# POTERY AND MISCELLANY.

#### THE COQUETTE.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

On, I did love her dearly. And gave her toys and ringe, And thought she meant sincerely, When the took my pretty things: But her heart has grown as icy As a fountain in the fall;

It did not last at all. I gave her once a locket, It was filled with my own hair, And she put it in her pocket With very special care. But a jeweller has got it-He offered it to me,

And her love that was so spicy

Around her neck I see. Before the gater o 'fashion I daily bent my knee;
But I sought the shine of passion And found my idol-thre. Though never love intenser Had bowed a soul before it,

And another, that is not it,

#### THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

And not the hand that bore it

BY MRS. ANN S. STFPHENS. "Kind sir, pray take these roses.

They're an emblem of my south; But never, like these posies, Shall perish Julia's truth.

Tur morning had not fully dawned on New York, yet its approach was visible everywhere amid the fine seenery around the city. The dim shadows piled above Weehawken were warming up with purple, streaked here and there with threads of rosy gold. The waters of the Hudson heaved and rippled to the glow of yellow and comson light, that came and went in flashes on each idle out of the waves. Long Island lay in the near distance like a thick, purplish cloud, through which the dim outline of house, tree, mass and spine block ar moraly like half-formed objects on a camera of s. tra.

Silenco, that strange, dead snone, that broads over a scene crowded with slumbering life, lay upon the city, broken only by the rumble of vegetable carts, and the jar of milk-caus as they rolled up from the different ferries; or the half-smothered roar of some steambout putting into its dock, freighted with sleeping presengers.

After a little, symptoms of aroused life became visible about the wharves. Grocers, carmen, and huckster women began to swarm around the provision boats. The markets, nearest the water-were opened, and soon became theatres of active bustle.

The first market opened that day was in Filton street. As the morning deepened, piles of vegetables, loads of beef, hampers of fruit, heaps of luscious butter, cages of poultry, canary birds awarming in their weary prisons, forests of green-house plants, horse radish grinders with their recking machines, venders of hot coffee, root beer and doughnuts, all with mon, women and children swarming in, over and among them like so many ante hard at work, filled the spacious arena, but late a range of silent, naked and gloomy looking stalls. Next, carts, laden and grouning beneath a weight of food, cume rolling up to this great mart, crowding each avenue with fresh supplies-now all was life and engerness. Stout and enterprise, while the rattling of carts outside, and the gradual accumulation of sounds everywhere, bespoke a great city aroused like a giant refreshed by slumber.

Slowly there arose out of this cheerful confusion forms of homely beauty, that an artist or a thinking man might have leved to look upon. The butcher's stalls, but late a desolate range of gloomy beams, now reddening with fresh joints, and many of them festooned with fragrant branches and gorgeous garden flowers, and the butchers standing each by his stall, with snow white apron, and an eagor, joyous look of traffic on his face, formed a display of comfort and plenty, both picture-que and pleasant to contemplate.

The fruit and vegetable stands were now loaded with damp, green vegetables, each humble root having its own peculiar tint, and often arranged with a singular taste for color, unconsciously possessed by the woman who exercised her little skill in setting off her stand to advan-

There was one vegetable stand to which we would draw the reader's particular attention, not exactly as a type of the others, for there was something so unlike all the rest, both in this stand and its occupant, that it would have drawn the attention of any person possessed of the slightest artistical taste. It was like the arrangement of a picture, that long table heaped with fruit, the freshest vegetables, and the brightest flowers, ready for the day's traffic. The rich scarlet radishes glowing up through their foliage of tender green: young onions swelling out from their long emerald stalks, snowy and transparent almost as so many great pearls; turnips, scarcely larger than a hon's egg, and almost as white, just taken fresh and fragrant from the soil; heads of lettuce in a rich heap of crisp and groonish gold, piled against the deep blackish green of spinach and water-cresses, all moist with dow, or wet with bright water-drops that had supplied its place, and taking a deeper tint from the golden contrast. These with the red glow of strawberries in their luscious prime, piled together in masses, and shaded with dry grape leaves; bouquets of roses, hyacinths, violets, and other fragrant blossoms, that sent their perfume and the glow of their rich colors to the coarser children of the soil, would have made an object pleasant to look upon, independent of the fine old woman who sat complacently on her little stool, at one end of the table, in tranquil expectation of customers that' were sure to drop in as the morning deepened.

