June-1805.			Rises. Sets.			Moon Rises.				
3 WEDNESDAY			4 2	5	7	35	()	26	3	59
4 THURSDAY			4 2	5	7	1.5	0	55	5	1
5 FRIDAY			4 2	4	7	31	1	21	6	11
6 SATURDAY			4 2	4	7	36		46	7	23
7 SUNDAY			14 2	3	7	37	2	12	8	29
8 MONDAY			4 2	3	7	37	2	40	9	21
9 TUESDAY			4 2	2	7	5	ri	ses.	10	1.7

First Quarter 4th day, 8h. 2'li

The Garland.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, when the winds are singing
In the happy summer time—
When the raptured air is ringing
With Earth's music, heavenward springing,
Forest chirp, and village chime?
Is there, of the sounds that float
Minglingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted;

Morn hath touched her golden strings,
Earth and sky their vows have plighted,
Life and light are reunited,
Amid countless carollings:
et, delicious as they are,
There's a sound that's sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all,—the human voice!

Ah! twas heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier formed to catch the a
Fondlier formed to catch the ser of one whose love is surer—
Hers, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain;
Hers the deepest bilsa; to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Hers to heard, a lifetime after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.

Yes,—a mother's large affection
Hears with a mysterious senseBreathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint, and fine inflexion,
Thrill in her with power intens
Childhood's honied tones untaught
Hiveth she in loving thought—
Tones that never thence depart,
For she listens—with her heart.

Art thou the land with which my fancy teems,
Whose golden plains once brightly round me shone?
Which oft hath shed sweet magic o'er my dreams,
And cheered me on with hope when feeble grown?
Art thou the land? Art thou the land?
I greet thee, I greet thee, O my fatherland!

Art thou the town, beside the rippling stream,
Tow'rd which, in sudness, oft my eye I've cast?
Where life's unclouded spring did on me beam,
And the young hours in thrilling pleasure passed
Art thou the town? Art thou the town?
To thee, to thee I come, O native town!

Art thou the home in which my cradle stood,
Where sorrow's bitter pang I never knew?
The future there appeared a glowing flood,
The world a path, where joys celestial grew.
Art thou the home? Art thou the home?
Receive me once again, paternal home!

Are ye the meads? Art thou the peaceful vale,
Which oft, at silent eve, I've blithely crossed?
My spirit then would o'er your bound'ries steal,
Until each trace of fading blue was lost.
Are ye the meads? Are ye the meads?
Receive me once again, O native meads!

Could I here rest, and rural joys be mine,
The storm would cease—a brighter morn
My pilgrim-staff I'd to the brook consign, nd, borne by friendship, life's last journey take To thee, O grave—To thee, O grave, Where rest my fathers; gladly, then, O grave!

Miscellanea.

ADVENTURE OF NAPOLEON.

Perhaps she would have \$2,06 r. ... re correctly had she sail—she did not like him any better one way than another.

With the loose frock coat above described, the emperor wore a round hat slouched over his forchead to prevent his being recognised. His unfashionable appearance, joined to his abrupt and unceremonious manner, led the servant girl to conclude, at the first glance, that he wished only to purchase some trifle, worth about ten or fifteen francs, and that it was certainly not worth while to call her young and pretty mistress for so palty a customer. But the emperor thought differently, and after looking about him for a few minutes, he asked in an authoritative tone, whether there was any one whom he could speak to.

Mademoiselle L.——, who had just risen at that moment came down stairs. On seeing her the emperor was struck by her beauty and her elegant appearance; and, in truth, she might well have vied with the finest woman of the imperial court.

"Parbleu, Madme," said the emperor, touching the brim of his hat, (for he could not venture to take it off lest he should be known,) "it would appear that you are not very early folks here. A good shop-keeper should look after her business better.

"That would be very true, Sir," replied Mademoiselle L.——, "if business were going on well. But as it is, it matters very little whether we are in our shops or not."

"Is trade then so very bad." said Napoleon, ex-

is, it matters very little whether we are in our shops or not."

"Is trade then so very bad!" said Napoleon, examining various things on the counter.

"Ruined, Sir, totally ruined. I know not what will become of us."

"Indeed; I had no idea that France was in so pitiable a condition! I am a foreigner. I wish to make a few purchases, and, at the same time, I should like to learn from so agreeable a person as yourself some particulars respecting the state of business in Paris. What sort of wases do you call these?"

"These are the Medicis form," replied Mademoiselle L.——.

terest which her beauty was calculated to excite.

"Is your husband with the army?" inquired the emperor.

"I am not married, Sir; I live here with my brother, whom I assist in carrying on his business. We are not French, we are Swiss."

"Ah! ah!" said the emperor; and he uttered these exclamations with as much indifference as if he had been yawning. "Well, I will purchase these Medicis vases. I will send for them at eleven o'elock. Take care to have them ready."

With these words, which were delivered in a truly imperial tone of authority, he touched the brim of his hat, and darted out of the shop, beckoning the Duke de Frioul to follow him.

"That girl is very interesting," said he to Duroc as they left the Passage du Panorama. "When she told me she was a Swiss, I fancied I beheld before me one of the wives or sisters of the heroes of the Reutly.† Do you think she knew me?"

"I am consident she did not, Sire. No her manner was too calm and too self-possessed. She had no suspicion of whose presence she was in."

The emperor remained silent and thoughtful for a few moments; then as if suddenly recovering from his abstractedness, he looked round him with an air of calm dignity. Duroc, who described the whole of this scene to me, said he was ectain that some unworthy thought had for a moment crossed the emperor's mind, but that he had immediately banished it. At eleven o'elock, two porters, accompanied by a footman in imperial livery, urrived at the shop of Ma.

A DAMPITE MAN.

Makeny, of the part of some properties of the part of the part

**All as first yes, which lad no very much to doubt the whom I assist in correign on his basiness.

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All as first and artest of the market correctly the six taking a wife, in this strange way? How very liable you may be to had been yawning. **Well, I will purchase the basin them a release of the had been yawning. **Well, I will purchase the basin the part of the six taking way? How very liable you may be to have then ready.

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The following alternature occurred in the brilliant days of Napoleon's empire.

It is well known that he was found of going about the collection of the coll