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## THE TURNING POINT.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

Lucy Holmes was one of the most light-hearted, frolicksome beings that ever shook ringlets. Thoughtless! yes, thoughtless as the sunbeam on the floor. Often would old farmer Holmes smilingly smooth back her hair, and call her his mad-cap girl; and then sigh as he wondered whether time and care would gently bend down that light spirit, or break it at once. Lucy had no mother, and aunt Tabitha was very prominent in the church—one of those people who always draw their mouths down and their eyebrows up, and assume a lugubrious tone when they talk about religion. "I never can get Lucy to think of anything serious!" was her perpetual complaint to Deacon Fowler's wife, their next neighbor. "I think that at seventeen, it is about time she should see the vanity of this world, and be converted!"

"Oh, well! young people will be a little gay."

"Lucy is more than a little gay. I wish I could get her to sit under the new minister in the South Church. He is getting up a revival, and has anxious meetings every evening. Sister Wickfield told me she had a delightful season there the other night."

Aunt Tabitha thought a great deal of dignified behavior, and Lucy often awakened her righteous indignation on that point. She would dance about the house, and often, with sun-bonnet in hand, bound into the very room where her aunt sat in grave converse with the "revival preacher" or some of the "sisters." The sanctimonious air and whine of some of these "sisters" Lucy would often mimic. Mr. Holmes would shake his head, saying, "My daughter! your aunt means well. It is unfortunate she deals so much in these cant phrases. They are ridiculous to you and very offensive to me. It is some times a fault among religious people. They lay open to ridicule the religion dear to them. They debase it in the eyes of the world, for very few take the pains to separate the gold from the dross; and they make their conversation very unwelcome, to say the least, to many good people whose taste and refinement turn from everything of the kind. As for me, I am a plain man, and don't pretend to much taste, but I don't like such things. Let not your good be evil spoken of."

Lucy always listened to her father's words with a glimpse of the beauty in simple religion, standing by itself, refining and ennobling; but she lost it again when she viewed the robe in which Mrs. Tabitha enveloped hers; and she wondered whether it was only a robe, and not a necessary adjunct.

Lucy was fond of gay colors, and feathers and flowers, and aunt Tabitha cast up her eyes at the sight of them as part of the vanities of this life. Lucy's perfectly formed frame and bounding spirits impelled her to the natural exercise of dancing, and aunt Tabitha held it was a crying sin in a church member to allow his daughter to conform so much to this world. But Lucy danced on, and sung on, as much a child as she was at twelve years of age.

In the outskirts of the village at Greendale stood a dilapidated cottage—but, rather, the reckless, dogged look of the man who sat smoking his pipe in the doorway, and the dirty children, who lay about, told the charater of the inhabitants. The good people of Greendale had a Missionary Society, and a society for the relief of the poor; but the poor must be "worthy, deserving objects," not ragged idle outcasts, and all their missionary aymyathies were engaged for "fields" on the other side of the world, (Barriobooh Ghu, perhaps,) overlooking the real missionary ground at their very doors. They thought more of educating little East Indians, who even when elevated, would still be an inferior race, than of enlightening those in whose veins runs the proud Saxon blood, formed for action and rule, now swaying the destinies of the world. Did I say all their sympathies were engaged? Stop! there were some visionaries among them, who cried out in horror at the ignorance and moral degradation of the New Zealanders, and never took the trouble to inform themselves that there were those in their own village, in the heart of their own New England, who could hardly answer the question, who made you?

Why! no one ever went to Sam Tucker's cottage. Two ladies had tried it once, but half frightened by Sam's dark looks, they never came a second time. Joe Tucker, the eldest son, had grown up to be nineteen or twenty—ignorant and degraded, but not wicked as might be expected.

One day all Greendale was startled by the intelligence that a murder had been committed. Mr. Read, one of the largest farmers, had been knocked down in his own fields, by a blow from a rake handle in the hands of Joe Tucker. The young man had been hired as a day laborer during harvest. Some altercation had occurred, and in a moment of passion he had given the fatal blow. He had escaped, but the constables were out after him in every direction. Before the day was over, handbills had been spread through the neighboring village and towns, and information sent to the Boston and N. York police.

