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POETRY.

The following poetical effusions, with a request to publish them, were sent us by one of our fair readers. We comply most cheerfully with this request.

The hopes to which I fondest cling
Are those which from remembrance spring,
That I once more may see that face
Where memory loves the charms to trace.

The flowery paths of life to me
Are dull and cheerless without thee;
And if I chance to cull a flower
My lonely heart hath not the power.

My happiest hours are spent alone,
Since from my bosom thou hast gone,
'Tis then I dwell upon the past,
Which was too heavenly to last.

In all things beautiful I see
Some sweet resemblance, love, to thee:
The brilliant sun thy mind portrays
In shedding forth thy cheering rays.

Thou wert my sun to guide by day
Each step I trod o'er life's dark way.
How lonely then would be my lot
If thou by me couldst be forgot.

Sweet seducer, ever smiling,
Charming still, and still beguiling,
Oft I swore to love thee never
Yet I love thee more than ever.

Oh! be less, be less enchanting—
Let some little grave be wanting;
Let my eyes when I'm expiring
Gaze awhile without admiring.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HENRIETTA:

THE EMPEROR'S LITTLE "FLOWER GIRL."

From a translation by Mr. THOMAS of Gen. ST. HILAIRE's recent work, entitled "Facts Illustrating the Public and Private Life of Napoleon."

At St. Helena, when the weather was favorable, Napoleon always rode out either in his carriage or on horseback; but as soon as he had become familiar with the confined space allotted to him there, he often preferred exploring the secluded roads. After having finished his daily task of dictation, (for one of his favorite occupations was the dictation of his memoirs) and spent hours in reading, dressed about 3 o'clock, and then went out, accompanied by Gen Bertrand, Mons. Las Cases, or Gen. Gourgaud.

His rides were all directed to the neighboring village, which he took much pleasure in exploring, and where he found himself more free from observation. Though the roads were in some places almost impassable, his taste for exploring seemed to increase rather than diminish—even the pleasures of ranging this valley was to him a species of liberty. The only thing to which he had unconquerable aversion, was meeting the English sentinels, who were constantly stationed to watch him. In one of these rides, he found a sequestered spot in the valley, which afterwards became to him a daily retreat for meditation.

One day he discovered a neat cottage amongst the rocks of the valley, and entered the garden attached to it, which was radiant with flowers or geraniums, which a young girl was watering This young girl was a brunette, and as fresh as the flowers; she had large blue eyes of most pleasant expression, and Napoleon, always an admirer of the fair sex, was much struck with her beauty.

'Pray, what is your name?' he inquired.

'Henrietta,' she replied.

'Your surname, I mean.'

'Brow.'

'You seem very fond of flowers.'

'They are all my fortune, sir.'

'How is that?'

'Every day I take my geraniums to the town, where I obtain a few sous for my bouquets.'

'And your father and mother, what do they do?'

'Alas! I have neither,' replied the young girl, with much emotion.

'No parents!'

'Not one; I am quite a stranger in this island. Three years ago, my father, an English soldier, and my mother left London with me for the Indies, but, alas! my father died on the voyage, and when the vessel reached this island, my poor mother was so ill that she could not proceed further, and we were left here.

She was ill for a long time, and having no resources left for our support, I was advised to sell flowers. A gentleman in the town, who made enquiries as to our prospects, took pity on us, and gave us this cottage, where my mother's health improved, and where she lived nearly two years, during which we were supported by the sale of flowers. About a year ago my poor mother had a relapse, and obtained a release from all her earthly sufferings. On her death bed she recommended me to trust in Providence, and I feel a pleasure in obeying her last wish.

The young girl having thus spoken burst into tears. During this short recital, Napoleon was very much affected, and when she burst into tears, he sobbed loudly. At length he said, "Poor child! what sins could you have committed that you should have been exiled here so miserably? Singular fulfilment of destiny! Like me she has no country, no family—she has no mother, and I—I have no child!"

After pronouncing these words, the emperor again sobbed audibly, and his tears flowed freely. Yes, this great man, whom the loss of the most brilliant throne in the world affected not, who was calm amidst desolation itself, wept at the recital of this poor girl!

After a few moments he resumed his customary firmness, and said to her, "I wish to take home with me a *souvenir* of my visit to your cottage. Gather some of your best flowers, and make a grand boquet.

Henrietta quickly made the boquet; and when Napoleon gave her five *louis d'or* for it, cried with astonishment, "Ah! *grand Dieu!* sir, why did you not come sooner? My poor mother would not then have died!"

"Well, well, my child, these are very good sentiments. I will come and see you again."