And now the traffic of the day commenced in earnest. Servants, housekeepers and grocers awarmed into the market. The clink of money: the sound of sharp, eager banter; the dull noise of the butcher's cleaver were heard on every hand. It was a cheerful scene, for every face looked smiling and happy. The soft morning air seemed to have brightened all things into cheerfulness. Among the earliest group that entered Fulton market that morning was a little girl, perhaps ten or eleven years old, but tiny in her form, and appearing even more juvenile than that. A pretty quilted hood of rose colored calico was turned back from her face, which seemed naturally delicate and pale; but the fresh nir, and perhaps a shadowy reflection from her hood, gave the glow of a rose-bud to her cheeks. Still there was-anxiety upon her young face. Her eyes of a dark violet blue, drooped heavily beneath their black and curling lashes, il any one from the numerous stalls addressed her; for a small splint basket on her arm, new and perfectly empty, was a sure indication that the child had been sent came and went in her face, bespoke as plainly that she Was altogether unaccustomed to the scene, and had no have you fail," regular place at which to make her humble bargains .-The child seemed a stray well cast upon the market, and she was so beautiful notwithstanding her humble dress of faded and darned calico, that at almost every stand she was challenged pleasantly to pause and fill her basket. But she only cast down her eyes and blushed more deeply, as with her little bare feet she burried on through | bless it!" the labyrinth of stalls toward that portion of the market '

slacken her pace and look about her with no inconsiderable anxiety.

"What do you want, little girl; anything in my way?" was repeated to her once or twice as she moved forward. At each of these challenges she would pause, look earnestly into the face of the speaker, and then pass on with a faint wave of the head, that expressed something of sad and timid disappointment.

At length the child was growing pale, and her eyes turned with a sort of sharp anxiety from one face to an- | ers. other, when suddenly they fell upon the buxom old huckster woman, whose stall we have described. There was something in the good dame's appearance that brought an eager and satisfied look to the child. She drew close to the stand, and stood for some seconds gazing timidly on the old woman. It was a pleasant face, and a comfortable, portly form enough that the little girl gazed upon. Smooth and comely were the full and rounded over-ripe apple. Fat and good humored enough to defy wrinkles, the face looked far too rosy for the thick, gray hair that was shaded, not concealed, by a cap of snow white muslin, with a broad, deep border, and tabs that met like a snowy girth to support the firm, double chin. Never did your eyes dwell upon a chin, so full of health and good humor as that. It sloped with a slick, smiling grace down from the plump mouth and rolled in a soft, white wave into the neck, scarcely leaving an outline, or he want of one before it was lost in the waves of that muslin kerchief, folded so neatly beneath the ample bosom of her gown. Then the broad linen apron of blue and white check, girding her waist, and flowing over the smooth rotundity of a person that was a living proof of had just presented itself to her mind. the ripeness and wholesome state of her merchandize. I tell you, reader, that woman, take her for all in all, was one to draw the attention, ay, and the love of a child, who had come forth barefooted and alone in search of kindness.

At length the huckster woman saw the child gazing upon her with a look so carnest that she was quite startled by it. She also caught a glance at the empty basket, and along, and be back in no time." her little brown eyes twinkled at the promise of a new

customer.
"Well, my dear, what do you want this morning?" she said, smoothing her apron with a pair of plump, little bonds, and easting a well satisfied look over her stand, and then at the child, who grew pale at her notice, and began to tremble visibly-"all sorts of vegotables, you see too; I only wonder that you ever got along at all!" said a -flowers-strawborries-radishes-what will you have, child?"

The little girl crept round to where the woman stood, and speaking in a low, frightened voice, said-

"Please ma'am, I want you to trust me!" "Trust you!" said the woman, with a soft laugh, that hook her double chin, and dimpled her cheeks. "Why l don't know you, little one-what on earth do you want trust for? Lost the market money, hey, and afraid of a l'll stake my life on it."

scolding-is that it?" "No, no, I haven't lost my money," said the child, eagorly; "please ma'am just stoop down one minute, while I tell you!"

The little girl in her earnest way took hold of the woman's apron, and she, kind soul, sunk back to her stool: it was the most comfortable way of listening.

"I-I live with grandfather and grandmother; ma'm; they are old, and poor-you don't know how poor; for men and bright faced women moved through the ver. think me strong enough even to tend baby; so we have protege; but just as she obtained a moment's breathing

"Poor thing!" muttered the huckster woman, "poor

"Well, ma'm. I must do something. I can bear anything better than seeing them hungry. Last night I did not sleep a wink all night, but kept thinking what I should do. I never begged in my life; they never did, and it made me feel sick to think of it; but I could have done It rather than see them sit and look at each other so pitiful another day. Did you over see an old mun cry for hunger, ma'm?"

