

light guitar, and sing of him, who, far away, was revelling in the brightest career of his earthly glory—yet let but the suppliant voice of the weary traveller reach her ear, and all her enjoyments were forgotten—let but the opportunity offer of bestowing the gift of charity, and she was happier than we can imagine the receiver to have been.

She possessed all the accomplishments of which her day could boast. She sung and played with a sweetness that spell-bound even the heart of Napoleon. His own admission was, that "the first applause of the French people sounded to his ear sweet as the voice of Josephine."

She was an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties and sublimities of nature. The cultivation of flowers, that emblem of purity of taste, was her dearest amusement. The voice of nature was music to her soul—whether in the whispering zephyr, or wild wind's rush—in the murmuring stream, or proud cataract's roar.

Is it a wonder, that when she visited Italy she should wish to carry its charms away to her own native land? This was a land whose beauties might feast a soul like hers—a land so profusely blest with nature's rarest gifts—a land where every breeze breathes music and poetry, from its rich and mellow sky to its majestic mountains and its sequestered dells. Josephine now realized that long and fondly cherished wish of visiting a land of lofty reminiscences and ruined grandeur. Though dear to the heart of Napoleon, as to that of Josephine, was the sight of these remains of fallen glory—yet dearer far to his aspiring soul would have been the work of resuscitating them in their former splendor.

Josephine's mental endowments were of a superior character. Reason and judgment actuated all her movements. In youth she stored her mind with the most useful knowledge, which prepared her for the elevated sphere in which she afterwards moved. Even over maternal love, that gift of nature least subservient to reason, judgment and a sense of right predominated.—The germs of virtue and truth which she planted in the hearts of her children, were the governing principles of all their actions in after life. She justilled into the heart of Eugene those feelings of honor and valor, which made him worthy of serving under the banner which Napoleon unfurled.

As a wife and companion, Josephine was all that life and human love could give. If depression of mind, or sickness, disquieted the breast of Bonaparte, she was ever an angel of mercy, administering a balm of consolation for every grief. Ever happy, and ever happyfying, she hallowed and etherealized all around. Like the rainbow's beautiful hues, each of her virtues shone, and was admired; but, when mingled, they fell upon the admiring's view, they shed a calm and mellow light, that wrapt the soul in love.

All was peace and happiness in the family of Bonaparte. But he resolved to sacrifice strong affection for still stronger ambition. From that time his star began to pale. When he thus, to gratify his insatiate thirst for glory, parted from that gentle being who had been the idol of the nation, he lost the "guiding star of his life." This was his hour of bitterest woe. Although conscious of his own ability and power, yet, so were his hopes interwoven with hers, that he undertook not his most daring projects without consulting her, and oftentimes relinquished them through her pleading. He might perchance have equalled Macedonia's mad son, had it not been for the kindly influence which she exerted over him. In this disunion of Napoleon and Josephine, we see displayed on her part, a genuine nobleness of character. If a separation would contribute to his happiness, she would rejoice to drink the bitter cup. Not according to the frailty of the human heart, did she allow jealousy or hatred to rise against the husband who had forsaken her, or against her successor, Maria Louisa; but, with a calmness and resignation that enkindled the sympathies of all, she submitted to her fate. She rejoiced in the young Napoleon, the son of another, because Bonaparte rejoiced. One would have thought that thus severing from a spirit which she had wound affection's tendrils around, would have crushed a generous heart—but otherwise, her friendship strengthened in the storm.

When Napoleon was banished from home, friends, and country, she wept in his woes. She was the first to offer to go and while away his hours, soothe his care, and "smooth down his

lonely pillow." She will ever be thought of with a fond regret, and more touching to the heart is the tear which embalms her memory, than all the laurel wreaths which deck a conqueror's brow.

The Unhappy School-girl.

For the Calliopean.

"Oh, how I hate this grammar!" exclaimed Eliza W—, as she raised her head, which, for the last ten minutes, had been bent over a book; not that she had been studying thus long, but, for that space of time, she had been vainly endeavoring to persuade her vacant eye-balls to learn the lesson; and now throwing herself languidly against the window-frame, she gazed listlessly through the shutters upon the passers by.

"Why do you study grammar, if you dislike it so much?" asked her room-mate.

"Because papa will have me; but I'm sure it's no use, for I never can understand it; besides it injures my health to study hard, and my spirits are getting so dreadfully low." And she burst into tears.

"Come, put away that grammar, and take some other book; you shall not punish yourself in that manner," said the kind-hearted friend. "Here, get your French; I'm just going to look over my lesson; we'll study together."

"French! don't mention it," replied Eliza; "I hate it even worse than grammar; I could not learn a line to-night, if I never knew a word of the language."

"Well, what lesson will you have? Which is your favorite study?"

"The truth is, I have no favorite study; they are all alike, and I dislike them all. I cannot study this night, I feel so heavy—I have no spirits—I'm really miserable."

"School life does not seem to agree with you; perhaps you need more air and exercise—the confinement is too great."

"Yes, I think the confinement is too much; though as to air and exercise, I get a great deal more than I would at home."

"Were your health and spirits better there?"

"Rather better; for there I had more to amuse me, and amusement is what I want more than exercise. I am too weak to exercise much."

"Well, surely, if you are not able to study, and too feeble to take exercise, you should not be at school, but under the care of a physician."

"Oh no! I am not ill, only I am not accustomed to such drudgery—and this studying and exercising are nothing else. More than all, I'm so sensitive, and this is such a cold-hearted place—these cold words and cold looks just kill me." And here she wept again.

Poor Eliza, she was, even as she affirmed, "really miserable." And why? Because she was one of many among the daughters of affluence, to whom existence is a burthen; who, pampered from earliest infancy, have never known a want, and therefore never felt gratitude for its supply—who have so far mistaken the end of their being, as to think self-gratification the only desideratum. This passion having attained in Eliza W—, tho' young in years, a monster's growth, claimed from all around that meed of attention, nay more, devotion, which had ever been rendered in the home of her childhood. Now, alas, two evils crossed her path. One was, that this ease and pleasure-seeking propensity had become so overweening and fastidious, as to find all objects within its reach insufficient, dull, and stale. Another was, that in her present situation she had made the astounding discovery that she was not the most important personage in the world, and that it did not so deeply afflict the whole household if she was out of spirits. This latter fact was mortifying in the extreme, was more than she could bear; and attributing all her agonized feelings to her own refined sensibility, and a want of due sympathy in others, she romantically declared, "she could endure any trouble but the absence of sympathy and affection." But she did not understand the meaning of the terms. She did not know that affection seeks some qualities, either fancied or real on which to rest, and always a return of good offices from the object beloved. That none but doating