye the beautiful buildings that were to house the institution and he gathered together a faculty. He did all this in spite of the bitter opposition of the clergy and of political and personal enemies, and in 1825 he had the joy of seeing students in attendance, bringing "hither their genius to be kindled at our fire," as he phrased it. This last year, in spite of his distress over financial troubles, rounded out well a full and rich life. His university was in operation, he had completed a half century since he penned an immortal document in the history of human freedom and he had lived to see Jeffersonianism become Americanism. Fortunately for his peace of mind, he could not see what a century would do for his doctrines or for his country, and he was ready to utter his *nunc dimittis*.

From the time he reached middle age Jefferson had dreaded living too long, and when in 1803, at the age of sixty, he thought he had discovered the beginnings of a slow but fatal disease, he was not at all unhappy over it. But he recovered and for the rest of his life seems not to have troubled himself unduly with fears of senility, although he was conscious of the changes age was making in him and constantly alluded to them. In 1814 he wrote Adams, "But our machines have now been running seventy or eighty years, and we must expect that, worn as they are, here a pivot, there a wheel, now a pinion, next a spring, will be giving away; and however we may tinker them up for a while, all will at length surcease motion."

Time, on the whole, treated him kindly. His hair became somewhat grizzled, but his sight was good and every tooth was sound. His digestion was unimpaired. In his later years, he could not walk any great distance, but he rode every day, often for many miles, without fatigue. He had dislocated his wrist in Paris, and it now became stiff and at times painful. In 1823 he fell down the steps of one of the terraces at Monticello and broke the other arm. The bone knit but it was never entirely comfortable again. The fact that he was ambidextrous was a great service to him now. His health had begun to fail a few years before this, and from then on he went downhill, slowly, it is true, but steadily. Soon after the new year in 1826, he grew worse, but did not call in a doctor until the end of June, when he was beyond help. As he phrased it, "the machine" was "at

last worn out." He was perfectly aware of his condition and entirely contented and unafraid. He was weak but he was serene and cheerful as usual, and retained his decisive quality to the end. On the day he summoned a physician, he wrote declining, on the plea of illness, to attend the jubilee celebration of the Fourth of July at Washington, and expressing the hope and belief that the choice made fifty years before might arouse men everywhere to "burst the chains, under which monkish ignorance and superstition had persuaded them to bind themselves, and to assume the blessings and security of self-government." Thereafter his mind was full of the day and its memories, and in his dreams he reverted to the Revolution. He hoped to see the Fourth and when he was told that it had come, he murmured "*Nunc dimittis, Domine.*"

Ten years before he had written Adams: "The simultaneous movements in our correspondence have been remarkable on several occasions. It would seem as if the state of the air, or the state of the times, or some other unknown cause, produced a sympathetic effect on our mutual recollections." Once more, seemingly, their spirits were attuned to each other. Jefferson went ahead, choosing, as it were, the hour at which the Declaration had first been read to Congress. But who does not wish to think that somewhere close by he lingered, waiting for his old comrade, that with renewed youth, in fullness of powers, with bold and eager confidence, they might once more together dare a great adventure?

THOSE QUARRELSOME BONAPARTES

IX—In the Residence of Kings

ROBERT GORDON ANDERSON

JOSEPHINE found life in the Tuileries very pleasant. It was thrilling to walk in the footsteps of kings, to look out of their windows with the full sense of ownership, to be curtsied to where they had been curtsied to, and sleep where they had lain. And there were many balls and receptions, dinners for two hundred covers in the Gallery of Diana, and great closets full of new gowns. But this transition from republican simplicity to royal splendor had to be made very adroitly. Like skilful singers they went with the utmost smoothness from one register into another; and the maids of the Rue Chantierine were increased by a chef and a valet and a few culinary domestics, before the whole flock appeared, of ladies-in-waiting, *dames du palais*, butlers and pages, prefects and carvers, "chiefs-of-the-service," guards, chamberlains, and grooms of the chamber. The sibilant "citizen" slid into the "Sire" without any perceptible hiss or slur.

Indeed Napoleon did not hear the "Sire" at once, even in that inner ear. Amid his blossoming generals he still wore the simple green coat of a colonel of his grenadiers. It was with difficulty that Josephine persuaded him to wear a magnificent

thing of crimson silk with gold oak leaves and laurel all down the front. "*Diable!*" he said with a shrug of his shoulders, when told that it had been presented by a leading manufacturer of Lyons. "Put it on. It may encourage the trade in silk!" But the very donning of it by so Spartan a soldier was proof to many that it was not an angel whispering in his ear but rather that dark ambassador whose name he had just taken in vain.

As for Josephine she could be acquitted of royalistic designs. And on dynastic designs Nature herself frowned. Julie, her sister-in-law, had gone to Plombières to take the waters, and came back promptly to present Joseph, now Councillor of State and Minister Plenipotentiary, with a pink little daughter. Since this was after seven years of married life, Josephine determined to try the waters also. She returned more gracefully slender than ever, and once for all decided that she did not want to be queen. For that meant a dynasty, with divorce as an alarming corollary. Sufficient, therefore, was their royal state. They could forego the scepter and diadem.

Meanwhile, however, they had settled down to trotting very amiably in double harness. How amiably