"No no God forbid!" answered the dame, brushing a plump hand across her eyes.

"I have," said the child with a sob, "and it was this that made me think that begging, after all, was not so very mean. So, this morning, I asked them to let me go out; but grandpa said he might go himself, if he were strong enough; but I never should-never-never!" -"Nice old man-nice old man!" said the huckster we-

"I did not ask again," resumed the child, "for an idea had come into my head in the night. I have seen little gir's, no older than I am, solling radishes and strawber-

rics, and things." "Yes-yes, I understand!" said the old woman. and her eyes began to twinkle the more brightly that they

were wet before. "But I had no strawberries to sell, not a cent of mangy

to buy them with!" "Well! well!"

"Not even a basket!"

"But I was determined to do something. So I went to

agrocery store where grandpa used to buy things when: he had money, and they trusted me with this basket?13-"That was very kind in them!" "Was'ntit very kind?" said the child, her eyes bright-

ening, "especially as I told them it was all myself-that grampa knew nothing about it. See what a nice new basket it is you can't think how much courage it gave me. When I came into the market it seemed as if I should'nt be afraid to ask any lady about trusting me a

"And yet you came clear to this side without stopping

to ask any lady!" "I was looking in their faces to see if it would do." answered the child with mock simplicity, "but there was something in every face that sent the words back into inv throat again."

"So you stopped here because it was almost the last

"No, no. I did not think of that, I said the child, enger ly. "I stopped because something seemed to tell me that this was the place. I thought if you would not true me, you would at least be patient and listen."

The old huckster woma i laughed-a low, soft laugh -and the little girl began to smile through her tears .-There was something mellow and comfortable in that chuckle, that warmed her to the heart.

"So you were sure that I would trust you-hey, quite "I thought if you would'nt there was no chance for

eves to the face of the matron. Again the old woman laughed.

set up in business for the day. Six, ten, a dozen baskets -vour little arm will tire with more than that. I 10 make purchases; while her timid air, the blush that will let you have them at cost, only be sure to come back at night with the money; I would not for fifty dollars

"But I may not sell them all!" said the child anxious

of should not wonder, poor thing. That sweet voice of yours will hardly make itself heard at first; but never mind run down into the areas and look through the window-people can't help but look at your face, God

As the good woman spoke, she was busy selecting the

occupied by the huckster women. Here she began to best and most tempting strawberries from the pile of little baskets that stood at her elbow. These she arrange ed in the orphan's basket, first sprinkling a layer of damp, fresh grass in the bottom, and interspersing the whole with young grape leaves, intended both as an embellish. ment, and to keep the fruit fresh and cool. When all white and crimson moss rose buds at each end of the basket, and interspersed little tufts of violets along the side, till the crimson berries were wreathed in with flow-

> "There," said the old woman, lifting up the basket with a sigh of satisfaction, "between the fruit and flowers you must make out, Sell the berrries for sixpence a basket, and the roses for all you can get. People who love flowers well enough to buy them, never cavil about the price, just let them pay what they like."

The little girl took the basket on her arm; her pretty mouth grow tremulous and bright as the moss rose-bud cheeks, with their rich autumn color dimpled like an that trembled against her hand, her eyes were filled with

"Oh, ma'm, I want to thank you so much, only I don't know how," she said, in a voice that went to the good

old woman's heart. "There, there!-never mind-be punctual, that's a good girl. Now, my dear, what is your name?" "Julia-Julia Warren, ma'm!"

"A pretty name-very well-but stop, stop a moment, I had forgotten."

The child sat her basket down upon the stool which the huckster woman hastily vacated, and waited patiently while the good dame disappeared in some unknown region of the market, eager to accomplish an object that

"Here," she said, coming back with her face all in a glow, a small, tin pail in one hand, and her apron gathered up in the other. "Just leave the strawberries, and run home with these. It will be a long time for the old folks to wait, and you will go about the day's work with a lighter heart when you know that they have a breakfast, to say nothing of yourself, poor thing There. run

Julia took the little tin pail and the rolls that her kind friend hastily twisted up in a sheet of brown paper. "Oh! they will be so glad, broke from her, and with a

sob of joy she sprang away with her precious burden. "Well now, Mrs. Grav, you are a strange creature trusting people like that, and absolutely laying out money little, shrewish woman, from a neighboring stand, who had been watching this scene from behind a heap of vegetables. \_\_

"Poh! its my way, and I can afford it," answered the huckster woman, rubbing her plump palms together, and twinkling her eyelashes to disperse the moisture that had gathered under them "I hav'nt sat in this market fourteen yours for nothing. The child is a good child,

"I hope you may never see the pail again, that's all," was the terse reply.

