

LITERATURE, &c.

THE EMPEROR'S LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

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 grounds. 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, he dressed about three o'clock and went out, accompanied by generals Bertrand, Gourgaud, or Mons. Las Cases.

His rides were all directed to the neighboring village, which he took much pleasure in exploring, and where he found himself 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 an uncommon 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 a daily retreat for meditation.

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

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

'Henrietta,' she answered.

'You seem very fond of flowers.'

'They are all my fortune, sir.'

'How is that?'

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

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

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

'No parents?'

'Not one; I am quite a stranger in this land. Three years ago my father, an English soldier, left London with me for the Indies; but my father died on the voyage and when the vessel reached this island my poor mother was so ill that she could not proceed farther, and we were left here. She was ill for a long time, and having no resources for our support, I was advised to sell flowers. A gentleman in the town, who made inquiries as to our prospects, took pity on us, and gave this cottage, where my mother's health improved, and where she lived nearly two years, during which time 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 sin could you have committed that you should have been exiled here so miserably?—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, and 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 first visit to your cottage. Gather some of your best flowers, and make a grand bouquet.'

Henrietta quickly made the bouquet, and when Napoleon gave her five louis d'ors for it, cried with astonishment—

'Ah! grand dieu! why did you not come sooner? My poor mother would not then have died.'

'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, 'you will come and fetch them.'

He then left her. When he gained 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 Saint Helena, for amongst his friends Napoleon habitually baptised all that surrounded him by a familiar appellation. Thus the part of the island which he most frequented was called the 'Valley of Silence.' Mr Balcomb, with whom he stayed on his first arrival at St. Helena, was 'Amphytrion.' 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 his visit to the cottage, Napoleon said when dressing, that he should

return to his pupil and perform his promise. He found the young girl at home; she had learned since his absence the name of her benefactor; and much moved, not so much by his past grandeur as by his present calamities, entreated him to accept the hospitality of her humble cottage. She then brought him some figs and water from the spring of the river valley.

'Sire,' said she 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.'

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

From that 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 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. Henrietta not receiving visits from her benefactor, went to inquire after his health; and after having left the customary bouquet with one of his attendants returned home disconsolate. 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, she 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 again be restored to health.'

'I doubt it,' said he, shrugging his shoulders with an air of credulity. 'Nevertheless, I much wished to pay you a visit to day, to see you and your flowers again.'

He then slowly descended from the carriage, and leaning on the arm of Bertrand, he 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, suddenly became serene.

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

'Ah, replied Henrietta, affecting a gaiety 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 is 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, (the Emperor touched his side), and as I may never see you again, I wish to leave you a souvenir of me. What shall I give you?'

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

'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 bouquet, but always returned disconsolate; for each day she received more and more 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 the Emperor was much better, that his reason was restored. She arrived at Longwood, but alas! the reality was the reverse of her hopes. She found every one in consternation. This time, fearing he was dying, and wishing to see him once again, she desired to be admitted to his presence. She was told he was too ill, and that it was impossible. Her supplications and entreaties prevailed, and she was admitted to his chamber.

It was at the moment Napoleon, surrounded by his faithful friends, and laying on his deathbed, requested them to place the bust of his son before him. He then bade affectionate farewell to his friends and the French people, whom he had loved so well. His arms then became contracted with convulsions, his eyes became fixed while he gasped 'France—my son!' and 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 bedside; then making an effort she seized and tried to press the hands of Napoleon to her lips, but immediately her head fell back, her mouth discolored, her eyes fixed, and she sank on the floor, buried in that sleep which knows no waking. Henrietta was dead!

The Editor of the Providence Star has seen a man 'who minds his own business.' No description of him given.

From the London People's Journal.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

Genius is a poet, Talent a lawyer; the one struggles and strives in a garret, while the other lives in a great house, and sports his pretty person in a coach and four. And yet it is the ambition of the last to be thought the first, and so, it often happens, as gooseberry wine is occasionally taken for champagne, and by some esteemed the better tipple, that mankind, with eyes blinded by the meretricious rays of a mock sun, give one the credit of being a profound genius, who, in truth possesses only a somewhat more than ordinary share of talent. But talent is a very useful possession in its way, as it enables its fortunate possessor to lay up, sometimes, riches for himself—and wealth, by most, is considered the end of life; and while genius is singing and soaring like a lark at the gate of heaven, talent like a mole is digging and delving in the dark earth; and not unlike the mole, it burrows with a purpose; and the purpose, mostly, is the attainment of comfortable quarters.