Then, blushing and regarding the five pieces of gold, Henrietta replied, "But, sir, I can never give you flowers enough for all this money!"

"Do not let that trouble you," answered Napoleon, smiling. "I will come and fetch them."

He then left her. When he had regained his companions, he informed them of his discovery. He seemed happy in having one as unfortunate as himself to console; and on the spot, the young Henrietta augmented the special nomenclature of Longwood. He called her "the nymph of St. Helena," for amongst his friends Napoleon habitually baptized all that surrounded him by a familiar cognomen. Thus the part of the island which he most frequented he called the "Valley of Silence." Mr. Balcomb, with whom he stayed on his first arrival at St. Helena, was the "Amphitryon." His cousin, the major, who was about six feet high, was called the "Giant." Sir George Cockburn was designated as "Mr. Admiral," when the emperor was pleased—but when he had cause for complaint, his only title was "the Shark."

Some days after this visit to the cottage, Napoleon said, when dressing, that he would return to his pupil, and perform his promise. He found the young girl at home; she had learnt since his last visit the name of her benefactor; and, much moved, not so much by his past grandeur as by his recent calamities, entreated him to accept the hospitality of her humble cottage. She then brought him figs, and water from the spring of the river valley.

"Sire," she said to Napoleon, "I have waited at home for you since you were last here, and have, consequently, not been able to procure wine for you, as your bounty will now enable me to do so."

"And if you had," said the Emperor, "I should have scolded you well. When I come to see you, I wish nothing better than your water, which is excellent. On this condition, I will revisit you. After all, I am but an old soldier, as your poor father was; and the old soldier who is not satisfied with figs and water is no soldier at all."

From this day Napoleon did not visit the valley without calling at the cottage of Henrietta. On these occasions she presented him with a magnificent bouquet, especially prepared for him; and after a little friendly chat with her, he would continue his ride, familiarly discoursing with those who accompanied him on the great and excellent qualities which this young English girl possessed.

In the following year Napoleon began to suffer from the attacks of the malady which afterwards proved fatal to him. Henrietta, not receiving the visits of her benefactor, went to inquire after his health; and after having left the customary bouquet with one of his attendants returned home very disconsolately. One fine day shortly afterwards, as she was sitting in her garden, she heard the sound of an approaching carriage; and running quickly to the gate, found herself in the presence of Napoleon. As soon as she beheld him, her face assumed an expression of great sadness.

"You find me much changed, do you not, my child?" said he, in a faint voice.

"Yes, sire, I do indeed; but I hope that you will soon be restored to health."

"I much doubt it," he said, shrugging his shoulders with an ait of incredulity.—"Nevertheless, I much wished to pay you a visit to-day, to see you and your flowers once again."

He then slowly descended from the carriage, and leaning on the arm of Bertrand, reached the cottage. When he was seated, he observed:

"Give me a cup of water from the spring, my dear Henrietta; that will perhaps cool the fever which consumes me . . here," (laying his hand on his side.)

The young girl hastened to fetch some. When Napoleon had partaken of it, his countenance, till then contracted, became serene.

"Thanks! thanks! my dear child," said he, "this water has eased my sufferings a little. If I had taken it sooner, perhaps! . . ." added he, raising his eyes to heaven; "but now it is too late."

"Ah!" replied Henrietta, affecting a gaity of manner, "I am so happy that this water does you good! I will bring you some every day, it will perhaps cure you!"

"No! my dear child, it will be useless now; all is over. I fear this will be the last visit I shall make here. There is a settled grief here which is consuming me (and the emperor touched his side) and, as I may never see you again, I wish to leave you a a *souvenir* of me. What shall I give you?"

At these words the young girl could contain herself no longer, but, bursting into heartfelt tears, fell at the feet of the emperor, saying—

"Your blessing, sire."

Napoleon rose and blessed her with becoming gravity; for he always had respect for the creed of others.

From that day Henrietta did not fail to visit Longwood regularly. She carried water from the spring and her customary boquet, but always returned home disconsolate; for each day she received the most alarming accounts of the health of the emperor.

At the commencement of May, 1821, when the sun shone more brightly than usual Henrietta was informed that Napoleon was much better, that his reason had returned.

She arrived at Longwood, but alas! the reality was the reverse of her hopes. She found every one there in consternation.—This time, fearing that he was dying, and wishing to see him once again, she desired to be admitted to his presence. She was told that he was too ill, and that it was impossible. Her supplications were at first in vain; but at length her tears and entreaties prevailed, and she was admitted to his chamber.

