

INVENTORY OF THE WARDROBE OF NAPOLEON.

Drawn up on the 20th August, 1811.

1. Six grenadier uniforms; five chasseur on horseback; three for hunting; three for shooting; four, diverse; six great coats.
2. Seventy-four pairs of breeches; seventy-four white kerseymore waistcoats; twelve pantaloons, and twelve various waistcoats; four waistcoats of white pique; one black silk waistcoat; one waistcoat; and one pair of black cashmere breeches.
3. Twelve morning gowns of chintz; six others of molleton; twelve pantaloons; three waistcoats of wadded tafety; thirty-six flannel waistcoats; nine cashmere waistcoats; five silk dominos.
4. Nine doz. shirts; twelve dozen pocket-handkerchiefs; seven dozen white stocks; nineteen toilette napkins.
5. Ninety pairs of white silk stockings; two pairs of black silk stockings; three dozen merino socks; twelve Madras handkerchiefs; twelve black silk fronts.
6. Seventeen garnitures of orders or decorations peculiar to France; sixteen of Italy, and twenty-one of Holland, Spain, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Saxony, Baden, Westphalia, Wurtemberg, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Wirtzburgh. Besides these, thirty-nine decorations not set or mounted.
7. Four swords; nine sabres; two swords for ceremony; two short hunting swords.
8. Twenty-four gold snuff-boxes; four boxes containing medals; one box of tooth-picks with medallion; four gold repeating-watches.

ESTIMATE OF COST DRAWN UP BY THE DUKE OF FRIULI, 20th August, 1812.

2 Grenadier uniforms, with epauletts, &c., each costing 360 francs	Frs. 720
2 Ditto chasseur	720
2 Ditto for hunting	860
2 Grey great coats	400
1 Civilian coat	200
(Each coat or great coat was to last three years.)	
48 Breeches and 48 waistcoats of white cashmere, which were to be supplied every week, and should wear three years: 80 francs each	3840
1 Morning gown of "pique;" 1 of "molleton;" 3 pantaloons;	560
4 Hats in a year	140
48 Flannel waistcoats, to last three years	1440
4 Dozen shirts, to last six years	2880
4 Do. pocket-handkerchiefs do.	576
2 Do. stocks do.	720
2 Do. toilette napkins do.	200
24 Pairs silk stockings; 18 francs each	432
24 Do. socks	72
12 Black fronts	96
12 Madras pocket-handkerchiefs	144
24 Pairs of Shoes [to last two years]	312
6 Pairs of boots (the same)	600
Perfumery, for washing, &c.	2600
For washing of linens and silk	1600

Total, exclusive of sundries, estimated at 500 frs. 19,132

THE BOATMAN'S FOUNDLING.

A Religious Sketch.

It is a truth so generally believed as to have become almost an axiom, that benevolence always meets its reward. Indeed, if no other reward were met with, the feeling it produces were sufficient; for it is, as Scripture plainly declares, "more blessed to give than to receive."

It was midnight; the busy hum of nature was hushed, and the gentle breezes of summer, as they kissed the soft waters of the canal, upsent a feeble murmur that seemed the lullaby of care. The boat of Robert Edwards was sinking in one of the locks about ten miles from the town of B—, where he resided, when suddenly he heard at a distance a splashing and a feeble cry. Impelled by humanity as well as curiosity, he hurried to the spot, and saw, by the light of the moon, something white floating in

the middle of the stream. Fearless of that which was now, as it were, his native element, without waiting to undress himself, he rushed in, and lifted up in his arms an infant child. Not knowing what route the miscreant who had perpetrated the dark deed had taken, to attempt a pursuit would have been useless; so, as his wife was not blessed with any children, he resolved to adopt the little unprotected creature as his own. Hastening, therefore, back to the boat, he took off its wet clothes, wrapped it up in a blanket, and laid it to rest near his cabin fire.

Robert was not the best nurse in the world; but he managed to keep his little charge pretty quiet by feeding it with bread and milk, till his arrival at home; he then presented it to his wife for her protection. It is somewhat remarkable, that many women who have no children are most partial to them; and such was the case with Sally Edwards. She received the little creature as a precious boon, and found herself sufficiently repaid for her maternal cares by watching its infantile antics,

"And those quick bursts of joy, those glances bright,  
Those gentle gleams of the half-risen sun  
Upon the young horizon of its brow,  
Those smiles that seemed reflections of her own,  
So fond, so tender, which she sometimes met,  
When waking from its rosy, peaceful sleep,  
It upward fondly turned its azure eyes,  
Like planets toward their suns, to catch the light  
That flowed from hers."

Henry, for that was the name they gave the young foundling, soon grew a fine boy, and was as much distinguished for his dutiful attention to his foster-parents as many children are for their want of it to those who have still farther claims on their regard. At an early age he was put to a Sabbath-school in the neighbourhood, where he gained the respect of his teachers for his good behaviour and attention; and before he was ten years old, (as near as they were able to calculate,) he occasionally accompanied his foster-father with the boat.

