

POETRY.

THE REMEMBERED.

ADDRESS TO _____

"Alas! there is a witchery in woman's eye, which neither the bravest can resist, nor the wisest controvert."—*Sayings and Doings.*

When first thy fairy form I saw
Move like a bird-like through the mazy dance,
I could not feel the force
Of thine all-powerful, conquering glance;
And like those creatures who, 'tis said,
Beneath the serpent's glare eye
Become as spell-bound by its power,
And stand transfixed—they cannot fly.

E'en I so fascinated was;
Entranced I stood in wonder there,
And thought I ne'er before beheld
A creature so divinely fair.
The rose might envy with thy cheeks—
So pure their tint—and, then, thine eyes—
So lustrous—and as heavenly blue
As e'er were seen Italian skies.

But when I mingled 'mongst the throng,
And joined the gay and giddy dance,
I found thy lily hand fast lock'd
In mine, by some eventual chance.
And, as I felt its magic touch,
My soul seemed bent alone on thee;
And, oh! 'twas Heaven to see thy smile!
Altho' that smile was not for me.

As morning's rosy tints appeared,
And separation's hours drew nigh,
When thoughts of parting cross'd my mind,
I could not curb the deep-drawn sigh;
But, when I gave a long, last look,
My mad'ning feelings none could tell;
My faltering tongue could not pronounce
That last—that solemn word—"Farewell!"

How oft, since then, when I am sunk
Within the arms of balmy sleep,
The fairy visions of that night
Will on my slumbering senses creep—
I think again thy form I see—
I clasp thy trembling hand in mine—
And, as my bosom palpitates,
My glowing cheek seems press'd to thine.

I fancy, too, I hear thy voice!
Thy siren-witching voice! once more;
And it has still the same sweet sound,
That heavenly sound it had before.
And, whilst I watch thy brilliant eye,
And gaze upon its lucid beam,
Thy shadow fits before my sight,
And then I find 'twas but a dream.

Yet, still those midnight visions please,
And such delightful dreams as this,
Blended with so much ecstasy,
To me are worth whole years of bliss.
And since of passion's soothing hope
I have not got one transient gleam,
I must content with slumbering thoughts—
For, sure it is no crime to dream.

EXTRACTS FROM

THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESS
D'ABRANTES.

MASSENA AND THE FEMALE DRAGOON.

Next day a letter was received from Vittoria, announcing that the judge of Essling might be expected, at the end of the week. Orders were given for preparing for his reception one half of the palace in which we resided; but we had then no idea that he was to be accompanied by a lady.

The day of his expected arrival was exceedingly fine. Junot and General Kellerman, accompanied by their staffs and principal officers, went on horseback to meet him. The cortege amounted to at least two hundred individuals.

When they had advanced about a league from the town, they perceived the equipages of the Marshal and his suite. Massena rode first to a small uncovered caleche; and at his side was seated a very boyish officer of dragoons, decorated with the cross of the legion of Honour. As this badge of distinction was then very sparingly distributed, its appearance on the breast of so very young an officer attracted very general attention. Massena's companion seemed anxious to evade notice, and when the Marshal perceived the numerous retinue that was advancing to meet him, he wished to draw up the hood of the caleche; but he had not time, for the three generals in chief set off at full gallop, and came up with him in two or three minutes.

They gave him a most cordial reception. Junot was too generous not to relinquish all pretension, in spite of his feelings; Ney was sometimes actuated by amiable impulses, and Regnier was too prudent to manifest the least mortification.

However, Massena appeared ill at ease.

From time to time he was observed to cast on the young companion a glance of distress, which was very amusing to some, and was not at all understood by others. As to the young officer of dragoons, he sat with his eyes cast down and rivetted on the points of his boots.

"Monsieur le Marechal," said Junot, "my wife will be delighted to have the honour of receiving you in the palace of Charles V. We hope you will be accommodated to your satisfaction."

"How," exclaimed Massena, with evident confusion, "is Madame Junot at Valladolid?"

"Certainly," replied Junot, not a little surprised at the astonishment expressed by the Marshal.

"Then," said Massena, after a little hesitation, "I cannot think of going to reside in the palace—that cannot be."

"If you are afraid of not having sufficient room," observed Junot, somewhat piqued, "my wife and I must remove—you are my superior in command."

"Mon Dieu! I do not mean that—I do not mean that," exclaimed Massena, "but." He did not finish this sentence, and Junot could scarcely refrain from laughing outright in his face, for at that moment some one whispered in his ear, that the Marshal's military companion was no other than a young female.

The confusion of the veteran Marshal, as he drove on to Valladolid may be easily conceived. As soon as he reached the foot of the grand staircase, he requested Junot to conduct him to his apartments. He advanced to me with his usual frankness of manner, pressed my hand, and expressed himself glad to see me. I was informed that he was very glad Junot's heart was in safe keeping, for that he was very jealous of Clausel and Kellerman. As to the lady, she immediately retired to her own apartment, and during the three months which the prince of Essling passed at Valladolid, I never caught a glimpse of her but once. She had strict orders to keep herself concealed.