It was at this moment that Napoleon, surrounded by his faithful friends, and lying on his death-bed, had requested them to place the bust of his son before him. He then bade affecting farewells to his friends, and to the French people, whom he had loved so well. His arms then contracted with convulsions, his eyes became fixed, while he gasped—"France! * * * * * My son!" Then all was silent. Napoleon had ceased to live.

At these words the flowers which the young girl had brought dropped from her trembling hands; she fell on her knees by the bed side; then, making an effort, she seized and tried to press the hand of Napoleon to her lips—but immediately her head fell back, her mouth was discolored, her eyes fixed, and she sunk on the floor, buried in that sleep which knows no waking.

Henrietta was dead!

A POARING ORATOR.—"Mr. President, I shall not remain silent, sir, while I have a voice that is not dumb in this assembly.—The gentleman, sir, cannot expostulate this matter to any future time that is more suitable than now. He may talk, sir, of the Herculaneum revolutions, where republics are hurled into arctic regions, and the works of centuries refrigerated to ashes; but, sir, we can tell him, indefatigably, that the consequence multiplied subterraneously, by the everlasting principles contended for thereby, can no more shake this resolution than the roar of Niagara rejuvenate around these walls, or the howl of the midnight tempest conflagrate the marble statute into ice.—That's just what I told them."

WORTH TRYING.—A Southern paper says that a composition of one-third of sweet-oil and two-thirds of molasses is a certain cure for the wooping-cough.

We find in the Marlboro' Gazette the following hints from the pen of Dr. BAYNE, of Prince George's county, who cultivates one of the most extensive fruit-tree nurseries in Maryland.

HINTS ON THE CULTURE AND SELECTION OF FRUITS.

The congeniality of our climate, appropriateness of soil and facilities for transportation, present great inducements for the formation of extensive orchards and for enriching our gardens with the choicest productions. It is not proposed within the narrow limits here allowed to give more than a summary of this voluminous subject The lists herewith presented embrace some of the most superb varieties, and those which we have proved upon specimen trees under our observation. They can, therefore, be confidently recommended as abundantly sufficient for those who cultivate either for home consumption or for exportation.

The numerous markets which are made accessible by rail roads and navigation, render the apple one of the most valuable fruits. The apple will grow and produce abundantly upon any soil not too retentive of moisture. Fall is the season in this latitude to be preferred for planting out the apple, and indeed all other fruit trees. As a general rule in planting the apple, (and the same holds good with regard to other trees,) dig the holes for the reception of the trees three feet and upwards in diameter, according to the size of the roots, and from twelve to eighteen inches deep. The subsoil should be removed and the holes re-filled with rich earth and rotted manure, well incorporated. Observe the great error of planting too deep; trees should be planted little or no deeper than they originally stood in the nursery. In order to form straight and handsome trees and to facilitate their rooting, it is advisable to fasten each tree to a stake firmly set in the hole at the time of planting. The vibrating influence of winds is thereby prevented. The following list will be found ample for all purposes, viz: Benoni, Early Harvest, Meiden's Blush, Porter, York Russetting, Beall Flower, Monmouth Pippin, Æsofus Spitzenburg, Baldwin, Golden Ball, Lady Apple, Late Pound Sweeting, Roxbury, Russetting, Winter Catlin, Newton Pippin.

PEACH.—This most luscious and surpassingly beautiful fruit, flourishes in a loam or sandy soil, but will accommodate itself to any soil, kept loose by repeated cultivation. The following varieties are recommended, viz: Early Red Rareripe, Cooledge's Favorite, Early Crawford, Early Royal George, Grosse Mignonne, President, Washington Free, Malta, Red Cheek Malacatune, Old Mixon Free and Cling, Crawford's Late Malacatune, Pine Apple, Smock Free, Tippecanoe, Rodman's Cling, Mammoth Blood, Late Heath.

PLUMS.—The plum is a delicious fruit—some are very superior for preserves and others valuable for drying. It flourishes in a deep rich loam, but will conform itself to almost any soil, but a wet clayey one. In some districts of country the Carculie proves very destructive to the plum as well as all smooth skinned fruits, which are perforated by the insect in the young state and the egg is deposited, which soon hatches into a worm, and causes the fruit to drop prematurely. Various modes have been recommended to obviate the attack of this insect. The most effectual preventives are paving the ground to the circumference of the branches; planting the trees in lanes, poultry yards, in situations where the ground is trodden, or where the hog can have access to the fallen fruit, and thereby destroy the insect in its larva state. The following is a list of splendid varieties, viz: Royal Hative, Royale de Tour, Green Gage, Reine Cludette Violette, Prince Imperial Gage, Bolmer's Washington, Diamond, Semiana, Duane Purple, Coe's Golden Drop.

