

Hill, and another division is strongly fortified on the Neck leading to Roxbury. Our army in full sight, lies on both sides of Charles river, sweeping along from Cambridge, covering the high grounds at Roxbury, and stretching to the heights of Dorchester, which are strongly fortified; a circuit of at least twelve miles. And there they lie, the two armies, like the great giants, Gog and Magog of old, grinning defiance at each other. Alas! how many hearts will ache at the first battle sound!

Jenny vexes herself about Frank more than I believed her light hearted nature would do for any one in like circumstances. But Tom laughs provokingly, and says poor Frank is but a *cat's paw*, or a sluice through which her tears may flow unmarked for another gallant youth, who has gone to join the *rebels*. Jenny blushes so prettily, that I shrewdly think there is some ground for his saucy badinage.

I have been writing on, as if I had not a care in the world, and yet I am very sad at times. My father has written me from S—, and he seems to feel very lonely, and to look on his affairs with a troubled eye. Our brave town of Boston seems most specially marked out for royal vengeance, and since the port is shut up, and all business stopped, there are few merchants who do not feel that they hold their properties by a very uncertain thread. But yet there is not one, who will not sooner give up all, than relinquish the just rights of a citizen. My father has taken a house at S—, for he cannot return to Boston, if he would, in these times; and though my aunt Molly, the kindest of old maids, is there looking after the house-keeping, I feel that he will greatly need me, and that I can cheer him up, and make him feel more comfortable than any one else. We must all help to bear the burden in these trying times; and with a right cheerful heart I am ready to take my share of crosses and tribulations, for the sake of the good cause.

Cousin Ralph and Kate gave us an agreeable surprise yesterday, by riding over unexpectedly to visit us. They have cheered us not a little, for Frank's absence makes a sad blank in our home circle; and we shall insist on keeping them here for a week at least. My father will be here at that time, and we may probably all leave together; my father and I tarrying a brief time at H—, on the way to our new home.

NAPOLEON AND HIS SISTER.

THE emperor had reached the zenith of his prosperity. He was making kings with as much ease as he was making marshals. Murat had just been transferred from the Grand Duchy of Berg to the throne of Naples, when one morning a carriage drove into my court-yard, and a lady alighted from it. "Ah, Misericorde!" I exclaimed, it is her imperial highness the Princess de Guastalla (Madame Borghese, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte.) I was hastening down stairs to receive her with all due ceremony, when happening to pass a window which looked out to the garden, I beheld advancing towards the house—who but the emperor himself. He rang at a back door, usually appropriated to the servants, and entered. He was, I think, accompanied by Berthier. Here was a rencontre! It was Scylla and Charybdis! I might, perhaps, have feigned not to recognize the emperor, but with a most imperative gesture, he beckoned me to him. I therefore turned to the right about, and leaving the princess to find her way to the drawing-room unattended, I hurried to the emperor.

"Prince," said he, as soon as I was in his presence. "I know that my sister wishes to speak with you. Show me into an adjoining room, where I may hear her break her thunderbolts. Say what you can to appease her, but do not pledge me for anything. Go to her quickly—she will never forgive you for keeping her waiting."

I thought of the fatal position of Germanicus with Nero, in Racine's tragedy, in the scene in which Junie complains to the former of the cruelty of the latter. I had prepared myself for a most violent reception, but all my expectations fell short of the reality. The princess, as soon as she saw me, taxed me with my want of respect, and complained of not having found me waiting to receive her at the door of my hotel. This first ebullition of ill humor being exhausted, I said:

"Madam, if your imperial highness had been pleased to give me notice of your intention to confer on me this honor, I should undoubtedly have observed the due etiquette. But as I am not endowed with prescience, it was only a few minutes ago that I learned from my servants that the sister of our august monarch was in my house."

"His sister, sir! rather say an unfortunate, a forsaken, a miserable slave!"

"Is it possible, madam, that enjoying as you do the favor of his imperial majesty, you can have any cause of complaint?"