THE SPANISH NUN AND MARSHAL DUROC.

As soon as I was installed in my habitation above described, the nuns came two by two and three by three to talk to me, and as they said to keep me in good spirits. At first they amused me, but after a time I found their visits tiresome. One of them who was exceedingly pretty, was less obtrusive than her companions, though she appeared very desirous to talk with me. I asked her to come and pay me a visit in my apartment; but when she came I discovered that our conversation was likely to be brief. The pretty sister did not speak a word of French, and I knew only enough of Spanish to give utterance to a few sentences. At first she was very reserved; but one evening when she came to see me, she seemed to pluck up courage, and she pronounced a name which almost made me leap from my chair with astonishment; I could not guess by what chance that name happened to be known in the interior of a convent. I looked at the little nun, who was called Santa-Maria da Gracia, a name which she truly deserved, for she was a beautiful and graceful girl. When I fixed my eyes on her, she was as red as a rose, and the blush was the more becoming to her, inasmuch as she, like all the Spanish women, was naturally pale. But still the blush, pretty as it made her look, did not explain her question. I thought I might have misunderstood her, and I asked what she said. She repeated it, and this time distinctly said:

"Donde esta ahora General Duroc?" (Where is General Duroc?)
"Why do you ask, sister?" I exclaimed not a little surprised and amused at the question.

The nun put her finger on her lip, smiled, and showed me thirty two beautiful pearls. Then she said in a whisper, and with a charming expression of confidence which showed that she saw that I had understood her:

"Esta bien?" (Is he well?)
"Oh! muy bien—muy bien," (Oh! very well, very well,) replied I. And taking her hand, I added:

"Es mi amigo el General Duroc." (General Duroc is a friend of mine.)

The nun's pretty face was immediately lightened up with a charming expression of joy. Her eyes became more brilliant, and a bright smile played on her lips. She clasped her hands, and half raising them, came and stood before me, as if to get a better view of me. I was another being to her as soon as she learned I was the friend of the man she loved. And yet for aught she knew I might have been her rival; I might have been Duroc's wife. But in the first moment of her joy, no such thought occurred to the warm-hearted Spaniard.

I learned no more from the little nun, but one of her companions afterwards informed me that she had made her profession only two months previously. She belonged to a good family in one of the provinces, and from her infancy had been destined for the cloister.

On the following day, when I again saw the nun, I asked whether she was aware that

General Duroc was married. She nodded her head affirmatively, and without any appearance of chagrin.

"Su mujer es Espalona," (His wife is a Spanish lady,) added I.

At this information she seemed very much surprised. She several times raised her hands in token of astonishment, but still without any sign of vexation. When I left the convent, she gave me a little relic, which I carefully conveyed to France, and delivered to the person for whom it was intended.

When I mentioned this little adventure to Duroc, it was a long time before he could understand it; and no wonder, for my Santa Maria da Gracia in her domestic habit, did not bring to his recollection a pretty little Spanish girl dressed in a fringed basquina, and a pink bodice embroidered with silver. However by my description, and the mention of her native place, he soon discovered her identity. I was much amused at the embarrassment which this little affair caused him. I promised him that I would be discreet, and I kept my promise.

"It is not for my own sake that I am afraid," said he.

"For whom then?" inquired I.

"I will not tell you said he.

"Well then, if you will not honestly tell me all, I promise you that I will torment you about the little nun, whenever we meet."

"For heaven's sake do not," he exclaimed, "I will never forgive you."

"Then tell me what I wish to know."

"I cannot; for it does not concern myself alone."

"Well, but since I have no secret, and have promised to keep it, surely I may be trusted with the secret of another. To a woman, two secrets are no heavier than one.—When once the effort of discretion is accomplished, one may carry it to any length."

He laughed, and bade me farewell. But I executed my threat. Whenever we met, I whispered a word and made a sign which reminded him of Maria da Gracia. He was almost mad. At length he said to me one day: "Madame Junot, how unmerciful you are! What have I done to deserve this persecution at your hands? But, tell me, did not Maria da Gracia's make any inquiry about the Emperor?"

"Ah! at length I understand you," said I.

I suspect that the year 1811 was very fertile in events of this kind. There was at Salamanca a certain convent of Augustine nuns from whose *mirador* were given and received many signals of intelligence. There was also another at Valladolid, near Campo-Grande.

THE YOUNG KING OF ROME.

What a beautiful child was the young King of Rome! How lovely he appeared as he rode through the gardens of the Tuilleries in his shell-shaped caleche, drawn by two young deer, which had been trained by Francini, and which were given him by his aunt, the Queen of Naples. He resembled one of those figures of Cupid which have been discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum.

One day I had been visiting the young King, the Emperor was also there, and he was playing with the child, as he always played with those he loved, that is to say, by tormenting him. The Emperor had been riding, and he had in his hand a whip which attracted the child's notice. He held out his little hand, and when he seized the whip, burst into a fit of laughter, at the same time embracing his father.

"Is he not a fine boy; Madame Junot," said the Emperor, "you must confess that he is."