Joe would soon be taken—there seemed no doubt of that, yet day after day passed, and he still eluded the search. One afternoon, about a fortnight after the occurrence, Lucy Holmes was returning from a ramble in the woods, when she was terribly frightened by the sudden appearance of Joe Tucker in her path.

"Don't, scream, Miss, don't scream! You needn't be afeard," said Joe, who looked ghastly and emaciated. "Only listen to me. I wouldn't harm a hair on your head. Can't you give me a morsel to eat, I'm starving to death?"

"I wish I had something for you, but I haven't," faltered Lucy.

"Then I must give myself up," he groaned. "I've lived on roots and berries for the last week. And they'll hang me for getting angry. God knows I never meant to kill the man. Yes, they'll hang me, for such as I am have no friends."

"Don't, oh! don't! talk so," said Lucy, the warm tears filling her eyes as she looked at the wretched out-cast. "You have one friend at least. Indeed I would do anything for you that I could."

Joe looked up in surprise. It was the first word of kindness from a stranger that in the whole course of his life had ever fallen on his ear. He knew not what to make of it.

"You a friend to me," he said. "You forgot who I am."

"No, I do not. At this moment, I would give almost all I possess to have the power to do something for you."

The accent and look were not to be mistaken. The wild, rude heart on which they fell was thoroughly subdued. Joe moved a few steps off, and leaned his face against a tree.

"Bless you! bless you for those words," he said, in a broken voice. "If I could have heard such as them before, perhaps—but that's over now. All's over now."

"No! no! I am sure you are sorry for what you have done, and ——"

"And what? What is before me even if I should get out of their clutch? And I'll find it hard to do that. The officers are all over, I suppose?"

"Yes!" and Lucy shuddered and looked around.

"So Bill told me a week ago. He brought me something to eat, and they tracked him to my hiding place. I had a desperate dodge that time. That's a week ago, and I haven't been able to let him know where I am, or get a crust of bread since."

"Will you trust me?" said Lucy.

"Ay!" returned Joe Tucker, after a long look on the pale girl.

"Then come with me. You wouldn't be able to stay here any longer at any rate, for I heard father say they were to have a thorough scouring of all the wood to-morrow morning."

She turned, and hastily traversing the lonesome wood-path in which they had been standing, came to some pasture land owned by her father. Springing over the stone wall, she led her companion by a short cut across the fields and through the orchards. The shadows of twilight were thick around when they reached a low, disused out-building. She opened the door.

"Here you are safe for the present," she said, hurriedly. "No search will be made here. As soon as I possibly can I will bring you food."

As she turned to go, Joe laid his hand on her arm. "You will not betray me?" said he, with gleaming eye.

"You wrong me, indeed you do. I ——— die!" said the excited girl.

Joe withdrew his grasp, and she reached her own room she hardly knew how, and sat down to think over what she done.—This was the wild, thoughtless, petted girl! Her woman's heart, true as the needle to the pole, had sprung up at the call for kindness.

"Now, Lucy," commenced aunt Tabitha, when she appeared in the sitting room, "this is what I call scandalous, I know how late you got home, I saw you run up stairs. Where have you been?"

"Out taking a walk."

"Taking a walk indeed! You'd have been better employed at home doing something useful. But if anything is of use, that's enough for you—you don't like it. I suppose you'll be too tired to go to prayer-meeting with me this evening. You always have some excuse."

"Yes, I can't go," said Lucy.

"Oh! what are you coming to? Do you ever think of the state you are in, Lucy?"

She did not answer, and her aunt departed for "meeting" with an expression of pious horror.

Mr. Holmes kept good country hours, and every one in his house was supposed to be in bed at ten o'clock. Lucy glided down to the buttery, and filled a basket as large as she could carry with the best there was. Then she paused, while a nervous trembling stole over her. What was she about to do? Go forth alone, at night, to put herself in the power of a murderer. How much she would have given to run away to her own room, and bury her face in her pillow, and shut out all responsibility—all necessity for action. But not so—the pallid and hunger-worn must not die, felon though he be. And he trusted her. She took up the basket and unbolted the kitchen door, when the watch-dog began to bark.

"Hush! Bruno, hush! be quiet!" she said, as the animal came towards her.

