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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, September 19, 1849.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

Fragments from a Portfolio.—No. 7.

LIFE.

PART FIRST.

A lay of minstrelsy—oft has love lute was sending,
Winning sweet tones from each trembling string;
And with those strains—a double charm lending—
Its own fairy voice was harmoniously blending;
And thus, as I noted that minstrel did sing:

Oh, life is joyous!—Every hour seems bringing
Upon its passing wing some new delight:
And nature's beauties all around us springing,
Enchant most every fair, wondering sight.
Gaudy birds are warbling in the grove's recesses,
And on the dancing rill their wings they lave;
The caves are stirring with the soft caresses
That some slight breeze, playful zephyr gave.

Oh, life is joyous!—Lovely flowers are blooming,
And on our path was dewy fragrance shed,
As we pass on our footsteps may be roaming
Thro' much of joyousness is round us spread
And while coming under clear with nature holding,
We in some nook or shady arbor rest,
Then sweet thoughts like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rapturous feelings in the breast!

Oh, life is joyous!—Nature's mystic whispers,
Breathing from a wild lonely vale and grove,
Or upon some mountain murmuring her vespers,
Makes from our heart the music of love.
Oh, the sweet transports in our bosom glowing—
The woman, pondered bird and flower, and stream,
The passing spell which earth is round us throwing,
Life is—ah! it cannot be a dream!

Oh, life is joyous!—When sweet eve comes stealing,
As the twilight veil enshrouds the earth—
And some warbling strain above revelling,
And waking in us all the soul of mirth!—
Then our hearts gay and gladsome hours are fleeting,
Rose-colored expanded wings of Pleasure by
Then with immingled joy the heart is beating,
No, breaks of cares to mar festivity.

Oh, life is joyous!—Loved ones round are smiling,
With fair features, and beauty-moulded form.
The measure of our bliss completely filling—
Around us the fondest purest feelings warm.
Oh, life's caught to bring a sigh of sadness;
Yet, as we pass through a flowery maze
A wave of sorrow our souls with gladness,
And only as sunbeams tremble in our ways!

Towanda Aug 31 1849. ROMEO

A Story of the Press Gang,

OR THE WRONGS OF A WIFE AND THE REVENGE OF OF A HUSBAND.

Henry Mason had married Esther Woodford, the widow of Jabez Woodford, who was killed by an accident fall in Plymouth dockyard, of which he was foreman. Henry had loved Esther when she was a girl, but she had, in a jealous pique married Woodford. After the death of her husband, she went to live with her-in-law, taking with her an only child Willy, a sweet boy, but of weak intellect. Here the old love was revived, and Henry Mason, who had become *mate* of a first class merchantman, belonging to the respectable house of Messrs. Roberts, of London married the widow Esther.—The events of their subsequent life are thus related in the "Notes of a Distinguished Barrister."

It was about eight months after his marriage—which he had been profitably enough employed in this interim—that Henry Mason, in consequence of the welcome announcement that the new ship was at last ready for her captain and cargo, arrived in London to enter upon his new appointment.

"These lodgings, Esther," said he, as he was preparing to go out, soon after breakfast on the morning after his arrival, "are scarcely the thing; and as I like you, am a stranger in Cockney-land, I had better consult some of the firm upon the subject before we decide upon permanent ones. In the meantime you and Willie must mind and keep indoors when I am not with you, or I shall have one or the other of you lost in this great wilderness of a city. I shall return in two or three hours. I will order something for dinner as I go along: I have your purse. Good-by. God be merciful, and bless you both."

Inquiring his way every two or three minutes, Mason presently found himself in the vicinity of Tower Stairs. A scuffle in front of a public house attracted his attention; and his ready sympathies were in an instant enlisted in behalf of a young sailor, vainly struggling in the grasp of several athletic men, and crying lustily on the gaping bystanders for help. Mason sprang forward, caught one of the assailants by the collar, and hurled him with some violence against the wall. A fierce outcry greeted this audacious interference with gentlemen who, in these good old times, were but executing the law in a remarkably good old manner. Lieut. Donnaghen, a somewhat celebrated snapper-up of loose mariners, emerged upon the scene, and in a few minutes was enabled to exult in the secure possession of an additional prize in the unfortunate Henry Mason, who, too late, discovered that he embroiled himself with a *press gang!*—Desperate, frenzied were the efforts he made made to extricate himself from the peril in which he had so unwittingly involved himself. In vain! His protestations that he was a mate, a captain, in the merchant service, was unheeded or mocked at.