"Well, well, I may be wrong-perhaps I am-we shall know soon. At any rate, I can afford to lose half

a dozen pails, that is one comfort. "Always chuckling over the money she has saved up." muttered the little woman, with a sneer, "for my part I don't believe that she is half as well off as she pretends."

The conversation was here cut short by several custohe, grandpa, has been sick, and, it seems strange, b t I mers, who crowded up to make their morning purchases. eat as much as any of thom. Well, ma'm, I tried to get During the next half hour good Mrs. Gray was so fully something to do, but you see how little I am; nobody will occupied that she had no opportunity for thought of her all been without anything to eat since day (before yester- time, up came the little girl panting for breath; her cheeks glowing like June roses, and her eyes sparkling with delight.

"They have had their breakfast; I told them all about it!" she said, in a panting whisper, drawing close up to the huckster woman, and handing back the empty pail. "I wish you could have seen grandpa when I took off the cover, and let the hot coffee steam into the room. I only wish you could have seen him!"

"And he liked it, did he?"

"Liked it! Oh! if you had been there to see!" The child's eyes were brim full of tears, and yet they sparkled like diamonds.

Mrs. Gray looked over her stall to see if there was anything else that could be added to the basket. That pretty, grateful look expanded her warm heart so pleasbade her begone to her day's work.

The child departed with a light tread and a lighter

Mrs. Gray followed her with moist and sunny eyes, then shaking the empty pail at her cynical neighbor in the good humored triumph of her benovolence, she carried it back to the coffee stand whence it had been borrowed.

"Strawberries!-strawberries!"

Little Julia Warren turned pale, and looked around like a frightened bird when this sweet cry first broke

"Strawberries!-strawborries!", The sound rose from The cry was neither loud nor shrill, but somehow peo- ez Free Trader. ple were struck by it, and turned unconsciously to look upon the child. This gave her fresh courage, for the glances were all kind, and as she became accuistomed to her own voice, the novelty of her position began to lose its terror. A woman called to her from the area of a house, and purchased two baskets of the strawberries, without asking any reduction in the price. Poor child, how her heart leaped when the shilling was placed in her me anywhere clse," replied the child, lifting her soft strawberries and turned to carry them into the basement. Julia looked through the railings and thanked this im-

portant customer, she could not help it, her little heart worth was lost. "Well, well, let us see how many strawberries will was full. A muttered reply that she was "welcome" came back, that was all. Notwithstanding the gruff answer, Julia took up her basket with a radiant face.

forth from red and smilling lips-nay, once or twice the He shortly after died a broken-hearted man. His chillittle girl broke into a langh as she went along, for the dren consisted of four brothers, of whom Miles was the bright shilling by in the bottom of her basket. She youngest, and a girl, scattered in all directions, the latter wandered on unacquainted with the streets, but quite alone staying with the mother. A singular fatality purcontent, for though she found herself down among the sued them. One of the brothers fell by the side of Crockwatchouses only, and in narrow, crowded streets, the ett, at the massacre of the Alamo; another was shot in a gentlemen who hurried by would now and then turn for duel across a table, in the South; the third was burnt in a bunch of violets, and she kept on bewildered but hap- the Ben Sherrod, and the sister perished in the ill-fated py as a bird .- From Palaces and Prisons," in Petersons Lexington. The mother soon followed, and left him, lance, afterwards traverse the inside court, before the

#### MONS. KORPONAY.

"A few years ago, there was a handsome and elegant man in Washington city, says the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, "engaged as a dancing-master." At the break ing out of the Mexican war, he put by "the fiddle and was arranged to her satisfaction, she laid a bouquet of the bow," and entered the service as a captain of Missouri volunteers. He showed that he was ready at the chase as the heassex at "forward all," as "forward two," and soon won a high reputation as a gallant officer. He has now been appointed professor of cavalry tactics in the Military Academy at West Point."

Mons. Korponay was, at one time we believe, attached to the Austrian service, and held the position of a captain of hussars. In consequence of his having been engaged in several duels, he was obliged to abdicate and migrate to the United States. Landing in this country without means, he found himself compelled to resort to those accomplishments which he possessed, for maintenance. Accordingly, he commenced the business of a dancing-master, and was the first to introduce the "polka." He also danced upon the public stage; and, we well recollect that he volunteered his services to add to the attractions of the last benefit that the late and revered Edmund Simson ever took at the Park Theatre .-As a soldier, he was as brave as he was accomplished, and rendered good service in the Mexican war.

