

## AFFECTING STORY.

The following story we heard a short time since from a young female in humble life—an emigrant from Ireland. During the recital, the expression of her fine intellectual face—her fast flowing tears, attested a truth we all admit—that warm hearts and gentle sympathies may exist when the refinements of polished life are wanting. The narrative is, in all its incidents, correct; but we fear that in our hands it has lost, along with the strong accent of her country, the touching simplicity of the original narrator.

"The steerage of our ship was crowded with passengers of all ages—and before we had been long at sea, a malignant disease broke out among the children on board. One after another sickened and died, and each was in its turn wrapped in its narrow shroud and committed to the deep, with no requiem but the bursting sigh of a fond mother, and no obsequies but the tears of fathers and brothers, and pitying spectators. As they sullenly plunged into the sea, and the blue waves closed over them, I clasped my own babe more strongly to my bosom, and prayed that Heaven would spare my first, my only child. But this was not to be. It sickened, and day by day I saw that its life was ebbing, and the work of death begun. On Friday night it died, and to avoid the necessity of seeing what was once so beautiful and still so dear, given to gorge the monsters of the deep, I concealed its death from all around me. To lull suspicion, I gave evasive answers to those who enquired after it, and folded it in my arms, and sang to it, as if my babe was only sleeping, for an hour, when the cold long sleep of death was on it.

"A weary day and night had passed away, and the Sabbath came. Like others, I wore my neatest dress, and put on a smiling face—but oh! it was a heavy task, for I felt that my heart was breaking. On Monday, the death of my child could no longer be concealed—but from regard to my feelings, the captain had it enclosed in a rude coffin, and promised to keep it two days for burial, if by that time we should make land. The coffin was placed in the boat which floated at the ship's stern, and through the long hours of night I watched it—a dark speck on the waves, which might shut it from my sight forever. It was then I thought on my dear cottage home, and my native land, and of the kind friends I had left behind me, and longed to mingle my tears with theirs. By night I watched the coffin of my babe, and by day looked for the land—raising my heart in prayer to Him who holds the winds in his hand, that they might waft us swiftly onward. On the third morning, just after the sun had risen, the fog lifted and showed us the green shores of New Brunswick. The ship was laid to, and the captain, with a few men, left it, taking the coffin with them. I was not permitted to go, but from the deck of the vessel I could see them as they dug the grave under the thick shade of the forest trees, on the edge of a sweet glade, which sloped down to the water—and in my own heart I blessed them, and prayed that God would reward their kindness to the living and the dead. When they returned on board, the captain came to me and said—"My good woman, the place where your son is buried is Greenvale, upon the coast of Brunswick—I will write it upon paper, that you may know where his remains lie." I thanked him for his care, but told him the record was already written on my heart, and would remain there till my best boy and I should meet in a brighter and happier world."

## AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

Previously to his elevation to the sovereignty, Jerome Buonaparte led a life of dissipation at Paris, and was much in the habit of frequenting the theatres, and other public places of amusement. He had formed an intimacy with

some young authors at that time in vogue for their wit and reckless gaiety. On the evening after his nomination to the crown of Westphalia, he met two of his jovial companions just as he was leaving the theatre. "My dear fellows," said he, "I am delighted to see you: I suppose you know that I have been created king of Westphalia?" "Yes, sire, and permit us to be among the first to—" "Eh! what! you are ceremonious, methinks: that might pass were I surrounded by my court; but, at present, away with form, and let's have the same friendship, the same free and easy gaiety, as before—and now let's be off to supper." Jerome upon this took his friends to one of the best *restaurateurs* in the Palais Royal. The trio chatted and laughed, and said and did a thousand of those foolish things which, when unpremeditated, are so delightful. Conversation, it may be supposed, was not kept up without drinking. When the wine began to take effect, "My good friends, said Jerome, "why should we quit each other? If you approve of my proposal, you shall accompany me. You, C—, shall be my secretary; as for you, P—, who are fond of books, I appoint you my librarian." The arrangement was accepted, and instantly ratified over a fresh bottle of Champagne. At last the party began to think of retiring, and called for the bill. Jerome produced his purse; but the king of Westphalia, whose royal treasury had not as yet been established on a regular footing, could find only two louis, which formed but a small portion of two hundred francs, the amount of the restaurateur's demand. The new dignitaries, by clubbing their worldly wealth, could muster about three francs. What was to be done? At one o'clock in the morning, where could resources be found? It was, at last, deemed expedient to send for the master of the house, and to acquaint him how matters stood. He seemed to take the frolic in good part, and merely requested to know the names of the gentlemen who had done him the honour to sup at his house. "I am secretary to the king of Westphalia"—"And I librarian to his majesty." "Excellent!" cried the restaurateur, who now set his customers down as sharpers—"and that noodle yonder is, no doubt, the king of Westphalia himself?" "Precisely," said Jerome, "I am the king of Westphalia." "Gentlemen, you are pleased to be facetious, but we shall see presently how the commissary of police will relish the joke." "For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Jerome, who began to dislike the aspect of the affair, "make no noise: since you doubt us, I leave you my watch, which is worth ten times the amount of your bill;" at the same time giving the host a magnificent watch, which had been a present from Napoleon, and on the back of which was the emperor's cipher in brilliants. The friends were then allowed to leave the house. On examining the watch, the restaurateur concluded that it had been stolen, and took it to the commissary of police. The latter, recognizing the imperial cipher, ran with it to the prefect, the prefect to the minister of the interior, and the minister to the emperor, who was at St. Cloud. The result of the whole was that, on the following morning, the *Moniteur* contained an ordonnance, in which the king of Westphalia was enjoined to repair to his government forthwith, and prohibited from conferring any appointment till his arrival in his capital!

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