To all his remonstrances he only got the professional answer—"His majesty wants you, and that is enough, so so come along and no more about it."

Bruised, exhausted, almost mad, he was borne off in triumph to a boat, into which he was thrust with several others, and swiftly rowed off to a receiving ship in the river. Even there, his assertions and protestations were of no avail. Nothing but an Admiralty order the officer in command candidly told him, should effect his liberation.—His majesty was in want of seamen, and he was evidently too smart a one to be deprived of the glory of serving his country. "You must there, me" concluded the officer, as he turned laughing upon his heel, "do as thousands of other fine fellows have been compelled to do—grin and bear it." In about three weeks from the date of his imprisonment, Mason found himself serving in the Mediterranean, on board the "Active" frigate, Captain Alexander Gordon, without having been permitted one opportunity of communicating with the shore. This was certainly very sharp, but it was not the less very common practice in those great days of triumphant battles by land and sea.

Very dreamly passed the time with the bereaved wife. Her husband had promised to send home something for dinner, and various groceries; yet hour after hour went past, and nothing arrived.—Morning flushed into noon, day faded to twilight, and still the well known and always eager step sounded not upon the stairs. What could have detained him from his wife, shut up, imprisoned, as it were, in that hot, hurrying, stifling city? She feared to listen to the suggestions of her boding heart, and with feverish restlessness ran out upon the landing, and peered over the stairs every time a knock or ring was heard at the street door. This strange behaviour was it seems noticed by the landlady of the lodging-house, and injuriously interpreted. A knock came to the door, and that person entered to know at what time Mrs ——, she had forgotten the young woman's name, expected the dinner, she, the landlady, had undertaken to cook.

Esther timidly replied that her husband had promised to return in two or three hours at least, and that she did not comprehend his continued absence—was indeed quite alarmed about——

"Your husband!" said the woman glancing insolently at Esther's figure. "Are you sure he is your husband!"

The hot blood suffused the temples of the indignant wife as she said, "This apartment, madam, I believe, is mine!"

"Oh, certainly as long as you pay for it;" and rudely slamming the door, the landlady departed.

The long wretched night was over, Esther rose with the light, and after giving her son his breakfast from the remains of that of the day before, set off with him to the place of business of the Messrs Roberts. It was early, and one clerk only had yet arrived at the office. He informed her that Mr. Henry Mason had not been seen, and that the partners were greatly annoyed about it, as his immediate presence was absolutely necessary.

Stunned, terrified, bewildered by the fraightful calamity which she believed had befallen her, she felt convinced that her husband had been entrapped and murdered for the sake of the money he had about him; the wretched woman tottered back to her lodgings, and threw herself on the bed in wild despair. What was to be done for food even for her boy? Her husband had not only his pocket-book with him containing his larger money, but had taken her purse! She was alone and penniless in a strange city! The hungry wailings of her witless child towards evening at length aroused her from the stupor of despair into which she had fallen. The miserable resource of pawning occurred to her; she could at least, by pledging a part of her wardrobe, procure sustenance for her child until she could hear from her sister: and with trembling hands she began arranging a bundle of such things as she could best spare, when the landlady abruptly entered the room, with a peremptory demand—as her husband was not returned, and did not appear likely to do so—for a month's rent in advance, that being the term the apartments were engaged for. The tears, entreaties, expostulations of the miserable wife were of no avail. Not one article, the woman declared, should leave her house till the claim was settled. She affected to doubt, perhaps really did so, that Esther was not married; and hinted coarsely at an enforcement of the laws against persons who had no visible means of subsistence. In a paroxysm of despair, the unhappy woman rushed out of the house and accompanied by her hungry child, again sought the counting house of the Messrs. Roberts. She was now as much too late as she had been too early in the morning: the partners and clerks had gone, and she appears to have been treated with some rudeness by the porter, who was closing the premises when she arrived. Possibly the wildness of her looks and the incoherence of her speech and manner, produced an impression, unfavorable to her. Retracing her steps—penniless, hungry, sick at heart—she thought, as she afterwards delared, she recognised my wife in one of the numerous ladies seated before the counters of a fashionable shop in one of thoroughfares. She entered, and not till she approached close to the lady, discovered her mistake. She turned despairingly away; when a piece of rich lace, lying apparently unneeded on the counter, met her eye, and a dreadful suspicion crossed her fevered brain: here at least was the means of procuring food for her wailing child. She glanced fearfully and hastily round. No eye, she thought, observed her: and, horror of horrors! a moment afterwards she had concealed the lace beneath her shawl, and with tottering feet was hastily leaving the shop. She had not taken half a dozen steps when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a voice, as of a serpent hissing in her ear, commanded her to restore the lace she had stolen. Transfixed with shame and terror, she stood rooted to the spot, and the lace fell on the floor.