I could say so without flattery, for he was certainly a lovely boy.

I have already mentioned the Emperor's fondness for his son. He used to take the King of Rome in his arms, and toss him up in the air. The child would then laugh till the tears stood in his eyes; sometimes the Emperor would take him before a looking-glass, and work his face into all sorts of grimaces; and if the child was frightened and shed tears, Napoleon would say:

"What, Sire, do you cry? A King, and cry? Shame! shame!"

The hours at which the young King was taken to the Emperor were not precisely fixed, nor could they be; but his visits were most frequently at the time of *déjeuner*.—On these occasions, the Emperor would give the child a little claret, or rather would dip his finger in the glass and make him suck it. Sometimes he would daub the young prince's face with it. The child would laugh heartily at seeing his father as much a child as he was himself, and only loved him the more for it. Children invariably love those who play with them.

I recollect that once when Napoleon had daubed the young King's face, the child was highly amused, and asked the Emperor to do the same to *Maman Quiou*, for so he called his governess, Madame de Montesquiou.

One day at Trianon, when the young King was a year old, the Emperor was playing with him upon the grass plot before the pavillion. He took off his sword, girded it on

the young prince and completed his military costume by placing his hat on his head.—He then went himself to some distance, knelt upon the grass, and extended his hands to the child, who walked towards him, stumbling all the way, because of the sword getting between his legs, and the hat falling over his face. Perceiving this, the Emperor ran to him with all the nimbleness of a young man, and caught him in his arms to prevent his falling.

One of the ushers of the chamber, with whom I was lately conversing, wept like a child at his recollections of the young prince.

This man told me, that the King of Rome one morning ran to the state apartments, and reached the door of the Emperor's apartment alone, for Madame de Montesquiou was unable to follow him. The child raised its beautiful face to the usher and said:

"Open the door for me; I wish to see papa."

"Sire," replied the man, "I cannot let your Majesty in."

"Why not? I am the little King!"

"But your Majesty is alone."

The Emperor had given orders that his son should not be allowed to enter his cabinet unless accompanied by his governess.—This order was issued for the purpose of giving the young prince, whose disposition was somewhat inclined to waywardness, a high idea of his governess's authority. On receiving this denial from the usher, the prince's eyes became suffused with tears, but he said not a word. He waited till Madame de Montesquiou came up, which was in less than a minute afterwards. Then he seized her hand, and looking proudly at the usher, he said:

"Open the door. The little King desires it."

The usher then opened the door of the cabinet and announced,

"His Majesty the King of Rome!"

A great deal has been said of the young King's violent temper. It was true he was self-willed, and was easily excited to passion; but this was one of the distinctive characteristics of his cousins; they almost all partook of similar hastiness of temper. I have known Achille Murat so overcome with passion, as to be thrown into convulsions, and this when he was of the same age as the King of Rome. Madame de Montesquiou once corrected the young King for these fits of passion. On one occasion, when he was very violent, she had all the shutters of the windows closed, though it was broad daylight. The child, astonished to find the light of day excluded, and the candles lighted up, inquired of his governess why the shutters were closed.

"In order that no one may hear you, Sire," replied she. "The French would never have you for their King, if they knew you to be so naughty."

"Have I," said he, "cried very loud?"

"You have."

"But did any one hear me?"

"I fear they have."

Then he fell to weeping, but these were tears of repentance. He threw his little arms round his governess's neck.

"I will never do so again, Maman Quiou!" said he, "forgive me."

It happened one day that the King of Rome entered the Emperor's cabinet just as the council had finished their deliberations. He ran up to his father without taking notice of any one in the room. Napoleon, though happy to observe these marks of affection, so natural, and coming so directly from the heart, stopped him and said:

"You have not made your bow, Sire! Come, make your obedience to these gentlemen."

The child turned, and, bowing his head gently, kissed his little hand to the ministers.

During the Edinburgh election, Ramsay and Learmouth's gorgeous standard waved from a window in Prince's-street, and, whimsically enough, and immediately below a ticket intimated "Two FLATS to Let."

A tailor, who had determined to dine with a party at a public dinner, shut up his shop at four o'clock in the afternoon: his friends consequently wrote on his shutters, in chalk, "NOT DEAD, BUT GONE TO BE STUFFED!"

ALLITERATION ARTFULLY APPLIED.

Adored And Angelic Amelia—Accept An Ardent And Artless Amorist's Affections.—Alleviate An Auguished Admirer's Alarms, And Answer An Amorous Applicant's Avowed Ardour. Ah Amelia! All Appears An Awful Aspect! Ambition, Avarice, And Arrogance, Alas! Are Attractive Allurements, And Abuse An Ardent Attachment! Appease An Aching And Affectionate Adorer's Alarms, And Anon Acknowledge Affianced Albert's Alliance As Agreeable And Acceptable. Anxiously Awaiting An Affectionate And Affirmative Answer, Accept An Ardent Admirer's Aching Adieu.

ALBERT.

Albany, August, 1834.

The Bishop of Catania derives a large revenue from the Snow of Aetna, which is sent to Naples, and used for ices.