Pen, ink and paper were brought, and M. Bizouard wrote as follows:

'SIRE: The postmaster of Rouvray (your best friend and most devoted subject) is about to be sent to prison, just as if I were a rioter in your palace. I don't like to waste my time any longer, and besides I wish to see you forthwith—Please to make haste.
BIZOUARD.

The emperor had no sooner read this strange note, than he laughed heartily, and to reconcile his enthusiastic adherent to the insult that had been offered him, he despatched one of his chamberlains to have him released; and to the astonishment of the officers, M. Bizouard was conducted into the presence of 'his friend, the emperor.'

His business with Napoleon was of some consequence. He had a daughter, a young and delicate girl, who had given her heart to one who was far above her, but who returned her love, and would have married her, but that his parents opposed his union with one so humble. Julie, who encouraged by the hopes of her lover, had believed that his parents would at length be induced to consent to their union, was nearly broken-hearted when she learned that they had desired Francois to pay his addresses to the only daughter of a wealthy merchant. The postmaster had for some time observed that his daughter's health was declining, and he did all that laid in his power to make her happy. Never lived a kinder parent than M. Bizouard. Rough as he was in his manner, yet he possessed such a warmth of feeling that in the contemplation of his good qualities every thing else was not forgotten. He beheld the suffering of his daughter with dismay. The color had forsaken her cheek, her eyes had become lustreless, and he thought that she was dying.

Moved by his constant kindness, and the tears which fell from his old eyes upon her pale cheeks, as she reclined upon his bosom, Julie disclosed to him the secret of her grief.

The old man was a few minutes speechless; and then the only words he uttered were 'My friend the Emperor!' He pressed his poor child fondly to his bosom, and the next morning at daybreak set out for Paris, where he obtained an interview, as already stated.

The postmaster's business was explained in a few words, and the Emperor's reply was equally laconic.

'Go home, postmaster,' said Napoleon, 'and if Julie's tears be not dried within three days come hither again.'

M. Bizouard travelled quick, but the Emperor's wishes had gone faster; for on the former riding into the post-yard of Rouvray, who should come out to meet him but Julie and Francois; and both were looking so happy, and both were so eager to tell him what had come to pass, that they were both unintelligible; but by their looks M. Bizouard knew that they were happy, and his heart instinctively said—'This is the work of the Emperor.'

And his heart spoke truly. The Emperor had sent Julie a marriage portion and Francois a commission in the army; and now the parents of the youth no longer opposed the nuptials. No doubt that night the post-house of Rouvray resounded with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!'

Time passed on, and the idol of M. Bizouard fell into misfortune: his 'friend' was no longer Emperor of France, but a captive. Who can describe the postmaster's sorrow and despair?

But soon afterward, all France was aware that Napoleon had escaped from Elba; and again were the spirits of M. Bizouard exalted. Early one morning in March, before the sun had risen, the postmaster of Rouvray was awakened by loud shouts at his chamber window, and, on poping out his head to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, who should he see but 'his friend the Emperor.'

'Allons, Bizouard!' cried Napoleon; 'my old and faithful friend! Quick—quick with horses! I am expected at Paris!'

The postmaster was bewildered.

'My friend the Emperor!' he cried, and rushed into the stable for the required horses.

The note of preparation soon struck, and all was bustle and anxiety in the post-house at Rouvray. The horses were put to, Bizourd's two son's were mounted, and the good old enthusiastic postmaster himself, who had also assumed the postillion, had not yet ascended his post of honor. He stood pensive and serious, close to the impatient Napoleon. At length the cloud passed from his countenance, and he exclaimed, with a dignified smile, 'Ma foi, if it make him angry, I shall be angry too!' and then, turning towards the Emperor, he said—'I have been thinking for these ten minutes how I should convey a request to your Majesty—and I am not a bit the wiser after all.'

'Bah!' exclaimed Napoleon, taking a pinch of snuff.

'It must come out, sire,' said the postmaster, 'though I know—that is, I am *afraid*—it will offend you.

'Well,' said the Emperor, 'what is it?'

'Sire, I have had the honor of driving you many times; I am no courtier, no intriguer; I love my country's preserver. I love you for yourself. That's all!'

'That all!' echoed the Emperor.

'No—I have just now a great favor—a very great favor—to beg. You will perhaps laugh, perhaps be angry, but I shall be the happiest of men if you grant it: I ask permission to embrace you!'

The Emperor burst into a fit of laughter.