A little period after Monsieur Korponay arrived in this country, another distinguished foreigner made his anpearance among us. He was a Saxon Baron, and was here known as Frederick Herman.

The baran was a captain of hussars. At the time of the Ronge riots, at Leipsic, he was placed in command of the citidal of that city. He was instructed to order the dispersion of the mob, and if they did not retire, to discharge a park of blank artillery over their heads; and if they did not then retire, to give them a full voiley of grape. The baron thought it best to let the grape fly first, and give the blank afterwards. Following out this view of the case, he killed upwards of two hundred peo- PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON. ple, at "one fell swoop."

For this act, he was court martialted, and ordered to expatriate himself for the period of two successive years. The affair cost him three or four duels, in every one of which he killed his man.

of Leipsic, he proceeded to Hamburgh; and, taking passage on board of the packet ship Brarens, Captain

lore, proceeded to this city. He arrived here a few days after General Taylor was ordered to proceed to the Rio Grands. And soon after he landed, happening to get remarkably blue, he wanderedinto a rendezvous, and enlisted as a private, in the United States infantry. He was forthwith dispatched to the siege of Monterey, and fought heroically. After the siege, he happened to get "romarkably blue" again, when he took it into his head that, inasmuch as he had fought twice for the Americans, it was but fair that he should in turn, render the Mexicans a little assistance. -He accordingly descrited, and went over to General Aristo. His friends here, mortified at his conduct, circula-

ted a report that he was killed at Palo Alto. We chanced to write an account of the baron's enlist ment, for one of the papers of the day, and the gazette happening to reach Liepeic, his friends wrote to us in quiring what had become of him. We addressed a note to the Secretary of War; who, in reply, stated that he

deserted at Monterey, soon after the battle, and that nothing further was known of him. Mons. Korponay distinguished himself, and secured the patronage of this country by his chivalry; Baron Horman eternally disgraced himself; and, in this

# ANOTHER SOLDIER GONE.

the exact difference between these two eminent foreig-

MARRIED-At Monmouth, Miss, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. R.Lind, of the Episcopal Church, Henry Nichols to Flora Whithers, both negro servants of Major Gen J. A. Quitman. Henry Nichols, by the name and siyle of "Harry," has been the faithful and confinding bodyservant of the General, for the last 18 years. Through exultation and depression, victory and defeat, sunshine and storm, Harry has ever been present, and faithful to executh the mandate of his master. He has made the tour of the United States and the Canadas, and when antly that she felt quite like henping everything at hand the infant Republic of Texas was struggling for a place upon the little girl. But the basket was already quite among the stars and stripes, be accompanied his master, heavy enough for that slender arm, and the addition of a who was then Capt. Quitman, through these perilous single haudful of fruit or tuft of flowers would have de- scenes, and while walking over the battle ground of San stroyed the symmetry of its arrangement. So with a Jacinto, looking very sad at the sight of the numerous sigh, half of disappointment, half of that exquisite satis- | dead, his master asked him "what he was thinking faction that follows a kind act, she patted little Julia on about?" He replied, the was thinking what fools those the head, lifted the basket from the stool, and kindly yellow men were for fighting white folks." But it was reserved for Harry to illustrate the annals of his race a, the storming of Monterey, for it will be recollected that heart, smiling upon every one she met, and looking back Gen. Quitman had the charge of the brave Mississippias if she longed to point out her benefactress to the whole ans and Tennesseans and was in the hottest and thickest of the fight, having several horses shot from under him, the places of which were immediately supplied by Harry, although he had to make his way to his master through grape and canister. But to crown the enchantment of the scene, when the gallant W. O. Butler fell, wounded. Harry immediately rushed to his rescue and carried him off the field. While conveying the General from the field, he enquired after his master. Gen. Butler told him he "feared he would neversee him alive, as from her lips in the open street. Nobody seemed to hear he was in the most dangerous position when he saw him her, that was one comfort, so she hurried round a corner last." Harry replied, with that deepscated feeling of the and creeping into the shadow of a house, leaned, all in a faithful servant, "Don't you believe that, General: mas- that the bird had been regularly trained to alight on the tremor, against an iron railing, quite confident, for the ter was not born to be killed by them mulatto rascals!" moment, that she should never find courage to open her When Gen. Quinnan was ordered to the conquering The invasion failed, and was in fact a mad, ill-conceived his paper.' Have you paid him for his type, his press, mouth again. But a little reflection gave her strength .- column of Scott, he carried Harry with him, who was Mrs. Gray had told her that the niorning was her harvest side by side with him at the bombardment and storming hour. She could not stand there trombling beneath the of Chepultepec on the 13th and 14th, and the deadly conweight of her basket. The fruity scent-the fragrant flict of the Garita de Belen, and finally, his triumphant broath of the violets that floated up from it seemed to re- entry into the city and palaces of the Montezumas. Harry was the first Angle-African in the Halls. He is known by the entire army, and greatly respected by offithose red lips more cheerily now, there was ripeness in cers and men, (as an humble, faithful and honest serthe very tones that put you in mind of the fruit itself. vant,) who will be glad to see this notice of him. -- Natch-

