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Napoleon's Mercy.

Napoleon was conversing with Josephine, when one of his officers entered and announced a young woman from Lyons—"What is her business with me?"

"Some petition," answered de Merville, the officer.

"Show her into our presence," said Napoleon.

The officer re-appeared with the lady leaning on his arm, whose face, as could be discerned through the thick folds of a veil, was very beautiful. She trembled as she approached the door.

"Mademoiselle," whispered the guide kindly pressing her hand, "take courage, but answer promptly whatever questions the Emperor proposes, he detests hesitation." Then ushering her into a spacious apartment, he bowed and retired.

The trembling girl, perceiving Napoleon, on whom her fondest hopes depended, forgot herself and her timidity; she thought only of Napoleon, exclaimed, in a voice choked with emotion, "Mercy sire! I sue for mercy and pardon." She could articulate no more.—Josephine stepped from her partial concealment, and then approaching the group, contributed by her sympathizing words of encouragement, to restore the courage of the young petitioner as she bade her rise.

"Your petition, Mademoiselle," said he.

Henrietta Armond (for that was her name) looked imploringly at the Emperor and exclaimed:—

"Ah, sire, I ask pardon for Louis Delmarre, who is condemned to be shot to-morrow. Oh, grant him your most royal pardon"

A cloud gathered on the brow of Napoleon as he interrupted her with—

"A deserter, madam, he has twice deserted. No, he must be an example for the rest of the regiment."

"But the cause of his desertion," cried Henrietta, in agony; he was compelled to join the army against his will."

"What are the causes of his deser ion?" interrupted Napoleon.

"Two weeks since," answered Henrietta, "he received the news that an only parent, a mother, sire, was on her deathbed, and longed, day and night to behold her son again.—Louis knew that relief or release was impossible. His mind was filled with one thought—that she might close her eyes forever, ere they restored on a son she loved so fondly."

"Did she die?" asked the Empress with interest.

"No Madam," replied Henrietta, "she at length recovered. But hardly had Louis received her blessing, been folded in her arms, ere he was torn from her grasp by the officers of justice, who dragged him hither. O! must he die? Mercy, sire, I beseech you."

"Mademoiselle," said Napoleon, apparently softened, "this was the second offence—name the first, you omitted that."

"It was," said Henrietta, hesitating and coloring, "it was—that he heard that I was to marry Conrad Ferant, whom I detest as much as he he does."

"Are you his sister, that he feels so great an interest in your fate?" asked the Emperor.

"Oh, no sire," said Henrietta, her lovely cheek assuming still deeper the hue of the rose, "I am only his cousin."

"Ah! only his cousin," repeated Napoleon, glancing at Josephine with a half suppressed smile.

"Oh sire," cried Henrietta, "think of the anguish of his widowed mother, when she recollects that the affection for her is the cause of his death" "What," she continued "can I do to save!" and the poor girl forgetting the presence of royalty, burst into tears. The kind hearted Josephine glanced at the Emperor with eyes expressive of sympathy.—She noticed the working's of his face, and felt at once it would be very uncertain whether Louis Delmarre was to be shot the next morning.

Napoleon approached the weeping girl.—She hastily looked up and dried her tears.—"Madamoiselle" said he, "would you give your life to save his? would you die, could Louis Delmarre be restored to life, liberty and his mother?"

Henrietta started back, deadly pale, looking fixedly at the Emperor for a moment, then turning away, she buried her face in her hands.

After a silence of some minutes, Henrietta looked up, an air of fixed determination resting upon her face, "I am willing," she said in a low voice.

Napoleon looked at her in surprise, as if he had not anticipated so ready an answer to his proposal.

"I will see you again," said he; "in the meantime accept such apartments for your accommodation as I shall direct."

As soon as the door closed upon the fair petitioner, Napoleon walked to the window against which Josephine was leaning and said: "I see how it is; Louis Delmarre is the lover of this young girl. True to woman's nature she has braved difficulty to beg for his release.'

'How strong must be the love she bears for him' said the Empress.