Recognizing the familiar voice, he submitted to be caressed, but would not leave her. She knew not what to do. His barking might already have awakened somebody—she started at every sound.—She harshly ordered the dog away, but his low growl at this alarmed her far more.—He evidently scented the meat in her basket, and kept continually jumping upon it. Almost in despair, she went round to the other side of the house, and pulling out a large piece of meat, threw it to him, and he immediately plunged his teeth into it. Then she sped away breathlessly.

The night was dark and damp. Her feet were soon wet, and her light form chilled through, but it was another feeling that was shaking in every limb. Other fears than those of discovery, or the nameless ones of the night made her breath come short. All was dark in Joe's hiding place, and her trembling fingers could not move fast enough in pushing back the slide of the dark lantern she carried.—With the first ray of light, she caught the gleam of a pair of fierce eyes in the farthest corner. She shuddered and drew back.

"Don't be afeard, Miss," said Joe, coming forward.

Like a famished wolf he seized on the food. Not a word was spoken for many minutes, but bread and meat and pies and pickles were fast disappearing. At last Joe looked up. To Lucy the sight of the avidity with which he eat had been far greater reward than any thanks, but tumultuous, broken words rushed in deep sincerity to his lips, as he looked on the slight young figure before him. Lucy was half frightened at the strength and vehemence of his expressions, but he again entreated her to have no fears of him.

"You have saved my life," he said, "and can you think I'd harm you? You're not more safe in your own father's parlor than here, murderer though I am."

"Mr. Read is dead, I suppose," said he, after a pause.

"No, he is living yet, though there is no hope of his recovery."

"I'm glad he isn't dead," said Joe, drawing a long breath. "There isn't blood upon my head yet."

"How are you to get away?" asked Lucy.

"I can't tell."

There was a long silence. "I don't see any way," said Lucy, "but don't be discouraged. I'll do all I can. Something may happen. You can stay here in safety. You have food enough there for to-morrow, haven't you? I'll come again to-morrow night."

"God bless you, Miss," was the half choked response, and that night the hunted felon slept soundly on the premises of the sheriff for the county.

"They're off to look after that wretch, Joe Tucker," said aunt Tabitha, coming into Lucy's room the next morning.

At dinner, Mr. Holmes' first words were, "We may give it up now. Joe Tucker was about here a week ago, but he's off now, I'm persuaded. He'll not run far though. They've got some of the knowing ones on the watch, and they'll ferret him out, no matter where he is.—Why, Lucy, what on earth is the matter with you? What makes you flush so?"

Lucy was taking her first lesson in the art which every woman must learn—command of countenance. She stammered out some excuse, and left the dining-room as soon as she could. After dinner the consciousness of her secret made her fancy suspicion in her father's every look, and when night came how softly she crept down stairs!

She provided herself with a piece of meat for Bruno, and then opened the kitchen door, and softly called him.—Leaving him deeply engaged, she took her way to the old corn-house. Joe received her with a kind of affectionate reverence, as if she were a being of another sphere.—He had made himself a den in the loft, so concealed that one might search long without finding it. Lucy had brought him some books and papers, but she found that he was but an indifferent reader. She could devise no plan of escape, and they both thought it best to wait awhile.

She had spent the morning in thought, an occupation very now to her. Joe Tucker's life seemed to depend on her, and if the burden of a fellow-creature's fate would weigh heavily on any one, it would much more on the joyous little heart that had never known a care. How should she manage his escape? She thought for a moment of trusting to her father's kind heart and warm, generous feelings. In her child-like ingeniousness she longed to do so. It seemed so terrible to have to decide anything of such importance for herself and by herself. But no! she remembered his strict sense of justice, and stern, unbending integrity.

Aunt Tabitha appeared at the breakfast table the next morning with her cap-strings flying, and her brows drawn together.

"Some one must have been in the buttery these last two nights," she commenced. "There's heaps of things gone.—There's a nice leg of lamb, hardly touched at dinner, and two large pieces of pork—they're gone. And those apple-pies I made the other day, two of them were gone yesterday morning, and now two more, and a whole pot of my best pickles, and a jar of sweetmeats, and I don't know how many loaves of bread and cake and rolls of butter. I'm thankful I know nothing about it."