It was during one of these voyages that the mind of the lad seemed one evening unusually lost in thought; and the pained eye of his protector perceived, or thought he could perceive, a great depression of spirits. In vain he pointed out to him the beauties of the scenery; in vain he directed his attention to the gambols of the fishes, as they leaped up exulting in the air. Unusual gloom overspread his fair countenance, and the waters of his eye looked dim.

"Father," he at length exclaimed, "do you think we shall go to heaven?"

"I hope so, my lad," replied Edwards, "but what made you ask that question?"

"Because," he returned, "teacher told me last Sunday, that those *what* want to go to heaven should walk in the way there; and, above all things, pray to God."

"And so they should, my lad" answered Robert, with somewhat of an involuntary tremor.

"And why not you pray, father," said the boy; "and pray for me too?"

These words, spoken in the sweetest simplicity, touched the very soul of the boatman. The kind attentions of Henry, and his constant fulfilment of his commands, brought home to his thoughts his own neglect of that Father who had constantly supplied him with all that he needed. The sun, at that moment sinking behind the western hills, reminded him that the sunset of his existence was at hand. He burst into tears; and while the arms of the child were twined fondly round his neck, sunk upon his knees in fervent prayer.

The distant landscape was immersed next morning in the brilliance of the rising sun, and looked, to the rapt eye of the saint, like the new Jerusalem descending in its glory from on high. The eye of young Henry was lit with its usual vivacity on his waking from the dreams of night. Robert requested him to read a chapter in the Bible which had been given him by his teachers, and knelt down with him to prayer—a practice which, though begun in a moment of peculiar excitement, he carried on; whenever he was able, till the day of his departure from this world. The confidence of the apostle was not vain.

He who beginneth a good work in the heart of man, carries it forward to the day of the Lord Jesus. The few words which the child had spoken so simply in his ear had sunk deep in the heart of the boatman; and both were eventually led to Him whose arms are ever open to receive the returning sinner.

Time rolled on, and brought its changes: the foster-father fell ill, and Henry, then about fifteen years of age, was obliged to attend (for a few times he hoped) the boat in his stead. But the death-warrant of the old man was sealed by the Eternal, and the angels were commissioned to bear his happy spirit to a place of rest.

The heart-broken youth had already gone three voyages by himself, when, on returning from the last of them, he found the saviour and protector of his life sinking beneath the strokes of mortality, and she who had rocked the cradle of his infancy weeping beside him.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the dying man as he entered, "I behold thee then once more, my child, my darling child. O, blessed be those lips that first taught me the way of salvation! and blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who gave to me such an inestimable treasure! I leave thy mother with thee. He who has sealed thee as a jewel of his own will teach thee thy duty towards her."

"My father! my more than father!" exclaimed Henry—he could say no more. He grasped the hand that was held out to him, and sinking on his knees, bathed it with tears.

Sally wept aloud. Robert Edwards alone, in the prospect of approaching dissolution, was unmoved, and calmly rebuked them for their sorrow. "Mourn not," he cried, "as those who have no hope. Have ye not heard that there is a resurrection from the grave? Have ye not heard that they who are alive and remain at the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent those which are asleep, who first shall rise to meet him in the air. The days of my pilgrimage are almost over; but I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that though worms after my flesh devour this body, he shall raise it again to reign with him for ever.

"The world recedes, it disappears,  
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring  
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly;  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
O death, where is thy sting?"

"Thanks be to God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ"

"My father! O my father!" exclaimed Henry, may the God of all grace and mercy"—tears again choked his utterance; he sobbed violently, and Sally, sinking on her knees beside him, seemed swallowed up in grief.

The old man himself was moved; he shed tears; but that momentary burst of feeling was too much for his weakened frame: the pangs of death got hold upon him; he cast an affectionate look at his wife, another at his child, and fervently exclaiming, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," expired without a groan. J. R.

FALLEN LEAVES.—We must not imagine that these fallen leaves are entirely lost, and no longer useful; both reason and experience inform us to the contrary. Nothing perishes, nothing is useless in the world; consequently the leaves that fall from trees and plants are of some use; they become putrid, and manure the earth. Snow and rain separate the saline particles from them, and convey them to the roots of trees; and when the leaves are thus strowed on the ground they preserve the roots of young plants, form a shelter to seeds, and retain round them the necessary degree of heat and humidity. This is particularly remarkable in oak-leaves; they furnish an excellent manure, not only to the tree itself, but also to the tender shoots; and they are particularly useful to pastures, by promoting the growth of the grass which they cover. These advantages are so important, that fallen leaves are never collected for the purpose of throwing them away, unless they are in such abundance that the grass is rather choked up than nourished by them.—Sturmi's 'Reflections.'