"Ah!" responded he, "I have a mind to subject that same love to a severe test.—Much do I doubt whether she will give her life for him. Nevertheless, I will see.'

'Sure,' cried Josephine, 'you are not serious. Louis can be pardoned without the death of Henrietta.'

Napoleon drew near the window; they conversed in a low voice.

Henrietta stood alone in a magnificent apartment. Hours unobserved, so intensely was she absorbed in revery, and a small folded paper was tightly grasped in her hand.—On it were traced these words:—

"A deserter is condemned by the laws of the army to suffer death. If you wish Delmarre restored to liberty, the means are in your power. Ere the day dawns, he may be on his way to join his mother, whom he so much loves."

"Ah, do not I love him, too?" murmured the young Henrietta. Pressing her hands upon her heart, as if to still its tumultuous beating, she paced the apartment. The door opened, and the Chevalier de Merville entered. He paused ere he articulated "Mademoiselle."

"I am ready," replied Henrietta. "my decision is made."

De Marville appeared to comprehend the import of her words. He looked upon her in reverence as well as admiration, as she stood with a high resolve impressed upon her beautiful brow.

"Follow me, Mademoisse," said he.

They traversed long corridors and numerous suits of superb apartments, and descending a staircase, quickly reached the outer court, communicating with the guard house. Entering this, Henrietta was ushered by her guide into a small apartment, where she was soon left to herself.

On the chair was flung a uniform of the regiment to which Louis belonged. On the table lay a large plumed cap. Henrietta comprehended it in a moment. Quickly habiting herself in the uniform, she stood before the mirror, gathered up her beautiful brown tresses in a knot, and placed the cap upon her head. She almost uttered a cry of joy at the success of her transformation: she knew that she was to be led to the fatal ground at the morning's dawn. The bullet which was to have struck Louis to the heart, she shrunk not from. Love triumphed over woman's nature. "Louis's mother will bless me in her heart" she whispered.—"Louis himself will never forget me. Ah, often has he sworn that he loved me better than all things else." Drawing a lock of his raven hair from her bosom she pressed it to her lips, and then she breathed a prayer to heaven.

Morning dawned. The sound of footmen aroused Henrietta. She started up—grasped the band of hair, awaiting her summons.—The door opened and two soldiers entered repeating the name of Louis Dalmarre; they suddenly led her forth to die. The soldiers, whose bullets were to pierce the heart of Louis, had taken their stand and only awaited the word of command from the Emperor, who was stationed at the window, commanding a view of the whole scene.

"Oh!" cried Josephine, who stood by him, but concealed by the window drapery from the view of those below. "O, Sire, I can endure it no longer, it seems so much like a dreadful reality. Mark the devoted girl. No shrinking back. See, she seems calmly awaiting the dreadful moment."

"Stop," cried Napoleon from the window, "Louis Delmerre is pardoned. I revoke the sentence."

A loud burst of applause from the lips of the soldiers followed this announcement. No one of them but loved and respected his comrade.

The next moment, ere they could press around to congratulate the supposed Louis, De Merville had eagerly drawn the bewildered Henrietta through the crowd back to the cell whence she emerged but a few moments before.

"Resume your dress again, Madomoiselle," hurriedly whispered he, "lose no time.—The Emperor wishes to see you; I will return very soon."

Henrietta was like one in a dream, but a gleam of delicious hope thrilled her soul; she felt the dawning of happiness break upon her heart. Soon again resuming her pretty rustic habiliments, De Merville re-appeared; once again she trod the audience room of the Emperor. Lifting her eyes from the ground as the lofty door swung open, she beheld Louis.

An exclamation of joy burst from the lips of both, as, regardless of others, they rushed in each others arms.

Napoleon stepped forward, "Louis Delmarre you have heard from my lips the tale of this lovely girl's devotion and courage.—Do you love her as she deserves?"

"I could die for her," answered Louis, proudly.

"Well, well," cried the Emperor, this severe test of love will suffice. So dutiful a son, so faithful a lover, will doubtless make the best of husbands.