Lucy played her part very well this time, and her father and aunt wondered in vain who could be committing the depredations. Still the attacks on aunt Tabitha's provisions were continued, and Mr. Holmes determined, if possible, to ferret out the thief. After retiring a little earlier than usual one night he heard a noise in the cellar, and proceeded to the spot. Lucy's feelings can only be imagined when, on turning herself around, she found her father just behind her!

"Why, Lucy!" he said, "is it you who commits these depredations?"

Lucy forced herself to speak calmly.—"Why, papa, could you think that I eat all those cold shoulders of lamb and sirloins of beef that aunt Tabitha mourns so pathetically? I want some sugar to drop lavender on," and taking a few lumps, she proceeded up stairs before her father. "A pretty fool I have been to jump out of my bed at this hour for such a minx as you.—I thought I had the thief. I'll not do it again, at any rate."

The weeks went on. Poor Joe Tucker learned to love the very ground on which Lucy stood. Nothing so pretty, so sweet and delicate had ever come near him before. His untamed heart was naturally warm and affectionate, and now it was stirred to its inmost depths. The passionate devotion with which he worshipped his benefactress was a strange feeling to his wild, ignorant soul. It seemed to open a new world to him. Every visit showed Lucy more and more of the ardor of the poor fellow's attachment, and every visit saddened her more and more as she felt her own deficiencies. She had a consciousness, dim at first, that this was the time to sow the seed of good in that untutored heart, and her's the hand to cast it—but she knew not how to do it. She thought how fluent aunt Tabitha would be in such a case, but that was not exactly the fluency she wished for.

For seven weeks Joe Tucker remained concealed in Mr. Holmes' out-building.—The excitement seemed to be lessened, and Lucy thought he might try to escape.—She had just received her liberal quarterly allowance, and she gave him every cent of it. She disguised him with a complete suit of one of their working men, and one night in October stood beside him for the last time. Poor Joe could not speak.—He began several times "Miss Lucy ——" and then choked up. His sobs spoke for him.

At last Lucy wiped away her streaming tears, and took his sun-burned hand in both of hers. "Joe," she said, "promise me that when you get to California, you will try, to the best of your knowledge and ability, to be a *man*—an honest and a good man."

"I do promise," said Joe, "I swear it by God in heaven."

Lucy placed a small Bible in his hand, and in five minutes he was gone.

The next morning she saw the doctor pass in a great hurry. Mr. Read was dying they said. The brain fever, in which he had been lying ever since the occurrence, seemed running to a close. Lucy thought of Joe and wept. The guilt of blood was really on his head and conscience then. But at noon other tidings came. What had been thought the agony of death was but the lowest crisis of the fever; and now the surgeon thought he might recover.

He did recover, and on her father's bosom Lucy confessed all that she had done for Joe Tucker. That father at astonished, and then his eyes filled, and he clasped his daughter to his swelling heart, wondering that in the thoughtless child should have been hidden such capabilities of feeling and action.

Aunt Tabitha might have preached to Lucy to the end of time, and produced no effect; but the impression of those midnight visits to the half ruined shed, where she had felt the want of inducements and hopes above this world, could not be effaced. It was made at a critical time in her life, just as childhood was taking its leave, and thus was she gently brought to the source of all help. She was as happy and as mirthful as ever—danced and sung just as much—went to none of her aunt Tabitha's favorite anxious meetings—even declined "sitting under" the "revival preacher"—but even aunt Tabitha could not question the sincerity of her Christian character, for truly her "light so shone that men saw her good works, and glorified her Father in heaven."

News, good news came from California. Lucy received a letter from Joe. He had learned to write for the purpose of writing to her. He had obtained a situation as porter in a store, and was sober and industrious. "I keep my promise Miss Lucy," he wrote. "I keep away from bad company and try to learn something and be something—and it's all for your sake."

And this was Lucy's own work. At the turning point in Joe's life Lucy's kindness had met him, and fixed the direction of his future course. How different it would have been had she shrunk from the poor outcast, and had then given up to the law. He would have suffered nothing but a short imprisonment, but what would have been his prospects at his release?

Lucy heard from him every few months—there was no change in him—he continued a useful and worthy member of society. Was she not fully justified for having stopped the course of justice?

## Angels.

BY EDWIN PLUMMER.