"Fetch an officer," said the harsh voice, addressing one of the shopmen.

"No—no—no!" screamed the wretched woman, falling on her knees in wild supplication.—"For my child's sake—in mercy of the innocent babe as yet unborn—have pity and forgive me!"

The harsh order was reiterated; and Esther Mason, fainting with shame and agony, was conveyed to the prison in Giltspur street. The next day she was fully committed to Newgate on the capital charge of privately stealing in a shop to the value of five pounds. A few hours after her incarceration within those terrible walls, she was prematurely delivered of a female child.

I have no moral doubt whatever, I never have had, that at the time of the commital of the felonious act, the intellect of Esther was disordered—Any other supposition is inconsistent with the whole tenor of her previous life and character.—"Lead us not into temptation" is indeed the holiest, because the humblest, prayer.

Three weeks has elapsed before the first intimation of these events reached me, in a note from the chaplain of Newgate, an excellent, kind-hearted man, in whom Mrs. Mason had confided her sad story. I immediately hastened to the prison; and in a long interview with her, elicited the foregoing statement. I readily assured her that all which legal skill could do to extricate her from the awful position in which she stood, the gravity of which I did not affect to conceal, should be done. The offence with which she was charged had supplied the scaffold with numberless victims; and tradesmen were more than ever clamorous for the stern execution of a law which spite of experience, they still regarded as the only safeguard of their property. My wife was overwhelmed with grief, and in her anxiety to save her unhappy foster-sister, sought, with my knowledge, an interview with the prosecutor, in the hope of inducing him not to press the charge. Her efforts were unavailing. He had suffered much, he said, from such practices, and was "upon principle," determined to make an example of every offender he could catch. As to the plea that her husband had been forcibly carried off by a press gang, it was absurd; for what would become of the property of tradesmen if the wife of every sailor so entrapped were to be allowed to plunder shops with impunity? This magnificent reasoning was of course unanswerable; and the rebuked petitioner abandoned her hopeless errand in despair. Messrs. Roberts, I should have mentioned, had by some accident discovered the nature of the misfortune which had fallen their officer, and had already made urgent application to the Admiralty for his release.

The Old Bailey session did not come on for some time; I, however took care to secure at once, as I did not practice in that court, the highest talent which its bar afforded. Willy, who had been placed in a workhouse by the authorities, we had properly taken care of till he could be restored to his mother; or in the event of her conviction, to his relatives in Devonshire.

The session were at last on: a "true bill" against Ester Mason for shoplifting, as it was popularly termed, was unhesitatingly found, and with a heavy heart, I wended my way to the court to watch the proceeding. A few minutes after I entered, Mr. Justice Le Blance and Mr. Baron Wood, who had assisted at an important case of stock jobbing conspiracy, just over left the bench; the learned recorder being doubtless considered quite equal to the trial of a mere capital charge of theft.

