

poor too, with neither house nor money to buy one with.

He was very sad as he went up the mountain, but the day was pleasant, and the higher he ascended the lighter grew his heart. On the very top, he found a most beautiful flower, such as he had never seen before. He picked it, and stuck it in his hat for his betrothed. Looking about for another, he came to a low cavern, the mouth of which was somewhat choked with brambles. He pushed these aside, and going in, found the floor covered with small glittering stones, with which he stuffed his pockets as full as they could hold. As he was going out, he heard a muffled voice, that said, 'Do not leave the best!' Not understanding what it meant, and being afraid, he rushed out, no sooner did he breathe the free air and behold the sun, than a door, which he had not seen, immediately closed the mouth of the cavern with a great noise like thunder.

He felt after that flower—alas! it was gone! he had lost it while scooping up the little pebbles. Suddenly a dwarf stood by him, who asked, 'What has become of the flower which you found?' I have lost it, replied the shepherd mournfully. 'It was mean for you,' said the dwarf, 'and is of more value than the whole mountain beside.' Then he vanished.

Sorrowfully the shepherd went that evening to visit his betrothed, to whom he told the story of the wonderful flower. Both wept, for cottage and happy marriage seemed farther off than ever. At length the shepherd bethought him of the pebbles, and threw them with a smile into her lap. And, behold! they were all pure gold coins! And now they were happy, and bought a house and garden, and in another month they were married.

And the Wonder-Flower! The shepherds and miners hunt for it to this day, not only one the Kypphausen, but in the Hartz and the Black Forest. But the lucky finder of it has not yet appeared.

NEW WORKS.

From Year of Revolution. By Lord Normanby.

The outbreak thus commenced:—

THE FIRST SHOT.

A mob of about a hundred and fifty, many of them armed, followed by a curious crowd, had been proceeding in different directions, requiring that the houses should be illuminated. They had succeeded in this at the Ministère de la Justice, as I am told, and intended to require the same at the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères, from which, however, M. Guizot is said to have already removed himself. Upon the arrival of the crowd before the hotel, a single shot, by whom fired, will, perhaps, never be ascertained, but coming from the direction of the garden wall, broke the leg of the horse on which the major commanding the detachment of the 14th Regiment of the Line was mounted. He immediately, without the slightest notice, gave an order to fire a volley into the crowd, which had been collected before the hotel. It is stated that no less than fifty-two people, many of them women and children, were killed or wounded. An English gentleman, Mr Henry Fitzroy, who was walking quietly along on the other side of the Boulevards, told me that some fell on each side of him. The crowd immediately dispersed into the different quarters of Paris from which they had been collected shouting 'Vengeance!' and 'Treachery!' The barricades were reconstructed, new ones were formed in various parts of Paris, and when morning came it found the whole population in the greatest state of exasperation. Many of the middle classes, who had hitherto remained quiet, became indignant at this, which at first sight was supposed to have been a massacre ordered by superior authority.

ESCAPE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

At length we have the satisfactory assurance that the King is in safety, having landed at Newhaven, and proceeded by Brighton to London. It appears that he had been for some days concealed at Trouville, and had there freighted a vessel in the assumed character of an old American gentleman, who was anxious to quit the troubled scenes which distracted France, and had promised the owner a man of the name of Hally, 8,000*fr.* for the passage; but, the weather being of a most tempestuous character, he was told by a pilot, who was consulted by his attendants, that this vessel could not get out from the mooring where she then was; he, therefore, determined either to avail himself of the offer of a smaller one, which lay further out, or changing his plan completely, to go from Trouville to Rouen, and take the boat which descends the Seine just in time to meet the departure of the English steamer for Southampton. But there was then danger that M. Hally, if he suspected the identity of the supposed American, would betray him, in disgust at losing so valuable a freight. In fact, this was the reason which at length decided the King to prefer, of the two courses between which he was hesitating, the plan of ascending to Rouen, instead of starting at once in the small vessel offered to him better situated for making the open sea. But Hally, when offered a portion merely of the price promised upon the condition of giving up his vessel, did betray