# MIKE WALSH.

Mike Walsh is the only living member of the family. His father was an opulent man, and once possessed a fortune of over \$80,000. He owned two farms in New-Jersey, on one of which was a mill, valued, with its machinery and stores, at \$35,000. This had been insured for thirty years, and on the day of the expiration of this polihand. How important the whole transaction seemed to cy, he had made arrangements to go to Newark to renew her, yet with what ipdifference the woman paid for her it. The business of his friend, which involved endorse-That night the mill burned down, and every dollar of its

The friend for whom the endorsement had been made. subsequently proved insolvent, and this, with the law expenses, and other embarrassments, swallowed up the re-"Strawberries! - strawberries!" Now the words came mainder of Mr. Walsh's property, and left him penniless. ike Logan, the last of his race .- [ Subterranean.

#### THE CALIFORNIA EMIGRANT.

BY "ONE OF 'EM." TUNE-"Oh! Surannah! I come from Salem city, With my wash-bowl on my knee; I'tu going to California. It rained all night the day I len The weather it was dry,

The sun so hot I froze to death-Oh! brothers! don't you cry! Oh! California! That's the land for me! I'm going to Sacramento, With my wash-bowl on my knee!

And traveled on the rea. And every time I thought of home I wished it wasn't me The vessel reared like any hors : That had of oats a wealth: It found it couldn't throw me, so I thought Pd throw myself

I jumped aboard the 'Liza ship,

I thought of all the pleasant times We've had together here; I thought I ort to cry a bit, But couldn't find a tear. The pilot bread was in my mouth, The gold dust in my eye, And though I'm going far away:

Dear brothers, don't you cry! I soon shall be in Francisco, And then I'll look all 'round And when I see the gold lumps there, I'll pick them off the ground. l'il scrape the mountains clean, my Loys, I'll drane the rivers dry, A "pocket full of rocks" bring home-So brothers, don't you cry! Oh! California! That's the land for me I'm colne to Sacramento.

With my wash-bowl on my kneet

"It is better to die a king than lire a prince." said Napoleon in 1806, to his brother Louis, when he forced him to accept the crown of Holland. The fourth and favorite son of Madame Merc, (as Napoleon willed his Finding himself very offensive to the people of the city mother should be called,) Louis feared exposing his feeble constitution to the damp atmosphere of reclaimed marshes, intersected by stagnant canals, and he preferred his book to a place among the king-vassuls of Imperial France. Not so his wife, Hortensia Beauliarnais, the daughter of Josephine, by her first marriage, and the inheritor of her mother's Creple impetuosity and daring ambition. She prevailed upon her husband to mount the Dut in throne, and naming her youngest son after the General Taylor, and was at the battle of Palo Alto, and stop-father, Napoleon, she ever thigh him that it was "better to die a king than live a Prince." Twice he has been thwarted in his attempts to grasp the imperial sceptre which his uncle wielded with such bloody sway, but reader may judge for himself of the new President's capability to restore permanent quiet to France,

Napoleon Louis was born in Paris on the 20th April. 808, and was chistened Charles Louis Bonaparte, the e signs his name as we give it. Napoleon, who was his god-father, always showed a great partiality for him, as did the Empress Louisa. Queen Hortensia's oldest son was mysteriously killed in Italy, duting a revolutionary attempt, and she educated Napoleon Louis with doubled affection, at the Chateau of Arenenberg, in mitted to take his scat in the National Assembly." He witzerland. Exiled from France, she thirsted for reenge upon the Bourbons, and ins illed into the mind of erson that he was destined to uphold the honor of his name, to punish the persecutors of his family, and to open to his country some way to that glory which it over pursues like an ignus fotans.