The prisoner was placed in the dock; but try as I might I could not look at her. It happened to be a calm bright summer day, the air, as if in mockery of those death-sessions, humming with busy, lusty life; so that, sitting with my back to the prisoner, I could, as it were, read her demeanor in the shadow thrown by her figure on the opposite sunlighted wall. There she stood, during the brief moments which sealed her earthly doom, with downcast eyes and utterly dejected posture, her thin fingers playing mechanically with the flowers and sweet scented herbs that lie scattered scantily before her. The trial was very brief: the evidence, emphatically conclusive, was confidently given, and vainly cross-examined. Nothing remained but an elaborate *ad misericordiam*, excusative defence which had been prepared by me, and which the prisoner begged her consul might be allowed to read. This was of course refused; the recorder remarking, they might as well allow counsel for felons to address juries, as read defences; and that, as every practical man knew, would be utterly subversive of the due administration of justice.—The clerk of the court would read the paper if the prisoner felt too agitated to do so. This was done, and very vilely done. The clerk, I dare say, read as well as he was able; but old, near-sighted, and possessed of everything but a clear enunciation, what could be expected? The defence, so read, produced not the slightest effect either on the court or jury. The recorder briefly commented on the conclusiveness of the evidence for the prosecution and the jury, in the same brief, business like manner returned a verdict of guilty.

"What have you to say," demanded the clerk, "why the sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you, according to law?"

The shadow started convulsively as the terrible words fell from the man's lips; and I saw that the suddenly upraised eyes of the prisoner were fastened on the face of the fearful questioner. The lips, too, appeared to move; but no sound reached my ears.

"Speak, woman," said the recorder, "if you have anything to urge before sentence is pronounced."

I started up and turning to the prisoner, besought her in hurried accents to speak. "Remind them of the infant at your breast—your husband?—"

"Who is that conferring with the prisoner?" demanded the judge in an angry voice.

I turned and confronted him with a look as cold as haughty as his own. He did not think proper to pursue the inquiry further and after muttering something about the necessity of not interrupting the proceedings of the court, again asked the prisoner if she had anything to urge.

"Not for myself—not for my sake," at last faintly murmured the trembling woman; "but for that of my poor dear infant—my poor witless boy! I do not think sir, I was in my right mind. I was starving. I was friendless. My husband too, whom you have heard"—She stopped abruptly; and a choaking sob struggled in her throat; and but for the supporting arm of one of the turnkeys, she would have fallen to the ground.

"Unhappy, guilty woman," said the recorder, with the coolness of a demon, "the plea of insanity you would set up is utterly untenable. Your husband, it seems, is serving his majesty in the royal navy; defending his country, whilst his wife was breaking its laws, by a commission of a crime which, but for the stern repression of the law, would sap the foundations of the security of property, and"

I could endure no more. The atmosphere of the court seemed to stifle me; and I rushed for relief into the open air. Before, however, I had reached the street, a long, piercing scream informed me that the learned judge had done his duty.

No effort was spared during the interval which elapsed previous to the recorder presenting his report to the privy council—a peculiar privilege at that time attached to the office—to produce a mitigation of the sentence. A petition, setting forth the peculiar circumstances of the case, was carefully prepared, and by the infatigable exertions of an excellent Quaker gentleman—whom, as he is still alive, and might not choose to have his name blazoned to the world, I will call William Friend—was soon very numerously signed. The prosecutor, however, obstinately refused to attach his name to the document; and the absence of his signature so strangely did men reason on such matters in those days—would, it was feared, weigh heavily against the success of the petition. The amiable and enlightened Sir Samuel Romilly not only attached his name, but aided us zealously by his advice and influence. In short nothing was omitted that appeared likely to attain the desired object.

Two days before the petition was to be forwarded to the proper quarter, Henry Mason arrived in England, the exertions of his employers having procured his discharge. The "Active" was one of Captain Hoste's squadron, which obtained the celebrated victory off Lissa, over the Franco Venetian fleet commanded by Admiral Dobourdieu.—Henry Mason, it appeared by the testimonials of the captain and officers of his ship, had greatly distinguished himself in the action. We enclosed these papers with the petition, and then, having done all in our power, awaited with anxious impatience the result of the recorder's report. It was announced to me, as I was sitting somewhat later than usual, at Chambers by Mr. William Friend.—The judgment to die was confirmed! All our representations had not sufficed to counterbalance the supposed necessity of exhibiting terrible examples of the fate awaiting the perpetrators of an offence said to be greatly on the increase. Excellent William Friend wept like a child as he made the announcement.

