

"there can be no communication between me and your employ-ers! I desire you to be gone."

"Sire!" resumed the officer, with perfect composure, and without moving a step, "your majesty is mistaken." He then hastily uttered the words "Count Las Cases—Queen Hortense's necklace—"

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed the emperor, stopping short, and looking at the officer—"What have you to say, sir?"

"Will your majesty," continued the officer, "be pleased to continue your walk without appearing to notice me. I have the necklace here. For the space of two years I have constantly carried it about my person, and have been seeking to restore it to you. Give me now an opportunity of throwing it into your hat; for even now I cannot venture to give it to you, lest I should be observed."

The emperor took off his hat and passed his hand over his forehead, as he was in the habit of doing when absorbed in thought. At that instant the officer threw the necklace into the emperor's hat, and said, in a low tone of voice, "Now I hope your majesty will forgive my importunity. I have fulfilled my mission, sire, and I will trouble you no more. May Heaven bless and preserve your majesty!" He then retired, and Napoleon saw no more of him.

At the end of April, 1821, some days before his death, Napoleon summoned General Montholon to his bed side. "My dear friend," said he in a low tone of voice, and turning his languid eyes toward the general, "I have under my pillow a diamond necklace of considerable value, belonging to Hortense. I have had my reasons for not letting any one here know that I possessed this treasure. It is my desire that as soon as I shall breathe my last you take charge of it, and on your return to France (should you ever be fortunate enough to see your native land again), restore it to Hortense. If, as is not improbable, she should die of grief before you return, give the necklace to her children, my nephews."

"Sire," replied the general, overpowered by grief, "I swear to fulfil your commands."

"I feel assured that you will, Montholon," said Napoleon, cordially pressing his hand; "now I die satisfied."

The emperor's disorder was making rapid progress. As soon as General Montholon was informed that he could not survive more than a few hours, he hastened to his bed-side. There like a watchful sentinel, he stood silently and mournfully awaiting the moment when the august sufferer should draw his last breath. When that moment arrived, Dr. Antomarchi announced it by the awful words, "All is over!" Montholon then, recollecting his oath, slipped his hand under the pillow which supported the hero's head, and secretly removed the treasure which had been bequeathed to his charge.

After long and perilous wandering in America and in different parts of Europe, General Montholon was at length permitted to return to France. After paying a visit to his aged mother, he set off for Arenenberg, to present to the ex-queen of Holland the necklace, which in her eyes was now doubly consecrated by recollections of happiness and misfortune. Hortense indeed regarded it as an object almost sacred; and she suffered a most painful struggle with her feelings when, in a moment of distress, imperious circumstances compelled her to part with it. The King of Bavaria offered to purchase it by the payment of a life annuity of 23,000 francs, settled on Hortense. The agreement was ratified, and two years afterwards Hortense ceased to live. The King of Bavaria has consequently paid only 46,000 francs for an object worth 800,000. Kings, it must be confessed, sometimes make fortunate bargains. This circumstance serves to explain why the magnificent necklace, the adventures of which are above related, was mentioned in the will of the ex-queen of Holland.—*Court Journal*.

MODES OF SALUTATION IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

When men salute each other in an amicable way, it signifies little whether they move a particular part of the body, or practise a particular ceremony. In these actions there must exist different customs. Every nation imagines it employs the most reasonable ones; but all are equally simple, and none are to be treated as ridiculous.

This infinite number of ceremonies may be reduced to two kinds, to reverences or salutations, and to the touch of some part of the human body. To bend and prostrate one's self to express sentiments of respect, appears to be a natural motion; for terrified persons throw themselves on the earth when they adore invisible beings, and the affectionate touch of the person they salute is an expression of tenderness.

As nations decline from their ancient simplicity, much farce and grimace are introduced. Superstition, the manners of a people, and their situation, influence the modes of salutation, as may be observed from the instances we collect.

Modes of salutation, in general, are similar in the infancy of nations, and in more polished societies. Respect, incivility, fear, and esteem, are expressed much in a similar manner; these demonstrations, however, become in time only empty civilities, which signify nothing.