Prince Louis made his first revolutionary attempt in 1836, when he succeeded in securing the offices of the strongly fortified town of Strasbourg, to his interests, and laid a plan which is pronounced bold, and well understood. The Alsacian deinocrats were first to be gained over, by holding out to them a prospect of a fair convo- adherents of Louis Philippe all aided him-some say, cation of the people; the garrison of Strasburg was to be captivated by the cry "Vice V Empereur!" The citizens and thought it would be easy to onset him-others think were to be summoned to liberty, the young men of the chools to arms, the ramparts were to be entrusted to the seeping of the national guards, and then the Prince was to march at the head of the soldiers to Paris.

Unfortunately for the Prince, he lost his way, and led nis partisans into a long court mistaking it for an adjoining street. He was here blockaded by a faithful company of infantry, and forced to surrender. He was then out to the United States, where it was uderstood that he was to remain for ten years but long ore the expiration of this period of exile he returned to Europe. Louis Phillippo protested against his remaining in Switzerlan! where he himself, when an exite, lad been hospitable when the Prince, for the sake of maintaining peace, voluntarily left for England.

He again atterpted to revolutionize France by the nagic of his name, and landed at Boulogne in an English steamer, accompanied by General Monthelpa and a few others who had served under his Imperial uncle .-An eagle lit on his head as he unfurled the tri colored fing when he stopped on the shore, which was regarded as an anspicious omen, though it has since appeared Prince's hat, where a piece of beef steak rewarded him. scheme.

The Prince was taken prisoner, and locked up in the old fartiess of Ham, a gloomy pile I wilt by Louis XI .-He remained a prisoner hero for some years, and we have often heard Dr. Breswier, (of Norwich, Ct.,) who used to pay him a visit twice a year, speak of him as a handsome, well informed man. Once Dr. Biewste, was as inflexable as parchment; he was pouring fourth a said, while walking on a bastion of the fortress with the titale of contempt on those people who complain that Prince, a sentry presented arms. "See," said the Prince, they can find nothing to do, as an excuse for becoming how the soldiers love me. That poor fellow will be sontenced to six days in the black hole for that act of military respect, yet I am positive that I shall never pass a French soldier who does not salute the nephew and namesake of l'Empereur!"

Louis Phillippe was well aware of the popularity the Prince enjoyed among the troops, and refused to listen to any of his petitions for release. In 1846 he heard that his father was dying, and begged to be permitted to visit him at Florence, promising to return to his prison. He could not soften Louis Phillippe's heart, so he escaped in ments to the amount of \$22,000, detailed him for a day. the disguise of a workman, and we copy his own account of his flight, in a letter to a friend.

"My dear M. Degoorge-My desire to see my father once more in this world made me attempt the boldest enterprise I ever engaged in. It required more resolution and courage on my part than at Strasburg and Boulogne, for I was determined not to submit to the ridicule that attaches to those who are arrested escaping under a disguise, and a failure I could not have endured. The following are the particulars of my escape:

You know that the fort was guarded by 400 men, who furnished daily 60 soldiers, pluced as sentries outside the walfs. Moreover, the principal gate of the prison guarded by three goalers, two of whom were constantly on duty. It was necessary that I should first élude their vigiwindows of the commandant's residence; and arriving ornaments of poetry

there, I should be obliged to pass by a gate which was

guarded by soldiers.

Not wishing to communicate my design to any one il was necessary to disguise myself. As several rooms in the part of the building I occupied were undergoing repairs, it was not difficult to assume the dress of a workman. My good and faithful valet, Charles Thelia procured a smock frock, and a pair of subots (wooden shoes,) and after shaving off my moustache, I took a plank on my shoulder.

On Monday morning, I saw the workmen enter, at half past eight o'clock. Charles took them some drink, in order that I should not meet any one of them on my passage. He was also to call one of the gardiens (turnkeys) whilst Dr. Conneau conversed with the other .-Nevertheless, I had scarcely got out of my room, before I was accosted by a workman, who took me for one of his comrades, and at the hottom of stairs, I found mysolf in front of the keeper. Fortunately, I placed the plank I was carrying before my face, and succeeded in reaching the yard. Whenever I passed a scutinel, or any other person, I always kept the plank before my face.

Passing before the first sentinel, I let my plank fall, and stopped to pick up the bits. There I met the officer on duty, but, as he was reading a letter, he paid no attention to me. The soldiers at the guard-house appoured surprised at my dress, and a drummer turned ound soveral times to look at me. I next met some workmen, who looked very attentively at me. I placed the plank before my face, but they appeared to be so curions that I thought I should never escape them, until I heard them erv. "O! it is Bernard."