There are many persons alive who recollect this horrible tragedy—this national disgrace—this act of gross barbarity on the part of the great personage who, first having carried off the poor woman's husband, left her to die for an act the very consequence of that robbery. Who among the spectators can ever forget that heart-rendering scene—the hangman taking the baby from the breast of the wretched creature just before he put her to death! But let us not rake up these terrible reminiscences. Let us hope that the *truly guilty* are forgiven. And let us take consolation from reflecting that this event led the great Romilly to enter on his celebrated career as a reformer of the criminal law.

The remains of Esther Mason were obtained from the Newgate officials, and quietly interred in St. Sepulchre's church-yard. A plain slab, with her name only plainly chiselled upon it, was some time afterwards placed above the grave. A few years ago I attended a funeral in the same churchyard, and after a slight search, discovered the spot. The inscription, though of course much worn, was still quite legible.

I had not seen Henry Mason since his return; but I was glad to hear from Mr. William Friend that, after the first passionate burst of rage and grief had subsided, he had, apparently at least, thanks to the tender and pious expostulations of his wife—with whom, by the kind intervention of the sheriffs, he was permitted long and frequent interviews—settled down into calmness and resignation.—One thing only he would not bear to hear even from her, and that was any admission that she had been guilty of even the slightest offence. A hint of the kind, however unintentional, would throw him into a paroxysm of fury; and the subject was consequently in his presence studiously avoided.

A few days after the execution, Mr. William Friend called on me just after breakfast, accompanied by the bereaved husband. I never saw so changed a man. All the warm kindness of his nature had vanished, and was replaced by a gloomy, fierce austerity, altogether painful to contemplate.

"Well, well, sir," said he, as he barely touched my proffered hand, "they have killed her, you see, spite of all you could say or do. It much availed me, too, that I had helped to win their boasted victories;" and he laughed with savage bitterness.

"Henry,—Henry!" exclaimed William Friend in a reproving accent.

"Well, well, sir," rejoined Mason, impatiently, "You are a good man, and have of course your own notions on these matters: I also have mine. Or perhaps you think it is only the blood of the rich and great which, shed unjustly, brings forth the iron harvest? Forgive me," he added, checking himself. "I respect you both; but my heart is turned to stone. You do not know—none ever knew but I—how kind, how loving, how gentle was that poor long suffering girl."

He turned from us to hide that terrible agony which convulsed him.

"Henry," said Mr. Friend, taking him kindly by the hand, "we pity thee sincerely, as thou knowest, but thy bitter, revengeful expressions are unchristain, sinful. The authorities whom thou, not for the first time, raletest on so wildly, acted, be sure of it, from a sense of duty: a mistaken one, in my opinion, doubtless; still"——

"Say no more, sir," interrupted Mason. "We differ in opinion upon the subject. And now gentlemen, farewell. I wished to see you, sir, before I left this country, forever, to thank you for your kind, though fruitless exertions. Mr. Friend has promised to be steward for poor Willy, for all I can remit for his use. Farewell. God bless you both." He was gone.

War soon afterwards broke out with the United States of America, and Mr. Friend discovered that one of the most active and daring officers in the Republican navy, was Henry Mason, who had entered the American service in the maiden name of his wife; and that the large sums he had remitted from time to time for the use of Willy, were the produce of his successful depredations on British commerce. The instant Mr. Friend made the discovery, he declined all further agency in the matter. Mason, however, contrived to remit through some other channel to the Davies, with whom the boy had been placed; and a rapid improvement in their circumstances was soon visible. These remittances ceased about the middle of 1814: and a twelvemonth after the peace with America, we ascertained that Henry Mason had been killed in the battle of Lake Champlain, where he had distinguished himself, as everywhere else, by the reckless daring and furious hate with which he fought against the country which he accused of the murder of his wife. He was recognised by one of his former messmates on the "Active," who conveyed a prisoner on board the American Commander Macdonough's ship, recognized him as he lay stretched on the deck, in the uniform of an American naval officer: his countenance, even in death, wearing the same stormful defiant expression which it assumed on the day that his beloved Hester perished on the scaffold.