The first nations have no peculiar modes of salutation; they know no reverences or other compliments, or they despise them. The Greenlanders laugh when they see an European uncover his head, and bend his body before him whom he calls his superior.

The inhabitants of the Philippine isles take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it they gently rub their face. The Laplanders apply their nose strongly against that of the person they salute. At New Guinea they put on their hands the leaves of trees, which have ever passed for symbols of friendship and peace. This is at least a picturesque salute.

Other salutations are very incommodious and painful; it requires much dexterity and practice to be polite in an island situated in the Sound. Ventman tells us they saluted him in this grotesque manner: they raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and from thence over his face. The inhabitants of the Philippines bend their bodies low, place their hands on their cheeks, and raise at the same time one foot in the air with their knee bent.

An Ethiopian takes the robe of another, and ties it about his own waist, leaving his friend half naked. Sometimes men place themselves naked before the person they salute, to show their humility and unworthiness to appear in his presence. This was done before Sir Joseph Banks, when he received the visit of two female Otaheitians. The Japanese only take off a slipper; the people of Arracan their sandals in the street, and their stockings in the house.

In progress of time, it appears servile to uncover one's self. The grandees of Spain claim the right of appearing covered before the king, to show that they are not so much subjected to him as the rest of the nation; and we may remark, that the English do not uncover their heads so much as the other nations of Europe. Uncovering the head, with the Turks, is a mark of indecent familiarity; in their mosques, the Franks must keep their hats on. The Jewish custom of wearing their hats in their synagogues, arises probably from the same Oriental custom.

In a word, there is not a nation (observes the humorous Montaigne), even to the people who, when they salute, turn their backs on their friends, but that can be justified in their customs.

The Negroes love ludicrous actions, hence all their ceremonies seem farcical. The greater part pull the fingers till they crack. When two Negro monarchs visit, they embrace, snapping three times the middle finger.

Barbarous nations frequently imprint on their salutations the dispositions of their character. When the inhabitants of Carmena would show a peculiar mark of esteem, they breathed a vein, and presented for the beverage of their friend the blood as it issued. The Franks tore the hair from their head, and presented it to the person they saluted. One slave cut his hair, and offered it to his master.

The Chinese are singularly affected in their personal civilities. They even calculate the number of their reverences. These are the most remarkable postures:—The men move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on the breast, and bow their head a little. If they respect a person, they raise their hands joined, and then bend them to the earth along with the body. If two persons meet after a long separation, they both fall on their knees and bend the face to the earth; this ceremony they repeat two or three times. Surely we may differ here with the sentiments of Montaigne, and confess this ceremony to be ridiculous. It arises from their national affectation. They substitute artificial ceremonies for natural actions.

Marks of honour are frequently arbitrary; to be seated, with us, is a mark of repose and familiarity: to stand up, that of respect. There are countries, however, in which princes will only be addressed by persons who are seated, and it is considered as a favour to be permitted to stand in their presence. This custom prevails in despotic countries; a despot cannot suffer without disgust the elevated figure of his subjects; he is pleased to bend their bodies with their genius; his presence must lay those who behold him prostrate on the earth; he desires no eagerness, no attention; he would only inspire terror.—*From a Scrap Book*.

ATTRACTING NOTICE.—Some men attract attention by the singularity of their dress; others by the eccentricity of their conduct. The man of old set fire to the temple though he knew that his own death would be the consequence, rather than that his name should remain unknown. And just now, there appear to be thousands of the lower classes in France who aim at notoriety by their attempts to take away the life of the Citizen King. I have heard of an Irishman, who finding that no one bestowed a look upon him while he stood in the usual position, drilled himself into the habit of inverting himself in some of the leading thoroughfares; in other words, in standing for several minutes on the crown of his head. But one of the most ingenious and yet convenient expedients of which I have lately heard for bringing one-self into notice, was that before alluded to, of a young man, otherwise well informed, who represented himself, as "the man who had never read the Waverley Novels." He observed that every one making any pretensions to intelligence, made a point of displaying in company his acquaintance with the Waverley Novels,

