

"Alas, Captain! he has a thousand good qualities, although one very bad one—he is jealous—terribly jealous; and when he gets into a passion, he cannot restrain his violence."

"But that is rather serious; in one of his fits of jealousy he may inflict on you some severe injury—perhaps kill you."

"And even if he did, I should not wish any harm to come to him, for I am sure he would not do it wilfully. He loves me too well for that."

"And, if I guess rightly, you love him."

"That is very natural, captain; he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear boy."

So saying she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way in which he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother. Napoleon was moved by this touching picture, in spite of the heart of iron, of marble, or of adamant, which has so often been allotted to him.

"Well," said he, turning to the woman, whether you and your husband love each other I do not choose that he should beat you—I am—I am one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, and I will mention the affair to his Majesty—tell me your husband's name?"

"If you were the Emperor himself, I would not tell you, for I know he would be punished."

"Silly woman! All I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and to treat you with the respect you deserve."

"That would make me very happy, Captain: but, though he ill treats me, I will not get him punished."

The Emperor shrugged up his shoulders, made some remark upon female obstinacy, and galloped off.

When he was out of the woman's hearing he said to the officers, who accompanied him:

"Well, gentlemen! what do you think of that affectionate creature? There are not many such women at the Tuileries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband."

In the course of a few minutes, the baggage of which the boy had spoken, came up. It was escorted by a company of the 52d. Napoleon despatched one of the officers, to desire the commander of the escort to come to him.

"Have you a vivandiere in your company?"

"Yes sire," replied the Captain.

"Has she a child?"

"Yes, little Gentle, whom we are all so fond of."

"Has not the woman been beaten by her husband?"

"I was not aware of the circumstance, till some time after the occurrence. I have reprimanded the man."

"Is he generally well conducted?"

"He is the best behaved man in the company. He is very jealous of his wife, and without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable."

"Does he know me by sight?"

"I cannot say, Sire—but, as he has just arrived from Spain, I think it is probable he does not."

"Try and ascertain whether he has ever seen me, and if he has not, bring him hither. Say you wish to conduct him before the General of the division."

On inquiry, it appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a very fine looking man, about five and twenty. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said in a familiar tone:

"What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife? She is a young and pretty woman; and is a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier."

"Bah, General!" if women are to be believed, they are never in the wrong. I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever; and yet in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or other of my comrades."

"Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking—you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice: do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. Your comrades are not absolutely capuchins; but I am much

mistaken if they will not respect another man's wife. I desire that you do not strike your wife again; and, if my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it. Suppose his Majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?"

"Ma so! General, my wife is mine, and I may beat her if I choose. I should say to the Emperor; Sire, you look to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife."

Napoleon laughed, and said: "My good fellow, you are now speaking to the Emperor."

The word produced its usual magical effect. The grenadier looked confused, held down his head, lowered his voice, and said:

"Oh, sire! that quite alters the case. Since your majesty commands. I of course obey."

"That's right. I hear an excellent character of your wife. Every body speaks well of her. She braved my displeasure, rather than expose you to punishment. Reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of sergeant, and, when you arrive at Munich, apply to the Grand Marechal du palais, and he will present you with four hundred francs. With that you may buy a sutler's caravan; which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy and at some future time he shall be provided for. But mind, never let me hear of your beating your wife again. If I do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you."

"Ah, Sire! I can never be sufficiently grateful for your kindness."

Two or three years after this circumstance, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, you well know, has a wonderful power of recollecting the countenances of persons whom he has once seen. On one of his marches, he met and recognized the vivandiere and her son. He immediately rode up to her, saying:

"Well, my good woman, how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made to me?"

The poor woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the Emperor's feet.

"Oh, Sire! Since my good star led me into the gracious presence of your Majesty, I have been the happiest of women."

"Then reward me by being the most virtuous of wives."

A few pieces of gold were presented with these words; and, as Napoleon rode off, the cries of vive l'Empereur, uttered amidst tears and sobs by the mother and her son, were enthusiastically repeated by the whole battalion."

AN AFFECTIONATE ELDER SISTER.