The gift of genius is vouchsafed to few, but all men possess a talent for something, though it be only the trifling though elegant art of sucking a lollypop. Genius invents, talent appropriates. Genius paints a picture, Talent makes a copy. Genius walks through the world, with its eyes up-looking towards its future home in heaven. Talent fixes its gaze upon the earth, and finds there a fitting recompense. When Jupiter divided the goods of the world among the inhabitants thereof, the poet looked on; and when the god had finished his distribution, humbly put up his petition for a little share.

'You are too late, my friend,' said Jupiter; 'I have given the land to the farmers, the merchandise to the merchants, and the towns and cities to the traders and workmen. Where were you when all these good things were divided?'

'I was listening to your voice, and gazing on your face,' replied the poet.

'Alas!' said Jupiter, 'yours was an unprofitable occupation. What can I do for you? There is nothing left. The fruits of the earth, the merchandise and wealth are not mine to bestow; but if you are content to dwell with me in heaven, you shall be welcome there!'

And this is the true poet's portion; now, as of old, selfish and single minded, Genius triumphs over Talent—for it lives forever.

Talent is a respectable possession, nevertheless, and he who has it may well be proud; for, better than Genius, it takes care of number one—of the earth earthly. The grand error, however, is when it mistakes itself for its more ethereal relative, and fancies itself hardly done by because the world is slow to acknowledge the assumption; but recovering its senses, it has its revenge upon the world, and becomes important in spite of the prejudices of the prejudiced.

Talent is rich in the world's goods, Genius must be content to remain poor: blind old Homer begged and sang through the cities which, after he was dead and buried, quarrelled for the honor of having given him birth; and Thomas Otway starved to death in the public streets.

Genius and Talent are foster brothers, nursed at one breast. But as they grew up they were divided, for the one was the rich man's heir, and the other the poor vorse's brat. But in virtue of that early companionship, they have a resemblance to, and a liking for, each other; and were it not for the difference of apparel, they might be esteemed the children of one parent. But their paths in life are different. By patient plodding, and not too particular industry, Talent contrives, somehow, to shuffle itself into the first rank; while Genius, too often idle and thriftless, having been born poor, is content to remain forever humble—happy in the liberty of feeding the life lamp with a scanty supply of the oil of wealth; and dying, oftentimes, as he has lived, obscure and unappreciated: but the spark that glistered in his eye, and made his meagre face all beautiful, was divine. And when he sinks, unattended, possibly, and unknown, into a pauper's grave, the world suddenly awakes to the knowledge that a great spirit has departed; and shrugging its ponderous shoulders, immediately busies itself in raising a subscription to do marble honors to his dead remains.

But the picture is not all shadow; for, while Talent clothes itself in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day, Genius lives in a world of its own creation, and discovers beauty and order everywhere. Everywhere, in the most foul and unlikely objects; in the crowded city streets no less than in solitary forests, and beside the giant relics of an elder world. While Talent is planning, copying, imitating, stealing—Genius is creating; while Talent is bowing its stately head in acknowledgment of the world's honors, thickly surging like the waters of a mighty river, at its feet, Genius with its hands in its pockets, is thinking great thoughts, to which the world will, one day, be proud to render homage too.

True Genius is modest and unassuming; but it is difficult oftentimes to distinguish the true from the false; and herein lies the great secret of profound criticism. No sooner does a man feel, or fancy—it is just the same—that he possesses the slightest claim to be called original in his ideas than he immediately takes pains to appear different from the rest of the world; no sooner does he feel the *cacoethis scribendi*, than he must needs neglect all the small amenities of life; and, putting on an air of great abstraction, strives to make him-

self ridiculous in the eyes of his fellows. Business henceforth must have no place in his recollections, and the payment of tradesmen's bills becomes a thing of no importance. This is the very affectation of genius, and serves only to make its wearer look absurd and foolish—a clown in a royal garment. But talent never falls into this error. True, Genius may, and does, sometimes, assume the motley, but it is only worn as a permanent garment by the ignorant pretender.

