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## THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

ouch those thrilling chords again,
[illegible] once more,
[illegible] days,
d to days of yore;
n this heart was straight all and
bloom,
d free [illegible] wild bird's wing,
then I loved to hear the song
at now I bid thee sing.

say'st it is a simple thing,
d has no charms for thee.
[illegible] never, never know
[illegible] it is to me
can'st not know the memories
[illegible]
ands out of my existence,
sing it o'er again.

It was the first, the first sweet song
Of one who cared for me
[illegible] from th[illegible]
When stars were on the sea
But the minstrel's hand is cold and mute,
[illegible] is that lute,
And the hallowed lips whence flowed that song
Are now forever mute.

Oh! many fond remembrances
Are hid in th[illegible],
And each soft tone wafts my full heart
To scenes in life's young day
Then touch the silver chords once more,
And sing that song once more,
'Twas sung to me by my beloved,
In happy days of yore.

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## THE FLOWER GIRL AND NAPOLEON.

### A ROMANCE OF ST. HELENA.

St Helena, when the weather was favorable, Napoleon gs to be out, either in his carriage or on horseback, but as as he had become familiar with the confined space allotted m there, he often preferred exploring the secluded grounds having finished his daily task of dictation, (for one of the ite occupations was the dictation of his memoirs,) and spent al hours in reading, he dressed about three o'clock, and set accompanied by General Bertrand, Monsieur Las Cases, or ral Gourgaud.

s rides were all devoted to the neighboring village, which k much pleasure in exploring, and where he found himself rom observation. Though the roads were in some places impassable, his taste for exploring seemed to increase than diminish—even the pleasure of ranging this valley n him a species of liberty. The only thing to [illegible] his ommon attention was meeting the English sentinels, who constantly stationed to watch him. In one of these rides nd a sequestered spot in the valley, which afterwards be a daily retreat for meditation.

day he discovered a neat cottage amongst the rocks of the , and entered the garden attached to it, which was radiant owers and geraniums, which a young girl was watching. oung girl was a brunette, and as fresh as the flowers; she ge blue eyes, of a most pleasant expression, and Napoleon an admirer of the fair sex, was much struck with he

y, what is your name?" he inquired.

nrietta," she replied.

u seem very fond of flowers."

ey are all my fortune, sir."

w is that?"

ery day I take my geraniums to the town, and [illegible] a s for my bouquets."

d your father and mother, what do they do?"

! [illegible] have neither," replied the young girl, [illegible]

parents?"

ne; I am quite a stranger in this land. Three years father, an English soldier, [illegible] London [illegible] but alas! my [illegible] died on the voyage, and when we reached the island, my poor mother was [illegible] ed father, and we were all alone. She was [illegible] and having no resources but my support, I was to sell flowers. A gentleman in the town, who took [illegible] as to our prospects, took pity on us, and gave us this , where my mother's health [illegible] two years, during which time we were supported by the flowers. About a year ago my poor mother, [illegible] tained a release from all her earthly sufferings. On her d she recommended me to trust in Providence, and [illegible] er in obeying her last wish."

young girl having thus spoken, burst into tears. During recital Napoleon was very much affected, and more [illegible] two tears he [illegible] he said—

e child! what sin could you have committed that you have been called here so early? Like me, also [illegible] ery, no family—she has no [illegible], and I—[illegible]

pronouncing these words the Emperor again sought solitude, and his tears flowed freely. Yes, this great man whom the loss of the most brilliant throne in the world affected not, who was [illegible] almost desolation itself, wept at the recital of this poor [illegible]. After a few moments he assumed his customary firmness, and said to her—

"I wish to take home with me a souvenir of my first visit to your cottage. Gather some of your best flowers, and make a grand bouquet."

Henrietta quickly made his bouquet, and when Napoleon gave her five louis d'ors for it, she cried with astonishment—

"Ah! grand ciel! why did you not come sooner? My poor mother would not then have died!"

"Well, child, my child, these are very good sentiments. I will come and see you again."

Then counting and regarding the five pieces of gold, Henrietta replied, "But, sir, I can never give you flowers enough for all this money!"

"Do not let that trouble you," answered Napoleon, smiling, "you will come and fetch them."

He then left her. When he gained his companions he informed them of his discovery. He seemed happy in having one as unfortunate as himself to console; and on the spot the young Henrietta augmented the special nomenclature of Longwood. He called her "the nymph of St. Helena," for amongst his friends Napoleon habitually baptized all that surrounded him by a familiar cognomen. Thus the part of the island which he most frequented was called the "Valley of Silence;" Mr. Balcomb, with whom he stayed on his first arrival at St. Helena, was "Amphytrion," his cousin, the Major, who was about six feet high, was called the "giant," Sir George Cockburn was designated as "Mr. Admiral," when the Emperor was pleased, but when he had cause for complaint, his only title was "the Shark."

Some days after his visit to the cottage, Napoleon said, when dressing, that he should return to the page, and perform his promise. [illegible] found the young girl at home, she had learned since his absence the name of her benefactor, and much moved, not so much by his past grandeur as by his recent calamities, entreated him to accept the hospitality of her humble cottage. She then brought him figs, and water from the spring of the river valley.