"Holy angels are all around me, and I see a heavenly light."—*Words of a dying one.*

Why is it that we see no angel faces,
Nor mark the pure light in our pathway lying,
Until we hear the summons from our places,
And feel the certainty that we are dying?

The angels are not less around the living,
Than near the soul that trembles on Death's border,
Their love, their strength, their consolation giving,
They come and go in heaven's serenest order.

Where'er a heart with sorrow's weight is bowing,
Or where a spirit wrestles with its trial,
Where'er clean hands the seeds of Truth are sowing,
Or lift the burden of a great denial;

Where human faith erects its steadfast altar,
Where human Love embraces earth and heaven,
Where Goodness leads the weakly ones, who falter,
Back to the source whence nobler strength is given,

There come the angels. Patient, meek and tender,
With speechless loving and with long forbearing,
About us each walks an unseen defender,
Our earnest thoughts and aspiration sharing.

If but the clouds were lifted from our vision,
If grossness of our spirits had refining,
Earth would reveal, before the realm Elysian,
The blessed seraphs and their heavenly shining.

For what the paths our wayward feet are wending,
In all our moments, howsoe'er unblest,
Some angel form above us still is bending,
To make life rich with a divine bequest.

## Who are your Companions?

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

It is said to be a property of the tree frog that it acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus when found on growing corn, it is commonly of a very dark green. If found on the white oak it has the color peculiar to that tree.—Just so it is with men. Tell me whom you choose and prefer as companion, and I certainly can tell you who you are.—Do you love the society of the vulgar?—Then you are already debased in your sentiments. Do you seek to be with the profane? In your hearts you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your choicest friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool, and probably a very stupid one, too. Do you love and seek the society of the wise good? Is this your habit? Would you rather take the lowest seat among others? Then you already learned to be wise and good. You may not have made much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised Hold on your way, and seek to be a companion of all that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself, and wise for eternity.

The man who got into a train of thought was taken into custody at the first station for travelling without a ticket, and sentenced to three day's imprisonment in a brown study.

We should always be contented with what we *have* but not with what we *are*.

## THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

The story of the life of Napoleon's son, as it is told in an article entitled "The Bonaparte Family," in the North British Review, can hardly fail to be read with deep interest:

Only three years ago, when he came with his mother to reside at Schonburn, the young Duke of Reichstadt spent the whole remainder of his life either there or at Vienna; only on one or two occasions travelling from either beyond the distance of a few miles. By his grandfather, the emperor, as well as by all the other members of the royal family, he seemed to have always been treated with extreme kindness. After the departure of his mother to the Italian States, he was committed to the care of various masters, under the superintendence of an Austrian nobleman of rank, the Count Maurice de Dietrichsten. Regarding his early education, only two facts of any interest are mentioned; his excessive reluctance at first to learn German, which, however, soon became more his own than French; and his fondness for historical reading, and especially for books relating to the career of his father. As a boy, he was, on the whole, dull, grave, and worthless; but docile and affectionate.

The news of his father's death, which occurred when he was ten years of age, is said to have produced a visible effect upon him. It was evident, indeed, that the boy, young as he was, had been brooding in secret over the mystery of his own changed condition, and cherishing as well as he could the thought of its connection with the extraordinary human being whom he could dimly recollect as his father; whose bust and portraits he could still see; and who, as they tried to explain to him, was now shut up on an island on the other side of the earth, whither the nations of Europe had conspired to send him for their own safety. The thought of his father became the boy's simple passion; and when he could no longer think of that father as still existing on the earth, his respect for his memory amounted to a worship. Every book that could tell anything about his father he devoured with eagerness; and if he chanced to hear of the arrival of any one at Vienna, who had had personal relations with the emperor, he was uneasy until he had seen him. At last to gratify this anxiety for information, his tutors, at his grandfather's command, began to instruct him systematically in modern history and politics! concealing from him nothing, says M. de Monthel, that could enlighten him as to the real course of his father's life and its effects on the condition of Europe, and only adding such comments and expositions as might make him aware, at was to be reprehended.

