



POETRY.

From the New York American. THE ARMY IN THE FIELD.

I never see a shadowy plume Upon a soldier's crest; But I think of you, my gallant brave, Amid the far South West...

SELECT TALES.

NAPOLÉON.

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR IN ITALY.

[The following narrative, relating an instance of the clemency of Bonaparte at the period of his first campaign, is a free translation from an unpublished work by Monsieur Paul Hennocque, one of the most popular French writers of the present day.]

When the French revolution changed so many destinies, and the roads were swarming with emigrants, an open carriage, containing two travellers, was seen crossing the Alps in the direction of the capital of Piedmont.

The travellers to whom this morning prediction was addressed, were the Marquis de Solanges and his youthful daughter.

Meanwhile the carriage, impelled by the swiftness of its descent, advanced with the speed of an arrow in the direction of the bridge; a few moments more, and the travellers would have passed the alarming abyss; but the elements had ordained otherwise.

And a thick fog arose, and distant peaks of thunder were heard, whilst an almost impenetrable morning mist, shrouding the summits of the mountains, was nearly hid by the dense masses of clouds which were immediately increasing, until at length they became wholly concealed from view.

Here the roads completely impassable, but changing the route, they were enabled to proceed; the horses were unable to do more than trudge; the progress was so slow, that it was necessary to stop frequently.

Next morning, at the moment of departure, the Marquis drew forth his purse, and his bride was, of one eye, a debt far beyond that of life; you have preserved my child. Accept this slight recompense; one day, perhaps, I may be enabled to prove my gratitude in a manner more worthy of you and myself.

At length, incapable of containing himself longer, he said at Sophy's feet, pressed her hands to his lips, essayed to speak, but could only shed tears.

"What is the matter, my friend?" inquired Sophy, with solicitude.

"The matter, Sophy?" at this name, pronounced without other accompaniment, the aristocratic blood of the fair damsel hurried to her cheek—this matter is—that I love you more than I can express; Sophy had understood him.

"To rise, sir," she said haughtily; but in her accents any other than Martelli would have discovered the treacherous existence of a real affection.

"Heaven's sake, sir, an without a name, without fortune, without an education, even," thought the unhappy young man, "why should she love me?"

Martelli's heart was not, however, of a nature to bear such a trial; the following morning, therefore, at an early hour, the young mountaineer presented himself before the Marquis.

And left her from the vehicle. The effort was Herculean, and strength failing rivet by rivet.

Here the elements seemed to have exhausted the utmost of their fury; the clouds dispersed, and the heavens once more brightened, as if to give a fairer view of the scene of desolation.

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