Once outside, I walked quickly towards the road of St. Quentin. Charles, who, the day before had engaged a carriage shortly overtook me, and we arrived at St. Quentin. I passed through the town on foot, after having thrown off my smock frock. Charles procured a post chaise, under pretext of going to Cambrai. We arrived without meeting with any obstacles, at Valenciennes, where I took the railway. I had procured a Bel-

in passport, but nowhere was I asked to show it. During my escape, Dr. Conneau, always so devoted o me, remained in prison, and caused them to believe I was ill, in order to give me time to reach the frontier. It was necessary to be convinced that the Government would never set me at liberty before I could be persuaded to quit France, if I would not consent to dishouer myself. It was also a matter of duty that I should exert all my powers to be able to console my father in his old

Adieu, my dear M. Degeorge; although free, I feel myself to be most unhappy. Receive the assurance of my sincere friendship, and, if you are able, endeavor to be usuful to my kind Conneau.

Louis NAPOLEON."

From Valencinnes he went to London, where he was much petted by the aristocracy, and in June was elected now that he has been called to the Presidential chair, it a appresentative to the National Assembly from the city will be an easy matter to put on the Imperial Purple .- of Paris. He has immediately addressed a circular lef-Be this as it may, it will not be amiss, at the present ter to his constituents, pledging himself to unite his "efstage of his power, to review his past life, that every forts with those of his colleagues to re-establish order, credit and labor; to secure peace abroad, to consolidate democratic institutions, and to reconcile interests which now appear hostile, because parties are staggling againts each, other, instead of working to one common end-the grandeur prosperity of the country."

The motion was received by the Assembly, but next morning it was resolved, in direct opposition to the formal opinion of Lamartine, and his colleagues, that the "citizen Louis Bonaparte' should be proscribed, but perand has conducted himself with more moderation as a Representative than his previous rash conduct would lead one to expect.

The Prince has occupied apartments at the Rhine Hotel, in the Place Vendome, his windows looking upon the column raised to commemorate his Imperial Uncle's victories. Here he has received visits from all the surviving remnant of that army who followed the tri-color in triumph through Europe, and perhaps arranged his plans for the restoration of the Empire Francais! The because they wished to see a monarchy re-established. that he has promised to make the young Count de Paris his heir, having no legitimate children himself.

But his great support has been from the people, who have plaster busts of the Emperor in their humble dwellings, and prints of his conquests in their work-shops .-They have been governed by their predelections for a great name-which was after all, a curse to France and to Europe-and they will be equally willing to throw up their caps and cry VIVE NAPOLEON II .- Boston Bee.

# A SHORT SERMON.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to remember the Printer. in my discourse. He is in a very disagreeable situation. sheltered, but the decendants of Tell refused to give He treats everybody—he knows not whom; his money him up, and a war was on the point of breaking out, is scattered everywhere, and he hardly knows where to look for it. His paper, his ink, his type, his fourneymen's labor, his living, ect., must be punctually paid for. You Mr. ---, and Mr. ---, and a hundred others I could name, have taken his paper, and you, and your children, and your neighbors, have been instructed and amused by it. If you missyone paper, you think very hard of the printer; you would rater go without your best meal than be deprived of your newspaper,-Have you ever complied with the terms of your subscription? Have you taken as much pains to furnish the printer with his money as he has to furnish you with his hand-work, his head-work? If you have not, go and pay him-off. Dow Jr.

# THE AXE.

The other day I was holding a man by a hand as firm in is outward texture as leather, and his sun burnt face idle loufers.

Said I, "Jeff, what do you wo k at? You look hearty and Itappy; what are you at?" "Why," said he, "I bought me an axe three years ago, that cost me two dollare; that was all the money I had. I went to chopping wood by the cord; I have done nothing else, and have carned more than six hundred dollars; I drauk no grog. paid no dortor, and bought me a little farm in the Hoosier State, and shall be married next week to a girl that has carned two hundred dollars since she was 18. My old axe I shall keep in the drawer, and buy me a new one to cut my wood with."

After I left him, I thought to myself, "that axe," and "no grog!" They are the two things to make a man in this world." How small a capital! That axe! And then a farm, and a wife, the best of all!- Weekly Mes-

A ROMAN PROPHECT OF WASHINGTON .- In one of Cic-ERO's Fragments the following remarkable sentence occurs-written some eighteen hundred years ago:-- 📡

"Far across the ocean, if we may credit the Sybilline try will be discovered, and in it will arise a hero, who by his council and arms, will deliver his country from the slavery by which sho was oppressed. This shall be do under favorable auspices; and oh! how much mor rable will he be then our Brutus, and Camillus. predictions were known to our Accius, who had embedied them to his Nydtegresis, and embellished with