"Sire," she said to Napoleon, "I have waited at home for you since you were here, and have consequently not been able to procure more for you, as your bounty will now enable me to do."

"And if you had," said the Emperor, "I should have scolded you well. When I come to see you I wish nothing better than this water, which is excellent. On this condition, I am but an old soldier, as your father was, and the old soldier who is not satisfied with figs and water is no soldier at all."

From that day Napoleon did not visit the valley without calling at the cottage of Henrietta. On these occasions she presented him with a magnificent bouquet, especially prepared for him, and after a friendly chat with her, he would continue his ride, familiarly discoursing with those who accompanied him, on the great and excellent qualities which this young English girl possessed. In the following year Napoleon began to suffer from the attacks of the malady which afterwards proved fatal. Henrietta, not receiving visits from her benefactor, went to inquire after his health, and after leaving him the customary bouquet with one of his attendants, returned home very disconsolate. One fine day shortly afterwards, as she was sitting in her garden, she heard the sound of an approaching carriage, and running quickly to the gate, she found herself in the presence of Napoleon. As soon as she beheld him, her face assumed an expression of great sadness.

"You find me much changed, do you not, my child?" said he in a [illegible] tone.

"Yes, sire, [illegible] changed, but I hope that you will soon be restored to health."

"[illegible]," he said, shrugging his shoulders with an air of incredulity. "Nevertheless, I much wished to pay you a [illegible], to see you and your flowers again."

He then slowly descended from the carriage, and leaning on the arm of Bertrand, he reached the cottage. When he was seated, he observed—

"Give me a cup of water from the spring my dear Henrietta, [illegible] perhaps cool the fever which consumes me here," (laying his hand on his side.)

The young girl hastened to fetch some. When Napoleon had partaken of it, his countenance, till then contracted, became serene.

"Thanks! thanks! my dear friend," said he—"this water has eased my sufferings a little. If I had taken it sooner, perhaps I ——," added he, raising his eyes to heaven; "but now it is too late."

"Ah!" replied Henrietta, affecting a gaiety of manner, "I am so happy that this water does you good. I will bring you some every day; it will perhaps cure you."

"No, my dear child, it will be useless now—all is over. I fear this will be the last visit I shall make here. There is a settled grief here, which is consuming me, (the emperor touched his side,) and as I may never see you again I wish to leave you a souvenir of me. What shall I give you?"

At these words the young girl could contain herself no longer, but bursting into heartfelt tears, fell at the feet of the Emperor, crying,

"Your blessing, sire!"

Napoleon rose and blessed her with becoming gravity; for he always had respect for the creed of others. From that day Henrietta did not fail to visit Longwood regularly. She carried water from the spring and her customary bouquet, but always returned disconsolate, for each day she received the most alarming accounts of the health of the Emperor.

At the commencement of May, 1821, when the sun shone more brightly than usual, Henrietta was informed that the Emperor was much better, that his reason was restored. She arrived at Longwood, but alas! the reality was the reverse of her hopes.—She found every one in consternation. This time, fearing he was dying, and wishing to see him once again, she desired to be admitted to his presence. She was told he was too ill, and that it was impossible. Her supplications and entreaties prevailed, and she was admitted to his chamber.

It was at the moment Napoleon, surrounded by his faithful friends, and lying on his deathbed, requested them to place the bust of his son before him. He then bade an affectionate farewell to his friends and the French people, whom he had loved so well. His arms then contracted with convulsions, his eyes became fixed while he gasped, "France—my son!" Then all was silent. Napoleon had ceased to live.

At these words, the flowers which the young girl had brought, dropped from her trembling hands; she fell on her knees by the bedside; then making an effort she seized and tried to press the hand of Napoleon to her lips, but immediately her head fell back, her mouth discolored, her eyes fixed, and she sunk on the floor, buried in that sleep which knows no waking. Henrietta was dead!

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## LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The Editor of the Paris *Pays* gives to his readers the following striking, and we think, truthful portrait of the Emperor Louis Napoleon:—

"His face, inert and passive in appearance, is nothing more than the mask of an active and ardent interior life. His eyes seem extinguished, but they are as deep as the thoughts into which they sometimes plunge and which spring up to their orbit, as flames rise from the spot where it is kindled. His forehead is sombre as fatality, but it is vast in conception. His lips are pale, but they are fine, delicate, discreet, slightly apart—just enough to allow passage to the brief and precise expression of a will that has reflected and decided. His words are slow, indolent, and drawling, but they are sure of themselves, and this apparent indifference is the only excess of confidence. Audacity veiled by timidity; resolution dissembled by mildness; inflexibility redeemed by goodness, life under marble, fire beneath the ashes—in short, something of Augustus and of Titus under the features of Werter, that type of German revenge—such appears to us Louis Napoleon Bonaparte."

"The portrait, drawn from nature, renders the whole man intelligible. The opposite opinions formed of him are thus justified. We can understand how one man conscientiously doubts the intellectual superiority of Louis Napoleon, and how another exalts it almost to fanaticism. Louis Napoleon is a superior man, but of that sort of superiority that lies under a doubtful exterior. His life is wholly inward. His speech does not betray his inspiration, his look does not reflect his ardour; his gait does not reveal his resolution. His whole moral nature is, so to speak, restrained by his physical nature. He thinks, but does not dis-