THE LOSS OF HONOR.—It is stated in Laing's Residence in Norway, that the punishment of death was abolished in that country about the latter end of the last century. But the punishment which is the most effective, and which affords conclusive proof of the high tone of thought and feeling pervading a whole people, forming one of the most distinguishing characteristics of that country, is that of Loss of Honor. This from the earliest time was a specified effective punishment in the criminal law of Norway, standing next in degree to the loss of life. The loss of honor is not regarded by this people as an unmeaning and trivial punishment, as it would by the poor and ignorant classes of society among almost every other nation, but it is viewed with dread, as a terrible visitation. Many offices and trusts, as committees, for various purposes, valuators, arbitors, or jurymen, to say nothing of more dignified situations, devolved on the people under the superintendance of the legal authorities. The exclusion from these affairs and functions, which of course, the legal sentence of the loss of honor produces, is a punishment so severely felt, that there are instances of culprits, after that portion of their punishment consisting in slavery for a certain period, had been completed, returning to their chains, committing some petty offence, rather than live as outcasts under the sentence of dishonor, among their former friends.

A FRIGHTENED BOARDER.—We find the following in the Baltimore Clipper:

"A gentleman recently returned from attending, as a witness, at the trial of Tom Hyer, the pugilist, at Chestertown, Kent County, related to us the following most amusing circumstance, which occurred at one of the principal hotels in that place.—Among the unusually large number of boarders, there was one whose appetite at the table seemed to know no bounds; every dish in his vicinity was cleared by him before any one else could get a taste. The landlord very patiently bore it for several days in silence, indulging in the hope that his boarder's appetite must certainly have an end. But this hope proved delusive; at every meal his appetite seemed, if possible, to sharpen up; till at length the landlord, unable to stand it any longer, ventured to remonstrate with his boarder, and remarked to him, "My friend, you eat so much that I shall certainly have to charge you an extra half dollar!" "An extra half dollar!" replied his boarder, with a countenance the very picture of despair—"for goodness' sake don't do that; I'm most dead now, eating three dollars' worth, and if you put an extra half dollar's worth on, I shall certainly sue you for manslaughter!"

MORAL CHARACTER.—There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man, as a good character. It is his wealth—his influence—his life. It dignifies him in every station—exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool—no crouching sycophant—no treacherous honor-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person.—If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them—how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life; never should we find them yielding to the groveling and base born passions of human nature.

DRESSING WOUNDS.—Nine times out of ten, a wound will heal quicker if done up in its own blood, than in any other way. As for a burn, whatever will entirely exclude the air the quickest, is the best. Cotton will do this. So will oiled silk, if stuck down at the edges by any kind of sticking salves. Put nothing on a burn to heal it. Nature will soon do that, when the air is excluded and the pain will almost immediately cease.

The sons of the poor die rich—while sons of the rich die poor. What encouragement to toil through life to acquire wealth to ruin our children! Better to make use of our money as we go along—educate our sons—secure their virtue by habits of industry and study, and let them take care of themselves.

TO BOIL COARSE BEEF.—Put the beef in water enough to cover it, and let it heat slowly, and boil slow, and be careful to take off the grease. Many think it much improved by boiling potatoes, turnips, and cabbage with it. In this case the vegetables must be peeled, and all the grease carefully skimmed as fast it rises. Allow about twenty minutes of boiling for each pound of meat.

A gentleman looking upon an extensive conflagration, expressed his surprise in three words, each the name of an English author—"Dickens, Howitt, Burns."

A Miss *Pumpkin*, of Vermont, has lately been married to a Mr. Pye.

So, (to use printer parlance,) Miss Pumpkin is to be "knocked into pi." May no excess of sour never mar Mr. Pye's felicity.

Waterloo—Before and After.