"You, Lieutenant Delmarre, are discharged from your regiment. Return to your native valley, with Henrietta as your bride."

"Here," said the benevolent Josephine, emerging from the recessed window, "there are one hundred louis d'ors, as thy marriage dowry, Henrietta."

A charming blush suffused the face of the beautiful girl, as she received the purse of the Empress.

"Long live Napoleon," exclaimed Louis, as with a heart too full of grateful emotion for further utterance, he took the hand of Henrietta, and making a grateful obeisance, left the apartment.

A Dying Wife to Her Husband.

The following most touching fragment of a Letter from a Dying Wife to her Husband was found by him, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter which was literally dim with tearmarks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:—

"When this shall reach your eye, dear G——, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the old white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights when all my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might seem but the nervous imaginations of a girl, yet dear G——, *it is so!* Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavour to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard, indeed, is it to struggle on silently and alone, with the *sure conviction* that I am about to leave all forever and go down alone in the dark valley! 'But I know in whom I have trusted,' and, leaning upon His arm, 'I fear no evil.' Don't blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will so soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and, pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so and I submit.

Yours is the privilege in watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom!—And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and, even when flesh and heart shall fail me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death—and our spirit shall hold one last fond communion, until gently fading from my view—the last of earth you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of that better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot dear G——, where you will lay me; often have we stood by the place and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and brightened the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, *each* has thought that one of us would come *alone*; and whichever it might be, *your* name would be on the stone But you loved the spot; and I know you'll love me none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that covers your Mary's grave. I know you'll go often alone when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, "*I am not lost but gone before!*"

JOKER'S OLIO.

"O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me,' as the tailor sed ven he was trying to steal the goat.

Which causes a girl the most pleasure? to hear herself praised, or to hear another gal run down.

"Those dear eyes of thine," as the old gentleman said, when he bought his wife a pair of fifty cent spectacles.

Prof. Hannibal, in his last lecture in the N. Y. Picayune, alluded to a piece of poetry as "de nee flux ulster of songs."

The four great evils of life are said to be—standing collars, stove-pipe hats, tight boots and tobacco.

A person being asked the other day, whether he was in favor of the Maine liquor law, replied, "Partly; I go for the liquor, bating the law."

Why is an omnibus driver swearing at his horses like a good Christian? Because he is *above* making unpleasant remarks.

Political weathercocks are eligible to membership in the New England Poultry Association, there being nothing in its constitution to hender them.

A newly-married couple riding in a carriage were overturned, whereupon a stander-by said, it was a shocking sight. "Yes," said a gentleman, "to see those just weeded, 'fall out' so soon."

"Jim, don't it rain hard?" remarked one of the boys to another during the late pluvial weather. "No," was the reply, "I think it rains as easy as falling off a log."

Water is nourishing. All you have to do is to put it in a pot over the fire, drop in a beef bone, rice, a few potatoes, and a little salt.—Among hungry people this is called water-cure.

A young and rather fast gentleman once married a lady old enough to be his grandmother, because he owed her a debt of fifty dollars for board. He found it an awful dear bargain in the end.

The man who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a ten, prefers stage travelling to railroads. The former, he says, rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one.

THE BIBLE.