'Is that all, my poor Bizouard?' he exclaimed, 'Come—and then let us be off.'

Bizouard rushed to the Emperor, clasped him in his arms, hugged him, and, triumphantly bestriding his *porteur*, started, *ventre a terre*, and in less than an hour drove up before the post-house of Avallon, shouting '*Vive l'Empereur!*'—There Bizouard took leave of his great friend—but his parting good wishes, though enthusiastic, were expressed with sadness, and tears fell from his eyes as he joined in the acclamations of the surrounding throng.

The disastrous news from Waterloo fell upon him as a thunder bolt. Soon after that fatal day the postmaster of Rouvray was dismissed from that situation, next sent to prison, and tried at the assizes for having promoted the usurpation of his imperial patron, and endeavouring to avenge his fall upon the restored Government. He was acquitted, but such heavy blows impaired his health. From rich that he was he became poor, and the revolution of 1830, found him ploughing fields that were not his own. His attachment to the memory of his departed idol long injured the success of his applications to Louis Phillippe's Government. At length, one afternoon as he returned from his daily task, a letter was put into his hands, the contents of which extracted from him a '*Vive l'Empereur!*' meant to be a '*Vivi le Roi!*' M. Bizouard was informed that through the personal interference of the Duke of Orleans he was restored to the office of postmaster of Rouvray.—*French paper.*

WOOD-ENGRAVING.

The *Penny Magazine*, and other publications of the Useful Knowledge Society, or Mr. Knight, were the first systematic attempts to apply the principle of teaching by pictures; and Mr. Loudon, in his Cyclopædias and Periodicals, has extensively employed them with excellent effect: scientific works as well as books of entertainment are beginning to adopt the pictorial plan of explanation. The benefit arising from this union of delineations and description in the communication of ideas, is still not sufficiently felt: prints are viewed in the light of extrinsic aids and accessories rather than as essential and intrinsically useful. Drawing is the demonstrator of visible truths; and though the pen may be the prime mover of the reader's fancy, the pencil points the way to the perception of realities. Many matters of fact can only be stated clearly by lines: the plan of a building, a view of a place, a plant or an animal, the structure of a machine, the form of a statue, can only be distinctly represented by an image. In these days of cheap publications and steam-printing, the art that inlays the page with graphic exemplifications of the author's meaning, without impeding the rapidity of the printing process, and at a much less expense than plates of any kind, is of immense utility and importance.

The reason why wood-engraving is not even more employed, is undoubtedly the fact, that the art itself is not thoroughly understood either by painters or the public: indeed, writers on its history have proved their ignorance of the process. People see and hear of wood-engraving, and think wood a very cheap substitute for copper; they admire the ingenuity of the engraver on wood in coming so near to copperplate, and are very pleased to have a book adorned with wood-cuts at so small an additional cost: but they do not concern themselves further; they would be surprised to hear that the processes of engraving on wood and on copper are totally different, and that many "*wood*-cuts" are printed from metal.

It is the very reverse of engraving on copper; for though the plate and the block are each incised, it is the raised lines of the wood that yield the impression, while in the copperplate it is the sunken lines. Wood-cuts may be printed with type, but copperplates cannot: and this constitutes the advantage of wood-engravings over copperplates for the illustration of books.

Wood-engraving includes two distinct operations,—the one performed by the draughtsman, who draws the design on the block with a pen or pencil; the other by the cutter, who cuts away the blank lines and spaces, leaving the drawing engraved in relief. The extreme delicacy, dexterity, and patient skill required to cut out cleanly, pieces of wood from between lines less than a hair-breadth distant from each other, so as to preserve the lines in relief perfect and unbroken, will be apparent on looking at any wood-cut of ordinary finish: and when it is borne in mind that the various tints are produced by the thickness or thinness of the lines, their nearness or openness, and the height of the relief in different parts, the niceness of the operation necessary to produce a satisfactory result is really surprising.

