NAPOLEON AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

ABOUT a quarter of a league on the other side of Orgon, Napoleon thought it indispensible to take the precaution of disguising himself. He put on a shabby blue great coat, a civilian's hat with a white cockade, and mounted a post horse, to gallop before his carriage, thus wishing to pass for a courier. As we could not keep up with him, we arrived at St. Canal some time after him. Ignorant of the means he had used to conceal himself from the people, we fancied him in the greatest danger; his carriage was surrounded by furious men trying to open the door; they were, fortunately, securely closed, and this saved General Bertrand. The obstinacy of the women surprised us still more; they begged us to give him up to them, saying, 'he has so well deserved it, that we only ask what is right.'

At about two miles from St. Canal we caught up to the emperor's carriage, which soon after stopped at a poor inn situated on the high road, and called La Calade. We followed it, and here learned for the first time, the masquerade he had employed, by means of which he had arrived in safety. He had only been accompanied by one courier, and his suite, from a general down to the marmiton, had mounted the white cockade, with which they must have provided themselves beforehand. His valet-de-chambre came to meet us, and begged us to address the emperor as Colonel Campbell, for he had passed himself off to the hostess as such. We promised to do so, and I was the first to enter a sort of bed-room. where I was struck to find the former sovereign of the world plunged in profound reflections, and resting his head on his hands.—I did not recognise him at first, and drew near him. He started up on hearing a footstep.—He made me a sign to say nothing, ordered me to sit down near him, and all the time the hostess was in the room he only spoke of indifferent matters; but when she went out he returned to his old position. I considered it advisable to leave him alone, but he begged us to come in at intervals, that his presence might not be suspected.

We told him that we had been informed, that Colonel Campbell had passed through this very place the previous day for Toulon, so then he resolved to take the name of Lord Burgher.

We sat down to table, but as the dinner had not been prepared by his own cooks, he could not make up his mind to take any nourishment through fear of being poisoned. Still, on seeing us eat with good appetite, he was ashamed to let us see the fears which assailed him, and took everything that was offered to him; he pretended to taste it, but sent away his plate without tasting. His dinner was composed of some bread and a bottle of wine, which was fetched from his carriage and shared with us.

He spoke a great deal, and was remarkably amiable. When we were alone he explained to us how he believed his life was in danger; he was persuaded that the French government had taken measures to have him carried off or assassinated. A thoueand projects crossed his mind about the manner in which he could save himself. He devised schemes, too, to deceive the townspeople at Aix, for we had been advised a large crowd was awaiting him at the post-station. He then declared he thought it best to return to Lyons, and there select another route by which to reach Italy. We could in no case have assented to this project, and we tried to induce him to travel direct to Toulon, or via Digne to Frejas. We strove to convince him it was impossible that the French government could have formed such perfidious plans against his safety, without instructing us, and that the populace, in spite of the indecent language it employed, would not be guilty of a crime of such a nature. In order to persuade us then how well founded his apprehensions were, he told us what had passed between him and the hostess, who had not recognized him. 'Well,' she said to him, 'have you met Bonaparte?' 'No,' he had replied. 'I am curious,' she continued, 'to see whether he can save himself. I still believe the people will massacre him, and it must be allowed he has well deserved it, the rascal. Tell me then, is he going to embark for his island?'—'Yes.' 'He will be drowned, eh?' 'I hope so,' Napoleon replied. 'You see, therefore,' he added, 'to what danger I am exposed.'

Then he began to weary us once more with his fears and want of resolution. He begged us even to examine whether there was not a masked door by which he could escape, or if the window, the shutters of which he had closed on arriving, were too high for him to jump out, and so escape. The window was protected by iron bars outside, and I placed him in a state of great embarrassment by communicating this discovery. At the least noise he trembled and changed color. After dinner we left him to his reflections, entering the room from time to time according to his expressed desire.

A good many persons had collected at this inn; the majority had come from Aix, suspecting that our lengthened stay was occasioned by the presence of the Emperor. We tried to make them believe that he had gone before us; but they would not listen to our statements.—They assured us they did not wish to do him any harm, but only see what effect his misfortunes had produced on him: at the most they would only address a few reproaches to him, or tell him the truth, which he had so rarely heard. We did all we could to turn them from this design, and succeeded in calming them. A person, who appeared to us a man of some social station, offered to maintain order and tranquility at Aix, if we would entrust him with a letter to the mayor of that town. General Koller communicated this offer to the Emperor, who received it with pleasure. This person was sent with a letter to the magistrate, and returned with the assurance that excellent arrangements had been made by the mayor, which would prevent a disturbance. General Scherwaloff's aide-de-camp came to tell us that the people who had collected in the streets, had almost all retired, and the Emperor resolved to start at midnight.