A nation must be truly blessed, if it were governed by no other Laws than those of this blessed Book; it is so complete a System, that nothing can be added to it or taken from it, it contains every needful to be known or done; it affords a copy for a King and a rule for a Subject; it gives instruction and a counsel to a Senate; authority and direction for a Magistrate, it cautions a Witness; requires an impartial verdict of a Jury, and furnishes the Judge with his Sentence: It sets the Husband as Lord of the Household, and the Wife as mistress of the table, tells *him* how to rule, and *her* how to manage: It entails honor to Parents and enjoins obedience to Children: It prescribes and limits the sway of the Sovereign, the rule of the Ruler, and authority of the Master; commands the subjects to honor and the Servants to obey; and promises the blessing and protection of its AUTHOR, to all that walk by its Rules: It gives directions for weddings and for burials: It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both: It points out a faithful and an eternal guardian to the departing Husband Father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless Children, and in whom his Widow is to trust, and promises a Father to the former, and a Husband to the latter: It teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will: It appoints a dowry for his wife, and entails the right of the Firstborn; and shews how the younger branches shall be left: It defends the rights of all; and reveals vengeance to every Defrauder, Overreacher, and Oppressor. It is the *first* Book; the *best* Book; and the *oldest* Book in the World; it contains the choicest matter; gives the best instruction; and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever was revealed: It contains the best of laws, and profoundest mysteries that ever was penned: It exhibits Life and Immortality from Everlasting, and shews the way to Glory: It is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come: It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts and eases the Mind and Conscience of all their scruples: It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him; and sets aside all other Gods, and describes the vanity of them: In short it is a Book of Laws to shew right and wrong, a Book of Wisdom that condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise; a Book of Truth, that detects all lies, and confutes all errors; and a Book of Life that lights the way fm everlasting death. It is the most compendious Book in all the world, the most authentic, and the most entertaining history that ever was published.

The last developement of the "spiritual rappings" is said to have occurred in the Parish of Dumfries. A farmer who had found himself a sufficient *medium* for making all the Tables in the house run after him, hop, hop skip-and-jump, like so many chickens after their clucking matron, wisely took it into his head to turn his spiritual science to a practical account, and succeeded so in magnetizing his barn, that during its lively *hoppings* he inserted a pair of new sills instead of the old ones! This is equal to the case of an old gentleman in Halifax, whose wig is said to have got grey in one night, in very grief for the establishment of Responsible Government!—[Fredericton Rep

We are much gratified in learning that the report of the Hon. Mr. Hincks having resigned the premiership of Canada for a Railway Commissionership of £2,000 a year, is without foundation.

It would indeed be a piteous case if the first Minister of the Crown, in the first Colony of the British Dominions, would, after having expended his whole might in the introduction of Railroads, then turn round and sell his honorable and useful position for "*a consideration*" which he had himself made to order. We observe that that portion of the press which gave publicity to this remarkable somerset, have plastered it over with the unction that Mr. Hincks had taken the Commission on account of his wish for returning to "the quiet of domestic life"—an odd method truly!—[Ibid.

Gerrit Smith, the notorious Abolitionist, has been elected to Congress from New-York; also that accomplished blackguard Mike Walsh. With such men in our national councils, and no Clay nor Webster to check the spirit of ultraism, and rebuke the vicious and insolent, how much have we to fear!

The London correspondent of the European Times, writing from London on Friday, P. M., says:—

"The excitement about the House of Parliament this P. M, is very great. The real question as to the stability of the Ministry will be tried to-night, and as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has pledged himself to stand or fall by the scheme, in it certainly we see all the preparations for a severe conflict. That the Ministry will be successful, there seems to be but little doubt; still the meetings which have been held in opposition to the Budget in metropolitan boroughs have been numerously and enthusiastically attended, and the metropolitan members will go in to-night fully primed for the discharge of their various fuses and rockets against the Derby, d'Israeli Cabinet."

The Board of Trade Returns for month ending 25th, are published. Exports have amounted to £4,855,666, varying little from the average of two preceding years.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The overland mail from Calcutta had arrived at Trieste. By the telegraphic despatch in anticipation of the mails we learn, that the second portion of troops from Rongoon had started for Prome under command of Gen. Goodwin in person. It was intended to advance upon Avabyla l.

By the same despatch we are informed, that the insurrection in China was spreading, and that the troops of the Celestial Empire had in several instances been defeated.

PRUSSIA.—Some of the correspondents at Vienna intimate that Prussia will eventually prevail in the wearisome controversy respecting the customs union. It is said that a simple trade treaty will be proposed between all the German States.

SPAIN.—Madrid letters state that Gen. Narvaey had a long interview with the Queen, and it is thought he will be called to power and maintain the Constitution.

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