Genius and Talent are, as we said, twin brothers; but they have sort of cousin-german called Tact, who assumes the dress, and partakes the characteristics of both, occasionally; and of the two, is perhaps the most clever—certainly the most business like. For while Genius is devising, and Talent striving to comprehend, Tact, with a skill peculiarly his own, contrives to make practical. Genius conceived the railroad, Tact constructed the tunnels and viaducts, but Tact formed the company, and managed to get the bill shuffled through the House—not forgetting to make himself chairman of the directors or chief engineer of the line.

If Genius writes a book, Talent and Tact contrive to pocket the profits of its publication. If Genius discovers a new law of nature, or invents an original machine, Talent and Tact apply them to the ordinary affairs of life and get the credit of the both. Genius is life personified, Talent is life in reality—the first represents the mind, the last the breeches pocket; and the world is ever ready to render honor to that which is nearest its comprehension: we are more apt to admire the beauty of a painted picture than to comprehend the glory of a living landscape whence the artist drew his inspiration. And it is ever so; the unreal has more attraction than the real—and though truth is stranger than fiction, we admire the last rather than the first, because we have the Talent to appreciate in greater proportion than the Genius to discover. Genius is a wedding garment; Talent an every day suit. It is given to man, sometimes, to wear them both; and blest is he who wears them worthily.

A MAIDEN LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

'Tis wondrous strange, how great the change, since I was in my teens; then I had a beau and a billetdoux, and enjoyed the gayest scenes. But lovers now have ceased to vow, no way they now contrive, to poison, drown or hang themselves—because I'm thirty-five. Once, if the night was ere so bright, I ne'er abroad could roam, without—' The bliss, the honor Miss, of seeing you safe home.' But now I go, through rain or snow—fatigued and scarce alive—through all the dark, without a spark—because I'm thirty-five.

Communications.

Extract from DR. DOW'S Work on Social Life.

MARRIAGE.

Young Man, don't make up your mind to live a Bachelor's life. I regret to say it, that when a man passes a certain age, without possessing or having a claim on one of those creatures which man is proud to call the weaker sex, he, as a general rule, becomes a grumbler, and sometimes deserves to be called a cross, irritable, sour-faced, disconsolate Old Bachelor. There are, however, many honorable exceptions; for I positively know some men who would rank among Bachelors, whose hearts, if possible, would be as large as a full moon; their faces are pleasant at all times, their conversation is always agreeable, and their words are received with pleasure, even by the Ladies; and I sincerely believe that this class would long since have been entangled in the bonds of matrimony, had they possessed less love. The truth is, their hearts are so large, that they cannot show partiality to any one lady, preferring general love for all.

There is a second class of Bachelors, who would have been married long ago, but they have not the moral courage to pop the question; and so they have dodged it, to their own disadvantage. The latter class are always ready to speak of the weaker sex—yet a pleasant, lively, wide awake, go-ahead, cunning, prettily insinuating woman will play hide and go seek with his heart, until there is not much left worth seeking or hiding for; and then give him a sly, knowing look, and say weaker sex, arivu. It may be well to talk about being Lords of Creation, yet the weaker sex lead you just as they please, and where they please. You sometimes say I won't, and at their request move about as quiet as a lamb. When a lady asks, you cannot refuse.

And should she ask a favor ever, She is persuasive, sweet, and so very clever! That you can't but listen, smile, And love and grant.

Young man, in advising you to get a wife, I would not advise you to get a coquette; neither would I advise you to marry one who is by the world styled a lady. Don't seek for one who wears gloves while eating, for fear her friends may mistrust that she has been cooking a dinner. Don't select a wife from a class who think it vulgar to be caught in the kitchen. The true sphere of Woman is the domestic circle; and she who can most adorn the domestic circle is the best calculated to elevate and adorn society. Any woman can be a lady in the street, but is she a lady at home? If so, seek her for a wife. Young man, it is better