Perplexed by such lessons in history, according to Metternich, the poor boy did his best to come to the right conclusion and to express himself judiciously to his tutors regarding what he was taught to consider his father's errors and excesses. In all cases of feeling and instinct, however, his reverence for the memory of his father prevailed. The very books which his father had liked, such as Tasso, and Ossian, became for that reason his favorites. His father's campaigns and dispatches he made a subject of diligent study, using them as a text for his own military lessons. In short, before he had attained his seventeenth year, he had read and re-read everything that had been written regarding Napoleon, and had fixed in his memory all the most minute particulars relating to his military or political life, the names of his generals, his chief battles and the various incidents in his long career, from his birth in Corsica to his burial in St. Helena. One point in this great history he would dwell on with special interest—that where amid universal acclamations, he himself had come into the world the unconscious heir to a mighty empire.

This brooding on the past naturally assumed the form of a restless anxiety respecting the future. That he, the son of Napoleon, was no common person; that, as the ower of a great name, superior actions and qualifications would be required of him; that in some way or other he must take part in the affairs of Europe—such was the idea that inevitably took possession of him. The pedantry of his teachers seems to have fostered it to an undue extent. If, for example, the poor youth contracted admiration for the poet Byron, his teachers were at hand to criticise the poet for him, and reduce his opinion to the just shape and standard, lest he should commit what, in his case, would be signal impropriety of exaggerated praise. If, again, he was seen to be falling in love with a lady of his grandfather's court, they were at hand to reason him out of the affair by considerations of what was due to his peculiar situation, and his importance in the public eye. With this notion of the peculiarity of his position, brandished before him from morning till night, de would go moping about the imperial court, an amiable, but unhappy youth. And what, after all, was the peculiarity of his situation, except extreme insignificance.

A pensioner, in the meantime, on the Imperial bounty, ultimately the mere possessor of some Bohemian estates, (his mother's second marriage in 1849 with the Count Nipperg having severed him from Italy still more completely than before,) doomed to inactivity by the misfortune of too great a name, was there not a mockery in all that solicitude of which he found himself the object? Haunted, it would appear, by some such feeling, and yet carried forward by the restless sense that he must do something or other to merit his name, he seems to have grasped at the only chance that was presented to him—military promotion in his grandfather's service. Hence the assiduity with which he pursued his military studies, and the regularity with which he presented himself on horseback at all reviews and parades, the Viennese pointing him out on such occasions as the son of Napoleon.—When, at last, after going through the grades, he was permitted by his grandfather to assume the rank of a lieutenant colonel, his delight was unbounded. For three days the youth appeared at the head of his regiment giving the word of command—on the fourth, he was laid aside with loss of voice and hoarseness in his throat.

There was one quarter of the horizon, however, to which the son of Napoleon would often wistfully look—that France to which he belonged; which his dying father had bequeathed him with such solemn injunctions that they should be true one to the other; and where even yet there were myriads of veteran hearts that beat high at the name of Bonaparte. His Austrian education had indeed isolated him from all means of direct communication with his native country, and had made him, in many respects, alien to it; but certain cords there were which still secretly bound him to France. "I know no one at Paris," he said to a French officer that was about returning home after a visit to Vienna, "but salute for me the column Vendome. On the other hand, if he was personally forgotten or unknown in the city which he thus knew only from the map, there were at least principles and men that were ready to burst out in his behalf. So, at all events, it appeared when the revolution of July, 1830, came to be transacted. Had young Napoleon been in Paris, or near it, when that revolution occurred, how different might have been the issue? "Absent as he was," says Louis Blanc, "if an old general of the Emperor had but pronounced his name to the people, when Lafayette and Guizot were chaffering for Duc d'Orleans, France might have had a Napoleon II instead of Louis Phillippe. Some timid Bonapartist attempts, it appears, were actually made. In Paris one Bonapartist came to a meeting of the leading politicians, with the name of the Duke of Reichstadt on his lips, and was dexterously locked up in a room till the business was over. Communications were even conveyed to the Duke himself.