and that in consequence of the universality of this, no one brought himself into notice by exhibiting his intimacy with these celebrated productions. He therefore concluded that by affecting a total ignorance of them he was sure to excite attention. The event showed his opinion was correct. He soon found that he could not have adopted an expedient more effectual for his purpose. All eyes were upon him whenever he mixed in respectable society. Not to have read the Waverley Novels seemed a thing so extraordinary in a literary man, that people were all anxiety to see so singular a person. His company was courted, just as if he had had something about him which distinguished him from the rest of his species. I doubt whether the learned Pig ever excited greater curiosity. He was invited to routs and parties, not from any abstract friendship for him, but merely as a sort of raree show to the other guests.—*Great Metropolis*.

From Blackwood for January.

THE WINTRY MAY—1837.

When summer faded last away,
I sighed o'er every short'ning day;
Comparing with its pale-hued flowers
My withered hopes, and numbered hours,
And thinking—"Shall I ever see
That Summer sun renewed for me."

When Autumn shed her foliage sore,
Methought I could have dropt a tear,
With every shrivelled leaf that fell,
And frost-nipped blossom. "Who can tell,
When leaves again clothe shrub and tree?"
Whispered a voice, "where thou wilt be?"

But when old Winter's rule severe
Set in triumphant—dark and drear;
Though shrinking from the bitter blast,
Methought—"this worst once overpast,
With balmy, blessed spring, may be
A short revival yet for me."

And this is May—but where, Oh! where
The balmy breath, the perfumed air
I pined for, while my weary sprite
Languished away the long, long night,
Living on dreams of roving free
By primrose bank, and cowslip lea?

Unkindly season! cruel spring!
To the sick wretch no balm you bring;
No herald-gleam of Summer days,
Reviving, vivifying rays—
Seasons to come may brighter be,
But Time—Life—Hope—run short with me.

Yet therefore faint not, fearful heart!
Look up and learn "the better part,"
That shall outlast Life's little day—
Seek peace that passeth not away:
Look to the land where God shall be,
Life—Light—yea—All in All to thee.

CONTRIVANCES OF ANIMALS.

I believe no person who has, without prejudice, studied the character and habits of the living creatures below him, will find it easy to deny them at least some glimpses of that higher faculty to which his own species has the most appropriate claim. A few well-authenticated instances will illustrate this remark. I have the following anecdote from a gentleman of undoubted veracity, and acute observation, in the vicinity of Dumfries. A few years ago this gentleman had beautified his residence, by converting a morass in its neighbourhood into an extensive piece of water; which he had stocked with fish; and, as places of retreat for these tenants of his lake, he had caused numerous roots of trees to be thrown in here and there, which were usually hid below the surface. This year (1836), however, the unusually dry spring caused the necessary supply of water unexpectedly to fail, and the pond sank so low, that some of the roots made their appearance, and on one of these, more elevated than the others, a pair of wild ducks constructed their inartificial nest, and the female had already laid some eggs, when the weather changed, and the descending rains having filled the streams by which the lake was fed, the surface gradually rose, and threatened to overwhelm the labours of this luckless pair, and to send their eggs adrift on the swelling waves. Here instinct had no resource. It was an unexpected occurrence, for which this faculty could not provide; but if any glimmerings of reason belonged to these fond parents, it might be expected to be exerted. And so it was. Both the duck and the drake were observed to be busily employed in collecting and depositing materials; presently the nest, which the rising waters had already reached, was seen to emerge as it were from the flood; more and more straw and grass were added, till several inches of new elevation was gained, and the nest, with its precious contents, appeared to be secure. Here the fond mother patiently brooded her full time, and one duckling rewarded her care; when, just as it had escaped from the shell, another torrent of rain fell, more sudden and more violent than the first; the water rose higher and higher; the nest and remaining eggs were swept away. In this emergency, the whole attention of the parents was given to the living progeny, which was safely conveyed by them to the shore,