needful." He did not wait for our reply, but went in quest of his old shoes, which he brought to us with an air of exultation, and offered them to Hortense, who received the gift with every demonstration of delight. We set to work with the the greatest alacrity, and my daughter was enabled, towards the close of day, to enjoy the pleasure of again amusing the ship's company. I repeat that no present was ever received by me with more sincere gratitude. I greatly reproached myself for having neglected to make enquiries after the worthy seaman, who was only known on board by the name of James. I should have felt a sincere satisfaction in rendering him some service, since it was afterwards in my power to do so.' "—Hortense afterwards became the wife of Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland.

The poor circumstances in which Josephine had thus been placed, by her sudden removal or flight from Martinique, after the breaking out of the rebellion in that island, were less distressing than her subsequent sufferings on her arrival in France. Her husband, M. de Beauharnais, who had figured as one of the early military leaders in the French revolutionary movements, was seized, condemned, and brought to the guillotine; and she narrowly escaped the same fate only by the death of Robespierre, whereupon she was released from confinement. The letter written by M. de Beauharnais to Josephine on the night before his execution, is a most affecting document. The following is a translation:—

"Conciergerie, Night of the 7th Thermidor, year 2.

"I have yet a few minutes to devote to affection, tears, and regret, and then I must wholly give myself up to the glory of my fate and to thoughts of immortality When you receive this letter, my dear Josephine, your husband will have ceased to live, and will be tasting true existence in the bosom of his Creator. Do not weep for him; the wicked and senseless beings who survive him are more worthy of your tears, for they are doing mischief which they can never repair. But let us not cloud the present moments by any thoughts of their guilt; I wish on the contrary to brighten them by the reflection that I have enjoyed the affections of a lovely woman, and that our union would have been an uninterrupted course of happiness, but for errors which I was too late to acknowledge and atone for. This thought wrings tears from my eyes, though your generous heart pardons me. But this is no time to revive the recollections of my errors and your wrongs. I owe thanks to Providence, who will reward you.

That Providence now disposes of me before my time. This is another blessing for which I am grateful. Can a virtuous man live happy when he sees the whole world a prey to the wicked? I should rejoice in being taken away, were it not for the thought of leaving those I love behind me. But if the thoughts of the dying are presentiments, something in my heart tells me that these horrible butcheries are drawing to a close; that executioners will in their turn become victims; that the arts and sciences will again flourish in France; that wise and moderate laws will take place of cruel sacrifices; and that you will at length enjoy the happiness which you have always deserved. Our children will discharge the debt for their father.

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I resume these incoherent and almost illegible lines, which were interrupted by the entrance of my jailors. I have just submitted to a cruel ceremony, which, under any other circumstances, I would have resisted at the sacrifice of my life. Yet why should we rebel against necessity?—reason tells us to make the best of it we can. My hair has been cut off. I had some idea of buying a part of it, in order to leave to my wife and children an unequivocal pledge of my last recollection of them. Alas! my heart breaks at the very thought, and my tears bedew the paper on which I am writing. Adieu, all that I love! Think of me, and do not forget that to die the victim of tyrants, and the martyr of liberty, sheds lustre on the scaffold".

A NORWEGIAN TALE.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

In one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accomodation for travellers, but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried torsk-fish, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir-bark. To this course but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host.

The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian; and they entered the cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it. "We must advance no farther," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm, "we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide." "Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which nature has provided here?" replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak—"not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us; I see its white foam in the depth." Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leapt to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight in a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet, "Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves." "Loose my cloak old man!" exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named, "My life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!" "It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer—but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the Malestrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamour of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen trembling held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed Heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old. "He is not dead yet!" said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed, and the traveller tearing off his wet half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulf of death, but could not discern his deliverers. "Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, "he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice," But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect, of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspicious simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those men who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence, preceded by their watchful dog: and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested the disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and, looking on the sleeping boy whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. "We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?" Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead: "I should require no bribe to love him—but I have many children, and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us intrust this boy to her care, and *if* in one year——" —"In one year, if I live, I will reclaim him!" "said the stranger solemnly;—Show me this woman." Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh coloured and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied amongst his winter stock of oil and deer skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artizans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction. "Worthy woman," he said to Claribel, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness: I leave him to appeal to it." He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Clarabell's hand, as if attracted by the