Wood-engraving is a more ancient art than printing; indeed it was the parent of this great civilizing power: from playing-cards sprung that mighty engine the press. Stamping from raised lines, figures, and letters, was practised from the earliest times; as may be seen from cuneiform characters impressed on the Babylonian bricks, and a wooden brick-stamp found in a tomb at Thebes. The ancients branded their cattle, slaves, and criminals; and sovereigns and official persons used engraved stamps or stencil-plates to affix their signatures or monograms to documents. Justin, Pope Adrian, Charlemagne, and the Gothic sovereigns of Spain, adopted such contrivances; and they were in ordinary use among the German and Italian notaries in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It is probable also that English merchants of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries stamped their commodities with the monograms or marks found on tombstones, etc. Quintilian, speaking of teaching writing, says—"When the boy shall have entered upon *joining-hand*, it will be useful for him to have a *copy-head* of wood, in which the letters are well cut, that through its furrows, as it were, he may trace the characters with his *style*:" and a "stencil-plate" of copper has been found amongst old Roman coins. Yet for all these near approaches to the principle of printing, it was reserved for wood-engraving to develope it, and that too as an accessory to the graphic art.

AMERICAN FACTORIES.

We have just returned from a visit to the factories in Fall River, Bristol, Providence, Pawtucket, Central Falls, Valley Falls, Lonsdale, Slatersville, Woonsocket, Waterford, Blackstone, Mendon, Farnunsville, Wilkinsonville, and New England Village in Grafton. In these places are some fifty factories of cotton and woollen cloths, and establishments for printing calicoes. We were every where treated with courtesy, and denied admission to not one establishment. And now, says the reader, have you formed a more favorable opinion of the moral and political tendency of these prison houses of New England girls? We frankly answer, No! In nearly every instance they are compelled to work more hours than human nature can endure, without sustaining essential injury. They are summoned to their toil by the bell at early dawn in the morning, and continue until half-past seven or eight o'clock at night. Among them are hundreds of indifferently clad children, who in the families of our thrifty farmers would be allowed at the *same age to lie an hour or two longer in the morning in bed, and* would be consigned to quiet sleep at night a long time before these are released from their toil. They have thirty minutes only allowed each at breakfast and dinner, including time of changing clothes, washing, and their walk longer or short going to and returning from their meals; and what is worse, in many factories, sickly females and small children are compelled to get their breakfast before daylight in the morning from September to March, and do not allow them a moment for tea, until the late hour in the evening we have named. The countenances of the operatives are generally sickly and sallow, and an unnatural dullness about the eye. The weaving rooms are generally to a considerable extent, an exception, from these remarks. The girls are more cheerful, independent and happy, and the air of their rooms is more pure and healthy. In the carding and picking rooms, the whole atmosphere is full of millions of floating particles, released from the articles to be manufactured, and these must be inhaled at every breath; besides the whole atmosphere is highly rarified; the whole organs of life must therefore be seriously impaired, not only by a diseased medium of respiration, but by a sudden change to the night atmosphere. The time these operatives are compelled to work, is from one third to one fifth greater than it should be. The masters *say* their employment is healthy—but few constitutions can long endure it. Changes are constant, and thousands yearly go home to recover their health, but alas! more frequently to die. When their constitutions fail, if they have any friends, they are somehow gotten home. The poor little children are, above all, to be pitied. They look like plants grown in a dark damp cellar, and they never make anything more than the shadows of such men as the sons of our hardy mechanics and farmers. In some cases the law for schooling is shamefully evaded. The whole system is exceedingly anti-republican and demoralizing. The overseers are many of them selected merely because it is thought they get the most work out of the hands, without reference to any other single qualification. In many factories every effort is made to guard the rights and protect the morals of the operatives; and high-minded and honourable men are sought for overseers. In Pawtucket we saw more that was wrong than in any other place—in the evening men that we saw as overseers of large rooms of girls, came into the tavern, drank freely, swore the big oath, gambled, boasted of their fights, uttered the words of putrid obscenity, and boasted of their amours, and all in the public sitting room, before strangers from different cities and towns, with the same freedom as if all were initiated and sworn into the mysteries of their impurities. Gracious heavens! we inwardly exclaimed, are these task-masters the guardians of the fair fame and virtue of the daughters of our New England yeomanry? Moral pestilence must follow in the footsteps of such moral monsters. The poor girls, if virtuous, are compelled to endure their coarse freedom, and hear their double *entendres*, or at once lose their employment; an old Turk does not think so disrespectfully of women as do many of these men. One of the laws of human nature is, that those we have most wronged, we hate most; and the constant habit these men have of seeing women in this servitude, destroys all the finer feelings which nature has planted in the mind of man towards the sex, as a bond of social virtue. We are no enemy to our manufactures—they should be cherished; but let the divine, the civilian, the statesman, the legislator, see that we do not by building up our manufactures, destroy public morals, which is the only foundation of social happiness, and safeguard of