Through an exaggerated prudence he took fresh measures to evade recognition. He induced General Scherwaloff's aide-de-camp to put on the blue great coat and hat in which he had himself arrived at the inn, in order, doubtlessly, that, in case of need, he might pass for him.—Bonaparte, who had now decided on passing as an Austrian Colonel, put on General Koller's uniform, and the St. Theresa order, the General wore, put my travelling cap on his head, and wrapped himself in General Scherwaloff's cloak. After the commissioners of the allied powers had thus equipped him, the carriages were ordered to the door, but, before going down stairs, we rehearsed in our room the order in which we were to proceed. General Drouot opened the procession; then came the *soi-disant* emperor, General Scherwaloff's aide-de-camp, then General Koller, the emperor, General Scherwaloff, and myself, who had the honor of forming the rear guard, to which the emperor's suite tacked itself on.

Thus we passed through the baffled crowd, who took extreme pains to try and discover among us the man whom they call their tyrant. The aide-de-camp took Napoleon's place in his carriage, and the emperor set off with General Koller in his caleche. A few gendarms, sent to Aix by the mayor's orders, dissolved the crowd which tried to surround us, and we continued our journey in perfect safety.—*Marmont's Memoirs.*

THE MYSTERIOUS MONK.

THE great painter, Rubens, during his stay at Madrid, in the year 1628, made many excursions into the neighbouring parts, and the following tale is related of him during one of these excursions.

There was, in the environs of the city, an old convent, inhabited by one of the most austere and rigid order of monks; into this Rubens entered, and observed, much to his surprise, in the choir of the chapel, which was otherwise humbly and even meanly adorned, a picture which evinced the most superior talent.

The subject of this picture was the death of a monk. Every shade, every touch, spoke of the high soul and sublime genius of the painter, and Rubens, delighted, called his pupils, some of whom usually accompanied him in his expeditions, and showed them the picture. All joined with him in the loudest expressions of admiration.

'But who can be the author of this chief d'œuvre?' exclaimed Van Dyke, Ruben's favorite pupil.

'A name has very evidently been written beneath the painting, but some one has carefully effaced it,' replied Van Thulden.

Rubens craved an interview with the prior of the convent, and, at the old man's approach, he eagerly enquired the name of the artist, whose work had so excited his admiration.

'The painter is no longer in the world,' replied the monk.

'Dead!' exclaimed Rubens, 'he is dead.—And did he die unknown? was there no one after he was gone to give the world a name which should have been immortal—a name before which even mine might bow? and, notwithstanding, my good father, I am Paul Rubens!'

At this name the pale face of the prior lighted up with an unwonted brightness. His eyes sparkled; and the fixed and eager look which he turned on Rubens, spoke of somewhat more than curiosity; but this excitement only lasted for an instant. The monk's eyes were again cast on the ground, and his hand, which he had raised to heaven in the moment of enthusiasm, he once more crossed upon his breast, and repeated—

'The painter is no longer in the world.'

'But his name, my father, his name, that I may tell it to his country. and that he may receive, though late, the glory which is justly due to him.'

And Rubens, Van Dyke, Jacques Jordaens, and Van Thulden, his pupils, one might almost say his rivals, surrounded the prior, and earnestly entreated him to name the unknown artist. The monk trembled. A cold perspiration trickled from his forehead down his wrinkled cheek, and his lips contracted almost convulsively, as though he was eager to reveal a mystery, of the secret of which, he was alone the master.

'His name! his name!' repeated Rubens. The monk made a solemn gesture with his hand.

'Listen!' said he, 'you have misunderstood me. I told you that the author of this picture was no longer in the world; but I did not mean to say that he was actually dead.'

'He is living,' exclaimed simultaneously Rubens and his pupils. Oh, tell us then his name, that we may become acquainted with so sublime a genius?'

'He has long since renounced the world,' 'replied the prior, calmly, he has entered a cloister he is a monk.'

'A monk, my father, a monk!' cried Rubens. 'Oh, tell me in what convent, for he must leave it. When God marks a man with the seal of genius, that man has no right to bury himself in solitude. God has entrusted to him a sublime mission; it is his duty to accomplish it. Tell me, then, the name of the cloistery where he is hidden. I will bring him forth and show him the glory that awaits him. If he refuse me, I will obtain an order from our holy father the Pope, for him to return to the world, and resume his pencil. The Pope loves me, my father, the Pope will grant my request.'

'I can neither tell you his name, nor that of the convent to which he has retired,' replied the monk, in a resolute tone.

'The Pope will command you to do so,' cried Rubens, exasperated.

'Listen to me,' said he, 'for heaven's sake listen! Do you believe that this man, before bidding adieu to fortune and glory, had not hard struggles against such a resolution? Do you not feel that he must have experienced bitter deceptions and cruel disappointments, before he was brought to acknowledge that all here is vanity?' said he, striking his breast. 'Leave him, then, to die peacefully in that asylum which he has at length found from the world and its deceptions. On the other hand, your efforts, I am convinced, would be of no avail; it is a temptation, I feel assured, he would resist,' added he, crossing himself, 'for God will not withdraw his help. God, who in mercy designed to call him, will not now chase him from his presence.'

'But, my father, it is immortality, which he renounces!'

'My son, immortality is nothing in the presence of eternity;' and the prior pulling his hood over his face and slightly bowing, quitted the chapel, thus giving Rubens no time to press his solicitations further.