When the news of the revolution reached Vienna, the young man could not conceal his agitation; he even requested, it is said, in the flutter of a moment, to be allowed to go to the assistance of Charles X. But with the news of the accession of Louis Phillippe, other thoughts succeeded. One evening as he was ascending a staircase in the imperial palace, a young woman, enveloped in Scotch plaid, rushed forward from a landing place, where she seems to have been waiting, and taking his hand pressed it eagerly to her lips. His tutor, who was with him, asked her business. "May I not kiss," she said, "the hand of my sovereign's son?" And immediately disappeared. For some time the incident could [illegible] cousin, the Countess Camerata, a married daughter of his deceased aunt Bochiochio. On a visit to Vienna, the Countess had constituted herself the medium of communication between the Bonapartists and her young cousin, to whom she ventured, some months after the revolution of July, to address a letter, encouraging him even to assume a decided part. From these, and all overtures of the same kind, the poor youth seems to have shrunk with a kind of dutiful horror; and his excitement during the revolution of 1830 soon subsided into a calmer mood, and he began, we are told, to write down in the form of an essay a series of very Austrian reflections on his own life, and the relations in which he stood to France. Only once did this agitation return—on the occasion, namely, of the political movements in his mother's state of Parma. When the news of these movement reached Vienna, he was anxious to be allowed to go to Italy to his mother's assistance; but neither on this occasion, could his wishes be granted.

From the first, indeed, it had been seen that the young Napoleon could not live long. Undoubted symptoms of the presence in his constitution of the seeds of that malady that had carried off his father, early presented themselves; and to these were added other symptoms too clearly marking him out as the prey of consumption. From being a handsome delicate boy, he had suddenly shot up before his eighteenth year, into a tall, feeble and sickly, though handsome young man, the constant care of the imperial physicians. Towards the end of the year 1831, he became rapidly worse, and was obliged to abstain from his military exercise, and all active exertion whatever. During the winter of that year and the spring of 1832, he lived at Schonbrunn; almost wholly confined to his chamber. It had been resolved to move him to Naples, should it be possible to do so, in the autumn of 1832; but the disease had made such progress that, before that time, the fatal result had taken place. For many weeks he had been in great pain, and incapable of any change of position save that of being wheeled to a window balcony overlooking the garden of Schonbrunn. Even this was at last beyond his strength; and stretched on his bed in great suffering, he waited anxiously for his release. Maria Louisa arrived from Italy only in time to see him die. It was on the 22d of July, 1832, and in the very room that his father occupied on his visit to Schonbrunn, that he breathed his last. Some days after there was a funeral procession, through the streets of Vienna, and the body of Napoleon's son was committed to the imperial vaults.

The people of Vienna showed much feeling on the occasion; the cholera had just been thinning their own households.

SEEDING WHEAT.—The Centreville (Md.) Times states that many farmers in that county have finished seeding their wheat, having commenced earlier than usual, in order to avoid the rust; while others have been compelled to suspend operations on account of the drought.—Guano is being used very extensively.—It is estimated that the farmers of that county have expended about $100,000 in this fertilizer, and will put in a very heavy crop of wheat.

## Pennsylvania Legislature—Session 1854.

### SENATE.

1. Philadelphia city.—*Eli K. Price, W. A. Crabb.*
2. Philadelphia county.—W. Goodwin, L. Foulkrod, N. B. Browne.
3. Montgomery.—*B. Frick.*
4. Chester and Delaware—*J. J. Lewis.*
5. Berks.—W. M. Hiester.
6. Bucks.—H. K. Sager.
7. Lancaster and Lebanon.—*J. W. Ellinger, J. G. Shuman.*
8. Northumberland and Dauphin.—*David Taggart.*
9. Northampton and Lehigh.—William Fry.
10. Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne.—J. H. Walton.
11. Adams and Franklin.—*D. Mellinger.*
12. York.—Jacob S. Haldeman.
13. Cumberland and Perry.—Samuel Wherry.
14. Centre, Lycoming, Sullivan and Clinton.—J. W. Quiggle.
15. Blair, Cambria and Huntingdon.—J. Cresswell, jr.
16. Luzerne, Montour and Columbia.—C. R. Buckalew.
17. Bradford, Susquehannah and Wyoming.—W. M. Piatt.
18. Tioga, Potter, M'Kean, Elk, Clearfield, Jefferson and Forest.—B. D. Hamlin.
19. Mercer, Venango and Warren.—T. Hogo.
20. Erie and Crawford.—*Jas. Skinner.*
21. Butler, Beaver and Lawrence.—*John Ferguson.*
22. Allegheny.—*George Darsie,* Jonas R. M'Clintock.
23. Washington and Greene.—*John C. Flenniken.*
24. Somerset, Bedford and Fulton.—*Francis Jordan.*
25. Armstrong, Indiana and Clarion.—S. S. Jamison.
26. Juniata, Mifflin and Union.—*James M. Sellers.*
27. Westmoreland and Fayette.—William E. Frazer.
28. Schuylkill.—*John Hendricks.*

Democrats 18—Whigs 15.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Adams—Moses M'Clean.

