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THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD TO THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER.

VOLUME V. GODERICH, COUNTY OF HURON, (C. W.) THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1852. NUMBER XXIX.

Poetry.

THE MOTHERLESS.

Deal gently with the motherless, Oh, ye who rule their homes;

Speak softly to the motherless; A sudden stream is stirred,

Think of the hand which rested, Once fondly on each head,

And give these to those craving hearts, In hearts as well as mine.

Literature.

THE SHOEMAKERS DAUGHTER.

BY FRANCIS DEANE.

The Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, is one of the longest streets in the world.

It was kept by an Alsatian, a dry, droll, middle-aged man, who, during those times of revolution and alarm when heroic France, attacked by the whole civilized world,

was apparently perishing in death throes—expressing in agonies, which were, however, to save, to raise and glorify it—paid little attention to anything save his business and his pretty little daughter, M. Leopold Mayer was a selfish man—a very selfish man.

No bootmaking prospered, he did not care for anything else. If the country were attacked on all sides, foreign armies in every frontier, he little cared. The only inconvenience he did care about was the taxes that was unpleasant; but, otherwise, public affairs were nothing to him. There are hundreds of such men everywhere; men whose native town might be desolated by the plague, and who yet would be happy if they remained untouched—unhurt.

Leopold Mayer had a daughter, a very pretty girl,—about twelve years old, with rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, a warm, expansive heart, and a character the very opposite of her father. She was as generous as he was selfish; as keen in her sympathies for the world as he was for his own private business—she had a corner in her heart for every one. Her mother had been like her, having sacrificed every consideration to that of pleasing her husband, who would not be pleased,—of making happy a man who would not be happy.

M. Leopold Mayer did a very good business; and, it was said, had a great deal of money somewhere; but no man knew where.

Katerina Mayer sat in her father's shop and took the money; but, living plenty of leisure, she read, during the intervals of business, such books as she could find in a neighbouring circulating library. German in her nature, with a warm but somewhat contemplative character, she devoured history, philosophy, poetry, and the drama; was learned in Molière, Racine, Corneille, and even Montaigne, and doted on Philip de Comminges; but she had her favorite author, too, and that, like Madame Roland, was the author of "Lives of Plutarch."

On an evening she would read out to her father while he smoked his pipe, to which—like Germans and Dutchmen—he was a great devotee. Very often they were joined by a young officer, a lodger, who had not long been removed from a military school to a commission in the army, but who, as was yet, unattached. Paul (we must leave his name in blank, because of his mysterious son, who would not forgive us pushing it) was a young man who had profited by his education; and a better guide for the girl could not well be found. Of course he was a republican; all the contagion spread; for a more audacious little sans-culotte than was in Katerina, would old Mayer say, "never stepped in those leather!" The reign of Terror very nearly shocked her; but she had good sense enough not to confound the bold crimes of Danton, the atrocities of Marat, Hebert, and Charlotte, with the principles of the true friends of freedom.

Paul—and Katerina Mayer were the very best of friends. The young girl,

so early Mistress of a house, and so precocious in her studies, played the little woman which made the man of twenty laugh and declare that, were he not a poor devil of an officer, with no other fortune save his sword he would carry her before the maire, and marry her at once; at which Katerina laughed, and bid him go and win the epaulets of a general first, and then she might listen to him. But the idea of a young adventurer, without a penny, talking of marrying the heiress of the richest shoemaker in Paris, was terribly audacious. And Paul called her an aristocrat; they laughed, and the matter ended.

About three months after the young man received his commission, he entered the shop of citizen Mayer in company with a brother officer. Katerina was at the counter. Citizen Mayer was overlooking his young man.

"Well, little wife—" said Paul, smiling. "Mr. Saucy; pray, who art thou talking to?" replied Katerina, looking hard at him and his friend, a pale, dry, and thoughtful-looking young man.

"To thee, citoyenne," Paul; "I have come to bid thee adieu. Here, dear Katerina, is thy father's account, which I have to ask a favour of thee."

"What is that?" said Katerina, with a tremulous voice. "The fact is, Katerina, we have; our bills paid, not one penny left. We have our uniforms complete, and our feuille de route; but we precisely want a pair of boots each. We are in the case of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, to which, the citizen representative having heard their demand for shoes and stockings, said, 'the Republic has many thanks for you, but no shoes and stockings!'"