The celebrated Fleming retired from the convent with his brilliant cortege of pupils, and all returned to Madrid silently musing on what had transpired.

The prior sought his cell, and throwing himself on his knees on the straw mat which was his only couch, he prayed long and fervently; then gathering together his pencils, his colours, and an easel which was lying on the floor of his dormitory, he threw them all into the river which flowed beneath the window. He gazed for some time with a melancholy smile upon the water which bore them away from his sight.—When they had entirely disappeared, he returned once more to kneel on his straw mat, before his wooden crucific, to pray.

SMILES.

NOTHING on earth can smile but a man! Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye flash and mirth flash? Flowers cannot smile—that is a charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile, nor any living thing—it is the prerogative of man; it is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy—these three; it is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to father, husband or friend, that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile, is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, more bewitching than either. But all smiles are not alike. The cheerfulness of vanity is not like the smile of love; the smile of gratified pride is not like the radiance of goodness and truth. The rains of summer fall alike upon all trees and shrubs; but when the storm passes, and on every leaf hangs a drip, each gentle puff of wind brings down a pretty shower, and every drop brings with it something of the nature of the leaf or blossom on which it hung: the road-side leaf yields dust; the walnut leaf bitterness; some flowers poison; while the grape blossom, the rose and the sweet briar, lend their aroma to the twinkling drops, and send down their perfume. And so it is with smiles, which every heart perfumes according to its nature—selfishness is acrid; pride, bitter; good-will, sweet and fragrant.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

IMMORTALITY.

How beautiful the following gem from the pen of Prentice, and how happy the heart that can see those beauties as he portrays them:

'Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it, that the stars which hold their nightly festival around the midnight throne are placed above the reach of our limited-faculties forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a land where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be set out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful being that passes before us like a meteor will stay in our presence forever.'

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

IT is spoken in England, Scotland and Ireland, in the United States and Territories, in the British Provinces including Canada, in the West India Islands and Bermudas, and certain colonies of the Main, in the presidencies of India, and many of the protected States; and every day evincing a greater desire on the part of the native to attain it as a means of promotion. It is destined to be the language of Australia, Van Dieman's Land, Zealand, the South Sea Islands, and the Sandwich Islands; if we may not say the Polyndsian clusters as a whole. After such enumerations, you will scarcely pick up such items as St. Helena, Mauritus, Malta, Gibralter and Corfu. We have already pointed you to millions. In no parts of the earth is it on the wane, in many parts it is increasing with astonishing rapidity. With every new encroachment of Great Britain in the East, or America in the West, the English language is borne to fresh victories. Wherever it goes, it makes entrance for our customs, trade, opinion and books.—The great classics of England are daily read in countries which the authors themselves never heard of, and by those who lately had not heard of Great Britain. No other tongue spoken by men is making such adventures; and this for reasons presently hinted at. The ancient progress of the Greek, and even the Latin, was geographically small compared with this. The expansion has been chiefly within the last one hundred years. Now that language has come to be justly regarded as one of the great factors in every philosophical and political calculation, this preponderating influence of a particular tongue must be acknowledged as one of the signal phenomena of the age. Nothing more unlikely could have been predicted 1400 years ago, when, as they say, Hengisit and Horsa, Saxon buccaneers, came over to Britain. By how large a portion of mankind the English language shall be spoken two hundred years hence, it would be wild to predict. But what is certain is, that at this moment it holds the balance of power among the tongues. Whatever there is in it, of good and bad, tends to overspread the earth. A lover of his native tongue may then rejoice with trembling. Our litereture and science are perpetually circumnavigating the globe.

A LOVER'S PLEADINGS.

'WHEN I recall the stories of my friends,' he passionately pleads, 'I could tell you a series of tragedies. One loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was poor—she was rich. Parents and relations despised him, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because it is thought a misfortune that a lady's dress should be made from the wool of a plant in America, rather than from the fibres of a worm in China. Another loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was a Protestant, she was a Catholic. Mothers and priests disagreed, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because three centuries before Charles the Fifth, Francis I. and Henry VIII. played a political game at chess. A third loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was noble—she was plebeian. The sisters were jealous, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because a hundred years ago, a soldier slew another who was threatening a king's life in battle. He was rewarded with titles and honour, and his greatgrandson atones with a blighted life for the blood which was then shed by him. Each hour, says the collector of statistics, some heart is broken; and I believe it.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

CONTENTMENT.

As for a little more money, and a little more time, why it's ten to one if either one or the other would make you a whit happier. If you had more time, it would be sure to hang heavily. It is the working man who is the happy man. Man was made to be active, and he is never so happy as when ho is so. It is the idle man who is the miserable man. What comes of holidays, and far too often of sight-seeing, but evil? Half the harm that happens is on those days. And, as for money—Don't you remember the old saying, 'Enough is as good as a feast?' Money never made a man happy yet, nor will it. There is nothing in its nature to produce happiness. The more a man has the more he wants. Instead of filling a vacum it makes one. If it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that want another way. That was a true proverb of the wise man, rely upon it: 'Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure, and trouble therewith.—