Allegheny—John Kirkpatrick, *Jacob Gray, J. J. Muse, David L. Smith, O. S. Eyster.*

Armstrong, Clarion and Jefferson—G. W. Ziegler, Philip Clover, *Abner W. Lane.*

Beaver, Butler and Lawrence—*B. B. Chamberlin, W. Stewart, R. B. McCombs.*

Bedford, Fulton and Cambria—William T. Daugherty, *George S. King.*

Berks—A. M. Sallade, Jeremiah Mengle, J. F. Linderman, Samuel Shearer.

Blair and Huntingdon—George Less, *George Smith.*

Bradford—B. Laporte, *Judson Hollingsworth.*

Bucks—*Samuel F. Gwinner.*

Carbon and Lehigh—Thomas Craig, jr., *Jas. S. Reese.*

Centre—D. C. Beal.

Chester—*M. A. Hodgson, M. J. Pennypacker, Wm. R. Downing.*

Clearfield, M'Kean and Elk—A. Caldwell.

Clinton, Lycoming and Potter—*Thomas Wood, Wm. T. Fearon.*

Columbia and Montour—James G. Maxwell.

Crawford—*A. B. Ross, Howell Powell.*

Cumberland—*Montgomery Donaldson, George W. Cresswell.*

Dauphin—John A. Stobley, *Lot Bergtresser.*

Delaware—*Thomas H. Maddock.*

Erie—*G. J. Ball,* James Thompson.

Fayette and Westmoreland—Clement Hubbs, Jesse Weddel, James Foster, S. B. Page.

Franklin—James Orr, *James Lowe.*

Greene—John M. Stockdale.

Indiana—*Alex. M'Connell.*

Lancaster—Hugh M. North, Jacob L. Gross, *Emlen Franklin, Daniel G. Witmer, John F. Herr.*

Lebanon—W. A. Barry.

Luzerne—A. B. Dunning, *Gideon W. Palmer.*

Mercer, Venango and Warren—S. P. M'Calmont, Daniel Lott, *Ralph Clapp.*

Mifflin—*E. Morrison.*

Monroe and Pike—Abraham Edinger.

Montgomery—Jacob Fry, jr., *James Rittenhouse, Henry N Wickersham.*

Northampton—F. Johnson, M. Bush.

Northumberland—G. M. Yorks.

Perry—Kirk Haines.

Philadelphia city—M. V. Baker, *H. K. Strong, Wm. R. Morris, Geo. R. Smith.*

Philadelphia county—*Alex. Cummings, R. M. Carlisle, R. L. Wright, E. G. Waterhouse, Nicholas Thorne, Charles R. Alleyood, J. A. Simpson, Thomas C. Steele,* ROBERT M. FOUST, J. S. FLETCHER, *S. H. Bowman.*

Schuylkill—Benjamin Christ, Charles Frailey.

Somerset—*Joseph Cummins.*

Susquehanna, Sullivan and Wyoming—*John Sturdevant,* B. T. Lathrop.

Tioga—*Thomas L. Baldwin.*

Union and Juniata—J. W. Crawford.

Washington—*Samuel J. Kreps, Thos. McCullough.*

Wayne—George A. Starkweather.

York—Eli W. Free, *William McCoskey, Daniel Rutter.*

Democrats in Roman—Whigs in *Italic*—Natives in SMALL CAPS—*Temperance democrats.

### RECAPITULATION.

| | Whigs. | Democrats. | Natives. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Senate, | 15 | 18 | — |
| House, | 53 | 45 | 2 |
| | 68 | 63 | 2 |

"Punishment for children," says Mrs. Swisshelm, in her paper, "should consist, at most, in restraint, and that no more than is necessary to the parent or guardian is stronger than they—that they can restrain them and will, but only for their benefit. No punishment should assume the appearance of revenge, but should always be administered by a person in perfect command of his or her own temper. No one should attempt to govern a child until he has acquired the art of governing himself.