"They entered the ante-chamber, occupied by officers of various grades, several of whom rose from the cards, or smoking on benches, so great them. A young man, an aide-de-camp, respectfully addressed them, and inquired 'their business.' M. Mayer again produced his letter. The officer bowed profoundly, and said he was at their service. Moving through the crowd of officers, he led them by a staircase upwards, until he reached a large open landing. A servant in a rich livery appeared, who made way for the party, and, passing on, with the theatre of the palace to their right, they turned round and entered the Palace of the Tuileries, of which they had hitherto only visited the wing.

Presently the aide-de-camp paused. "Monsieur will be kind enough to wait one moment," he said; as they entered an ante-chamber, "I will precede you, and return in an instant."

"Where are we going?" asked Katerina of her father, in a whisper. "To the conclusion of the negotiation," the young lady has refused the commander-in-chief of the army of Paris, and she has taken this mode of again claiming his wife."

"But, Monsieur Mayer," said the Emperor, who had advanced nearer to them at the conclusion of the conversation, "the young lady has refused the commander-in-chief of the army of Paris, and she has taken this mode of again claiming his wife."

"Never," exclaimed the young girl firmly. "Will you walk in?" said the aide-de-camp returning, and standing with the door in one hand and his hat in the other.

M. Mayer and Katerina obeyed mechanically. They advanced, with eyes dimmed by excitement, with a sighing in their ears with a fainting at the heart,—a doubt—a fear—a dread,—that left them, a minute later, standing in the middle of a small room unconscious whether they were in the presence of the Emperor of China, the Khan of Tartary, or of the Grand Lama of the bet.

"Well, Monsieur Mayer," said a somewhat graver voice. "M. Mayer and Katerina now saw that they were in the famous private cabinet of the Emperor Napoleon—who had been just crowned—with its splendid ornaments, its maps and charts, and its splendid furniture. By the fire stood, his back turned to them, a man of middle height, neither stout nor thin, with a look of power and genius, but tinged by haughtiness; pride and a spirit of insolent domineering.

"His Majesty the Emperor," cried M. Mayer to the Emperor, bowing as if he were very much inclined to kneel, while Katerina stood erect, respectful, but firm, and resolved to oppose even the will of Napoleon, where her heart was concerned.

"Monsieur Mayer," said the Emperor who was in one of his moments of good humour, "I have sent for you on a matter of business. Mademoiselle Katerina has sent Katerina courtseyed profoundly, and seated herself. M. Mayer stood by her chair.

"I am informed, and I am very glad, that your daughter has refused the limit of one of my bravest officers, Colonel Peterman. Now, as all my subjects are my children, I have sent for you to ask an explanation. It seems inconceivable to me that a daughter of a tradesman should refuse the hand of a distinguished officer who may become Marshal of the Republic."

"Please your imperial majesty," said Katerina, firmly, and without note or hesitation in her voice, "it is not the daughter of the obscure shoemaker who refuses the hand of Colonel Peterman, but the poetess 'Cléa.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Napoleon, a flush of pleasure crossing his cheeks—for a poem on his Italian campaign had deeply gratified, perhaps, the vainest man the world ever produced—"you are Cléa?"

"I am known to the public under that name," said the young woman modestly. "Then, I pardon you your refusal of Colonel Peterman; but, and his majesty the great usurper, smiled, if I allow you to reject Colonel, I cannot a general, and that general the commander-in-chief of the army in the first military division."

As he spoke Napoleon rang, an officer appeared, who received an order in a low tone, and disappeared. "Your majesty," exclaimed Katerina, warmly, "must excuse me. Not all my mighty power, nor all the deep respect I bear to one who is making illustrious with victory my country, can make me marry where my affections are not."

"But, obstinate girl, where are your affections?" said the Emperor, with a provoking smile. "With the dead," replied Katerina, sadly. "Enphix yourself?"

Katerina thought a moment, and then she blithely told the story of the past,—of Paul, of his departure, of the boots. "The commander-in-chief of the army of Paris," said an officer, as the girl finished her story.

Katerina turned just in time to be caught in the arms of the dashing young general, who had darted towards her the instant he entered.

"Paul—Katerina," were words uttered in the same breath. Napoleon took up a letter and turned his back on them, with a grim smile, as if he thought them very childish, and yet had no objection to let them have time to express their feelings. Paul drew the shoemaker and his daughter into the embrasure of the window, and rapidly explained himself. He had never forgotten them, had always intended to write, but it put off—taken up, as he was, by his military duties, and the day opened. A servant in a rich livery appeared, who made way for the party, and, passing on, with the theatre of the palace to their right, they turned round and entered the Palace of the Tuileries, of which they had hitherto only visited the wing.

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