"I have seen one in the early bloom of youth, and amid the temptations of affluence, so aiding, cheering, and influencing a large circle of brothers and sisters, that the lisping student came to her, to be helped in its lesson—and the wild one from its sports, brought the torn garment, trustingly, to her needle—and the erring one sought her advice or mediation—and the delighted infant stretched its arms to hear her bird-like song—and the cheek of the mother, leaning on so sweet a substitute, forgot to fade."

"I knew another, on whose bosom, the head of a sick brother rested, whose nursing kindness failed not, night or day, from whom the most bitter medicine was submissively taken, and who, grasping the thin cold hand in hers, when death came, saw the last glance of the sufferer's gratitude divided between her and the mother who bore him."

"I have seen another, when the last remaining parent was taken to God, come forth in her place, the guide and comforter of the orphans. She believed that to her who was now in heaven, the most acceptable mourning would be to follow her injunctions, and to fulfil her unfinished designs. Her motto was the poet's maxim:

"He mourns the dead who lives as they desire."

As if the glance of that pure, ascended spirit was constantly upon her, she entered into her unfinished labors. To the poor, she was the same messenger of mercy; she

bore the same crosses with a meek and patient mind. But especially to her youngest sisters and brothers, she poured out, as it were, the very essence of her being. She cheered their sorrows, she shared and exalted their pleasures, she studied their traits of character, that she might adapt the best methods both to their infirmities and virtues. To the germ of every good disposition, she was a faithful florist—to their waywardness, she opposed a mild firmness, until she prevailed.

"She laid the infant sister on her own pillow, she bore it in her arms, and rejoiced in its growth, and health and beauty. And when it hasted on its tottering feet to her, as to a mother, for it had known no other, the smile on that young brow and the tear that chastened it, were more radiant than any semblance of joy, which glitters in the halls of fashion. The little ones grew up around her, and blessed her, and God gave her the reward of her labors, in their affection and goodness. Thus she walked day by day, with her eye to her sainted mother, and her heart upheld by the happiness which she diffused—and as I looked upon her, I thought that she was but a 'little lower than the angels.'"

ADVICE TO SMOKERS.—If you have ever learnt to chew or smoke that Indian weed called tobacco, I entreat you will at once drop it wholly, cleanse your mouth, and never again defile yourself with it. Nicholas Monardus, a German, has written a large folio on the virtues of tobacco, but it would take many such folios to prove it worthy of a place among civilized men. Let a man be thrown from a shipwreck on a desert island, and in a state of starvation, and he would rather die than eat this weed, though the island may be covered with it; and no youth can use it, either in chewing or smoking, without the decided and permanent injury to his appearance, health and progress in study. Let a company spend the evening in smoking the cigar, and what is the effect? They all awake in the morning, restless, feverish, low-spirited and dissatisfied—the mouth clammy and bitter, stomach uneasy, and each one feels like pouring out the vital principle in yawning. The custom certainly seems most at home in a filthy ale-house or bar-room. All experienced people will tell you that the habit of using tobacco, in any shape, will soon render you emaciated and consumptive, your nerves shattered, your spirits low and moody, your throat dry and demanding stimulating drinks, your person filthy, and your habits those of a swine.—*Todd's Student's Guide.*

MRS. PETER JONES.—Most of the readers of the public press probably recollect the publication of a romantic story of a young lady of London, possessed of wealth and great personal beauty, who, two or three years ago, became enamoured of Peter Jones, a Seneca Indian, a missionary, and married him, in despite of the remonstrances of friends and the scandal of the world. Mrs. Jones migrated to the west soon after her marriage, with her aboriginal lord; but at last, having become disgusted with the life he led her, she secretly abdicated his wigwam, and returned to England in the packet of the 16th May. During the sojourn of Mrs. Jones in the west, she became the mother of two children, both of whom are dead. The romance of this young woman almost equals that of Lady Esther Stanhope. The purity of Mrs. Jones' love might have been sublime, but her taste was execrable. Life in London for life in a wigwam! Only think on't.—*New-York Star.*

THE DOCTOR IS RIGHT!—A Dutchman, who had been a long time in the free use of ardent spirits, was at length persuaded to give it up and join the temperance society. A few months after, feeling quite unwell, he sent for a physician, who prescribed for his use one ounce of spirits. Not understanding what an ounce was, he asked a friend who told him eight drachms make an ounce, "Ah," exclaimed the Dutchman, "the doctor understands my case exactly. I used to take six drachms a day, and I always wanted two more!"