him, and agitated a portion of the population with a declaration that he could show them the King attempting to escape. This project of making the descent from Rouen was, in the end, successful. The King and Queen arrived at Rouen, embarked on board the river-boat, they then re-descended in it to Havre, but had to make a short step from one quay to the other to get on board the English steamer. And here it was that the King was very near betraying himself by overacting his part of an English bourgeois anxious to return home. It was evidently of the utmost importance that, in a place where he was so likely to be personally known, he should keep himself quiet, and endeavour to escape observation. Instead of which, I hear, he was bustling about exclaiming loudly, 'Where is Mrs. Smith?—Where is my old woman? Come here, my dear.' He was, in point of fact, recognised by a fishwife on the quay, who screamed out, 'Tis the King who is making his escape.' But it was too late to stop him; he was already under the protection of the British flag—the ladder was at once loosened from the quay, and the vessel, with all her steam well up, pursued her course at full speed.

The description of Cavaignac's massacre of the democratic Republicans in June, 1848, occupies many pages of Lord Normanby's work. He gives the following anecdote:

FEMALE INSURGENTS.

I have been walking up and down for exercise within a quarter of a mile of the embassy, and two incidents of a very different character, though in both the principal figure belonged to that sex usually spared from all active participation in the chances of war, have just come within my own observation. One, which has left a most painful impression, was the sight of a poor woman, her person covered with a soldier's great coat, which one hand clasped convulsively; but enough appeared to mark her to have been a *vivandière*, carried on a stretcher towards the hospital; and by her side was a little dog, whining piteously, and licking her poor pale face, on which there was an expression of patient agony. A little further on, I met another large handsome woman, to all appearance very far advanced in pregnancy, struggling fiercely against a corporal's guard, who, I thought, were treating too roughly one in her condition, whatever might have been her political fault; but, upon inquiry, I found that the shape which had seemed to indicate a mission, in the course of nature, to bring another wretched unit into the world, had been, on the contrary, caused by a deliberate intention to send as many as possible out of it; and that within a basket-work, fixed beneath her gown, was stuffed a provision of cartridges, which she had been detected carrying to the quarter called *la petite Pologne*, in our neighbourhood, where there was a population most anxious to join the insurrection, but only deterred by want of ammunition.

DEATH OF GENERAL BREA.

Last night I mentioned a report was read from General Brea, to the effect that the insurrection had been completely subdued on the left bank of the Seine. An account has now been brought to me, which I cannot doubt is true, of his cruel and barbarous assassination at the Barrière de Fontainebleau. Having imprudently yielded to an invitation on the part of these perfidious monsters to come within the enormous barricade that was still garrisoned and defended by numbers, the general, over anxious, upon the instant, to realize the assurance he had already given to the government that the insurrection no longer existed in that quarter of the town, was induced to trust to the assurance that, if he entered their fortified works alone with his aide-de-camp, they would be disposed to listen to him. Inveigled into a side building, which they used as a head-quarter, they secured him and the three officers of his staff, subjected him first to every species of insult, and then proceeded to murder him in cold blood. A woman, who seemed to have some influence with them, did all in her power to save his life, by throwing herself between him and her associates, who were pointing muskets at him. This, I am told, was seen from the windows without the barricades, already in the power of the soldiers, but who had no means of saving the life of their general. The woman, who alone of all these engaged on that side, deserves credit for an act which proved her not entirely unsexed, was torn away by her brutal companions! The report of the critical position of the general by those who had witnessed it from the distant windows, caused the troops to rush impetuously at the barricade. Alas, too late! The unfortunate general, mortally wounded, still lingered, cruelly mutilated by the savages in whose hands he had trusted himself. When the barricade was carried by storm, he was found by the soldiers, who were much attached to him, not only dead, but a shapeless trunk, his arms, his legs, and lastly, his head, having been cut off.

The insurrection was crushed and Cavaignac triumphant. Lord Normanby immediately wrote to the President of the Assembly, denying—as was stated in some quarters—that the English had any participation in the last outbreak.

A PEER ON THE BARRICADES.