PEARS.—The recent introduction of the magnificent varieties originated by the immortal Van Mons, together with the fine seedlings produced in England and this country, have given a new impulse to the cultivation of this fruit. Some of the varieties keep in perfect order during the winter are most exquisitely flavored. One very important characteristic which some of those modern varieties possess, is that they produce full crops at a very early period. The pear is coming into extensive cultivation and will no doubt prove a source of great revenue. Some superb varieties will be found embraced in this list, viz: Citron des Carmes, Jargonelle, Julienne, Beurre Bose, Cushing, Duchess d'Angouleme, Roi de Wurtemburg, Hacon's Incomparable, Louis Bonne de Jersey, Napoleon, Bartlett, Van Mon's Leon le Clerk, Beuerre d'Aremberg, Beuerre Diel, Gloux Morceau, Beuerre Rance, Passe Colmar, Easter Beuerre, Winter Nelis.

CHERRIES will accomodate themselves to any soil. The best varieties are—Knight's Early Black, Davenport's Black, Black Tartarian, Black Eagle, Napolean Bigarreau, May Duke, Kentish Duke.

APRICOTS.—The cultivation and management of this fruit are so analagous to the plum and peach, that the same directions will apply to all. Best varieties are the Large Early, Moorpark, and Peach Apricot.

QUINCE.—The quince is most productive and bears the finest fruit when planted in moist soil. Best varieties are the Large Orange, Pear Shaped and Portugal.

GRAPE.—This vine prefers a deep, light rich loam. The best varieties for cultivation in this country are natives. The following are recommended, viz: Catawba, Isabella, Elsenburg, Scappernong and the Ohio Grape.

STRAWBERRIES.—This most delicious, wholesome and highly esteemed fruit, delights in a deep sandy loam. The following varieties are most confidently recommended as being productive, large, high flavored, and every way desirable to the cultivator, viz: Bayne's Extra Early Scarlet, Virginia Scarlet, Hovey's Seedling, Hudson Bay, Southborough Seedling, Downton, &c.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE—is like a lovely and fragile flower—fair and delightful to look upon. Painted by a master hand, we watch its colorings with a tender regard—gaze on it with great affection—would bear it to our bosom, and win it as our own. For a while it is the living idol of our daily praise—the charm which binds us with a willing power. But time breeds the canker. Its beauty diminishes—its freshness is gone; decay scarce leaves a trace of what was once a pride and a worship. It is on our bosom still, but, alas! it is there in pity that it should be mortal and must perish.

A BEAUTIFUL MIND—is like a precious and prolific seed—the mother of loveliness—the fountain of bliss—the produce of many treasured and inestimable flowers—which neither canker can deface nor time destroy. Even should there be those of its lovely produce that fade and pass away, yet the source is there—the seed remains to revive—to remodify—to place again on our bosom and near our hearts, in renewed beauty—in the same deep interest and winning power as at first. We would gather it as the richest possession—as the well-spring of the purest, most abundant and enduring joys—as our support—our comfort—and the cherished object, worthy of our highest admiration; and we would cling to it, thanking God, that it is immortal—living forever.—*Advocate.*

ANECDOTE.—The late Judge Pease, of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wings of his imagination into the seventh heaven, and was seemingly preparing for a higher ascent, when the Judge struck his ruler on the desk two or three times, exclaiming to the astonished orator, "Hold on—hold on, my dear sir! Don't go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of this Court."

Why is a tear shed in secret like a ship? Because it's a *private-tear.*

Why is a love-letter like a lady when she blushes? Dy'e give it up? Because it is *read* with excitement.

Why is a printer like a righteous man? Because the *devil* fears him.

"Jim, I was awful frightened the other day. Did I tell you about it?" "No, how?" "Why, a cup of coffee was handed me, which was so pale and thin that I thought it the ghost of some I upset once when my mother caught me stealing meat off the gridiron."

HERE'S A CHANCE.—The following advertisement, under the head of 'wife wanted,' is in the Batesville News:

"Any gal what's got a bed, calico dress, coffee pot and a skillet, knows how to make a hunting shirt, and knows how to nuss children, can have my service till death parts both on us."

THREE KINDS OF POOR.—In this world the poor are of three descriptions, viz: The Lord's poor, the devil's poor, and the poor devils. As a general thing, the Lord takes care of his poor, and the devil takes care of *his;* but the *poor devils* have to look out for themselves.

An 'idle' club has recently been formed in Boston. Every member is allowed two chairs and the president three. Smoking is their only employment, as being 'next to nothing.' A prominent member carries a kitten under his arm to breathe for him.