We were forcibly struck lately, (says the *Knickerbocker*,) in reading Dumas' "Shores of the Rhine," by this contrasted picture of "*Napoleon going to and returning from Waterloo.*" The two scenes are worthy the pencil of Delaroche:

"We saw two carriages, approaching, galloping each with six horses. They disappeared as we stunt in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off running toward the town, crying "*L'Empereur! L'Empereur!*" We arrived breathless, and only preceding the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him, and so made for the post-house, when I sunk down half dead with the running; but at any rate I was there. In a moment appeared, turning a corner of a street, the foaming horses; then the postillions all covered with ribbons; then the carriages themselves; then the people following the carriages. The carriages stopped at the post. I saw Napoleon! He was dressed in a green coat, with little epaulets, and wore the officer's cross of the legion of honor. I only saw his bust framed in the square of the carriage window. His head fell upon his chest—that famous medallic head of the old Roman Emperors. His forehead fell forward; his features, immovable, were of the yellowish color of wax; only his eyes appeared to be alive. Next him, on his left, was Prince Jerome, a King without a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at that period a fine young man of six-and-twenty or thirty years of age, his features regular and well-formed, his beard black, his hair elegantly arranged. He saluted in place of his brother, whose vague glance seemed lost in the future, perhaps in the past.—Opposite the Emperor was Letort, his aid-de-camp and ardent soldiers, who seemed already to scent the air of battle; he was willing too, the poor fellow, as if he had long days to live! All this lasted for about a minute. Then the whip cracked, the horses neighed, and it all disappeared like a vision.

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"Three days afterward, toward evening, some people arrived from St Quentin; they said that as they came away they heard cannon. The morning of the seventeenth a courier arrived who scattered all along the road the news of the victory. The eighteenth nothing. The nineteenth nothing; only vague rumors were abroad, coming no one knew whence. It was said that the Emperor was at Brussels. The twentieth, three men in rags, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town, and were instantly surrounded by the whole population, and pushed into the court-yard of the town-house. These men hardly spoke French. They were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our army. To all our questions they only shook their heads sadly, and ended by confessing that they had quitted the field of battle of Waterloo at eight o'clock, and that the battle was lost when they came away. It was the advanced guard of the fugitives. We would not believe them. We said these men were Prussians spies. Napoleon could not be beaten! That fine army which we had seen pass could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows into prison; so quickly had we forgotten '13 and '14, to remember the years which had gone before! My mother ran to the fort, where she passed the whole day, knowing it was there the news must arrive, whatever it were. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which even I could not find, and began to think the place was imaginary, as was the men's accounts of the battle. At four o'clock, more fugitives arrived, who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French, and could give all the details which we asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that Napoleon and his brother were killed. This we would not believe: Napoleon might not be invincible—invulnerable he certainly was. Fresh news more terrible and disastrous continued to come in until ten o'clock at night.

"At ten o'clock at night we heard the noise of a carriage. It stopped, and the Postmaster went out with a light. We followed him, as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back and cried, "It's the Emperor!" I got on a stone bench, and looked over my mother's shoulder. It was indeed Napoleon; seated in the same corner, in the same uniform, his head on his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower; but there was not a line in his countenance, not an altered feature, to mark what were the feelings of the great gambler, who had just staked and lost the world. Jerome and Letort were not with him to bow and smile in his place. Jerome was gathering together the remnants of the army; Letort had been cut in two by a cannon ball. Napoleon lifted his head slowly, looked round as if rousing from a dream, and then, with his brief, student voice, "What place is this?" he said. "Vilters-Cotterêt, Sire." "How many leagues from Soissons?" "Six, Sire." "From Paris?" "Nineteen." "Tell the post-boys to go quick," and he once more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage, his head fell on his chest. The horses carried him away as if they had wings!"

The world knows what had taken place between these two apparitions of Napoleon!

TO BOIL A TURKEY.—Make a stuffing for the craw, of chopped bread and butter, cream, oysters and yolks of eggs. Sew it in, and dredge flour over the turkey and put it to boil in cold water, with a spoonfull of salt in it, and enough water to cover it well. Let it simmer for two hours and a half or if small, less time. Skim it while boiling. It looks nicer if wrapped in a cloth dredged with flour.

The latest way to pop the question, we have heard of is to ask the fair lady "if you shall have the pleasure of seeing her at the ministers."