I had hardly despatched this, when a card

was brought in from Lord—, with a message that he desired to see me, as he had something of the utmost importance to communicate. Lord— was an old acquaintance, of whose eccentric character I had happened to have had many proofs. As soon as he was seated, he began with a most important air:—'I am come to inform your excellency that I have passed the last three days on the heights of Montmartre, with the insurgents.' I looked at the clock on the chimney, observed it wanted five-and-twenty minutes to four, and, stopping him short, said, 'You will excuse me; a train starts at four o'clock; if you make haste, you may still arrive at the station in time. I am aware at this moment an active search is making for some foreigners who are supposed to have been with the insurgents, who, on their side, are anxious to purchase their own safety by betraying them. I have no doubt you have only been indulging idle curiosity, but no such explanation will be listened to. After such events, a court-martial is no respecter of persons, and does not make nice distinctions; and if the facts you have stated here are proved against you by others, if you remain in Paris many hours more, the great probability is you will be shot.' I must say that there was not the least hesitation on the part of my visitor in immediately taking my advice, at the sacrifice of all the stories he had been so anxious to communicate. In looking out of the window, whilst taking leave of him, I saw a *flacre* waiting for some one at the Chancellerie door. I told him to say that I had desired him to take that. He jumped into it, and set off at a brisk pace in the direction of the station. I never saw him more.

Lord Normanby asserts that great cruelties were practised by the insurgents, and gives the following as his authority:—

DESPERATION OF THE INSURGENTS.

I enquired of M. Bastide whether it was ascertained what amount of truth there was in the reports of cruelties said to have been committed by the insurgents. He replied he regretted to believe that there had been no exaggeration on that point. It was quite true that to many of the balls had been attached poisoned linen, which had caused death in many cases where the wound itself was not mortal. The balls were also formed to make the worst possible wounds, sometimes with a piece of pointed brass stuck in them. The decomposition of the bodies was also unusually rapid. A bundle of poisoned lint was taken to one of the hospitals, and it was only upon seeing the agony it occasioned, that it was examined by the surgeons, and found to have been steeped in some corrosive liquid. A pump was seized behind the Barrière Rochebonard, the reservoir of which was half full of oil of vitrol, which these ruffians pumped in the faces of the attacking party. The story of the poisoned brandy, sold by the cantiniers, was not confirmed; but it had not at once been contradicted, from authority, as it was calculated to prevent so much drunkenness at a moment when so many men from various parts are collected in Paris. All that has been said of the cruelties practised on the Garde Mobile is true. In one place they took four or five of these children, who had surrendered as prisoners, stuck a pike through their throats under the chin, tied their hands down, and placing them in front of a window, fired between their legs, thinking the soldiers would not return the fire when they saw the Mobiles. They cut also off a head from one, filled the mouth with pitch, lighted a match in it, and danced round to the tune of 'Les Lampions.' Having surprised a small corps de garde filled with Mobiles, they killed them all in cold blood; and some female monsters amused themselves with cutting out their tongues and stringing them upon a cord.

We have the following description between Louis Napoleon and Cavaignac in the National Assembly, after the first had been elected President.

LOUIS- NAPOLEON.

I may as well add that Cavaignac got very well through all the first part of the ceremony but when Louis Napoleon, after descending from the tribune, walked up to the back bench, where the general had retired, and, in the most becoming manner, held out his hand to him, Cavaignac took it, but never got up, and turned away his head to his next neighbour. It was one of those moments when a bad temper is a man's worst enemy, for all remarked and regretted it. Certainly the Prince's whole deportment has at all times been as good as possible, and there is a calm, quiet 'impassibilité' about him which is very rare in Frenchmen.

There was much kindness and no ostentation in the manner in which he approached Cavaignac, which contrasted favourably with the rudeness of the other. However, one must make all allowance for the difference of the position of the two men. It is easier to be generous in success, than to be complaisant under extinction; and the result has been nothing less to Cavaignac and all his party.

THE MAIDEN AND MARINER. — A young damsel was preaching at Nantucket, and among other profound and original truths, told her congregation that 'every tub must stand on its own bottom.' A sailor thinking to nonplus the fair parson, rose up and asked, 'but suppose it has no bottom?' Then it's no tub, she quickly rejoined, and went on with her sermon.

Communication.

MATAPEDIA ROAD.

Matapedia, December 28, 1857.

To the Editor of the Gleaner.

SIR,—I shall in this letter endeavour to give you a faint description of that Road which has caused so much bickering, writing, and such like nuisances, which after all may not prove fruitless in its results; as it will have a tendency to place all the several matters connected with the line of road, fully and fairly before the public, that persons in the neighbourhood or at a distance may judge for themselves. I am the more induced to do so, seeing that you in a former number of your paper wished the like to be done, and that you further observed that the public in your quarter took an interest in the matter, believing, as they had a right to do, that it was not a line of road for local or selfish purposes, but a line that they were or should be as much interested in, as the people in the immediate neighbourhood, being no less than the intended great highway of the Northern part of New Brunswick as well as the District of Gaspé, to the St. Lawrence or to the Metropolis of Canada. And now that a considerable time has elapsed since you made that request, and that none of our great writers have condescended to give you the smallest information on that head, considering it, no doubt beneath their notice, I do hope that they will pardon me in presenting you with my humble opinion, and description of the country through which the line passes, and if I err, some clever fellow will put me right.

In the first place, the line of road passes along the Eastern side of the Matapedia River, from its mouth to the forks, or until it joins the old Kempt Road at Nobles: varying in distance from the margin of the stream to a mile or more, as the nature of the country will admit of, frequently passing through fine land for settlement. There are several large tracts of intervalle on both sides of the River, besides many plats of high table land suitable for agriculture. This is admitted by all, and not even disputed by Contractor; the river abounds with all kinds of fish, common to our Northern Rivers, all of which must prove a very great inducement for settlers to locate themselves along the line of Road. And I would here notice the immediate necessity for Government to order a survey, to mark off lots for settlement no survey having as yet been made further than the township of Restigouche; as I know several persons who wish to take up land and settle on the Matapedia, along the new line at once, but from the foregoing barrier, coupled with the want of a Crown Land Agent for the district, they are unable to do so. These obstacles should be removed by the Government with as little delay as possible.

Something has been said about keeping this road open in winter. Well let what will be done, I do think it will have to endure hail, rain, and snow storms, with occasional glimpses of sunshine, and that it will have to submit to the several vicissitudes of fortune which such like roads are subject to in this our Northern climate; that it will be any harder to keep open than other roads I cannot for a moment believe. It is said that the Kempt Road is preferable or equal to the present line. The Kempt Road passes over a mountainous tract of country; cut up by gulches, and intersected by the heads of streams, where a good road never could or can be made at any cost of money; and the country for many miles along the line covered with shale, forbidding the hopes of its ever being settled. And any person at all acquainted with the laws of attraction, must at once admit, that a road passing over a high mountain district will be blocked up by snow, long before a road passing along a valley would have little more than the appearance of snow, although comparatively speaking but a few miles apart. It is a known fact to lumbermen and many others, from years of experience, that snow has been known to be from eighteen inches to two feet deep on the Kempt Road, spring and fall, when little or none was to be seen on the valley of the Matapedia. But there are many other causes why the Matapedia line is preferable to the old line.

The new line, if it is not spoiled in the making, will be a level line, or comparatively speaking so, no grade need be greater than one foot to fifteen or perhaps twenty, and at very little more cost in making, and which cost I may have something to say about in my next letter; and to take a starting point at the mouth of the Little River where the two roads separate on the Restigouche side, it will be found by measurement, that both lines of road are about alike in length. This is caused by the new line shortening the distance as given by the measurement of the River, by its crossing points and elbows of the stream. Next, the old line from the aforementioned given point, passes through some five or six miles of settled country, where it enters a wild, unbroken forest, excepting where fires have ravaged, and laid the country waste for miles around, leaving it desolate and dreary to the eye and feelings of the traveller. The new line from the same