THE HOPE OF THE FRENCH.

At the present moment, when all France, or, may we not rather say, all Europe, is awaiting with interest that event which will probably give an heir to the empire of France, the mind instinctively reverts to the past, and looks back through the vista of nearly half a century, to that moment when the reverberation of cannon, together with the silent voice of telegraphic dispatches, and the hasty messages of imperial couriers, announced to all Europe, that a son was born to Napoleon the Great. Never, perhaps, was Napoleon more worthy of this cognomen, than at that moment when, on hearing that Maria-Louisa's life was in peril, he silenced the voice of selfish ambition within his breast, and in answer to the inquiry of her physician, uttered these memorable words: 'Save the mother—it is her right.' The sacrifice which he so promptly consented to make, was not demanded of him. A son was given into his arms; and at that moment of satisfied ambition, the voice of the father spoke still more forcibly within his heart than that of the soveriegn, for it is said, that he was seen to shed tears of joy over the helples babe which lay within his arms.

The king of Rome was born on the morning of March 20, 1811. He was so feeble at the time of his birth, that it was deemed advisable that he should receive the rite of baptism without delay. On the evening of that day was he, therefore, borne to the chapel of the Tuileries, whither he was accompanied by his father and the whole imperial family. Upon a white velvet carpet, embroidered with golden bees, stood a granite pedestal, sustaining a richly chased vase of silver gilt. This was destined to be the baptismal font. The emperor placed himself at his *prie dieu*, which stood beneath a dais in the centre of the chapel. When he aproached the font to present his son to be baptiszd, there was a moment of deep silence. The conqueror seemed to be subdued into the father. Who can guess what deep emotions, what shadowy anticipations filled the heart of Napoleon the Great at that solemn moment! All within the chapel was perfectly still, while the acclamations of the multitude without bespoke the tumult of popular joy at the birth of an heir to the throne. A moment it was of vivid contrast, and so living in its historic importance, that its memory is as fresh as ever among men, while the actors of that scene are one and all passed away from the busy stage of this world's drama—

Their parts enacted, and the curtain fallen!

On his return to his own apartments, Napoleon's countenance beamed with pleasure, and he was heard to hum some favourite operatic air, as he often did, when in particular good-humour; although the falsity of his musical tones made these performances by no means agreeable to the hearer. On meeting some of his courtiers, he said to them playfully: 'Well, gentlemen, we have, I think, got a fine handsome boy. He made us wait a little, to be sure, but here he is at last!'

It was many months later, when the royal infant was presented with great ceremony at the church of Notre Dame, and received the names of Napoleon-Francis-Charles-Joseph. These were the names of his godfathers. They may still be found in his baptismal register, and found also engraved upon the tomb which closed above his uncrowned head at the early age of twenty-one years.

Napoleon idolized his son. His mode of playing with him was occasionally rather too rough for so young a child; and then if the infant shed tears, his father would say to him: 'What, sire! you are crying? O fie, fie! A king should never cry.' The little fellow was usually brought to see his father at breakfast-time; and then the emperor would dip his finger into a glass of claret, and make him suck it; or occasionally he would dip his finger into some sauce, and put it on his son's cheeks or on the tip of his little nose. This delighted the child greatly; and once he marked his desire very emphatically, that the same should be done to 'Maman Qiou,' as he called his governess, Madame de Montesquieu. The emperor had shewn his usual discernment in the selection of this lady as his son's *gouvernante*. Noble by nature as by birth, she united firmness of principle and dignity of manners with all the gentle tenderness of a loving woman's heart. Her management of her pupil was admirable. He was good-tempered and affectionate, but often also wilful and passionate. One day, when he had given way to a violent fit of passion, Madame de Montesquieu ordered all the window-shutters in his apartment to be closed. It was at noon, and the child was astonished at the sudden and unexpected darkness. He asked his governess, what was the reason of it. 'In order that no one should hear you cry, sire. Frenhcmen never would have you for their king, if they knew that you were naughty.'

'But they could not hear me, could they?'

'I fear they must, sire; you were crying so loud just now.'

'Ah, Maman Qiou,' said the little king, throwing himself into her arms, while he sobbed aloud, 'I will not do so any more. Forgive me this time, and I will be good.' The kindly *gouvernante* needed not to be urged to pardon her pupil, for she never even spoke a severe word to him but with the view to make him more worthy of the noble heritage which then seemed to await him.

The young prince's delight was to make his way to the *grands appartements*, where he always expected to find his father; and, in his impatience to reach them, he would often run on before Madame de Montesquieu. One day, on his arriving alone at the door of the emperor's cabinet, the fair-haired boy looked up to the gentleman-usher who was in attendance there, and with his little silvery voice said to him, rather imperatively:

'Open the door: I want to see papa.'

'Sire, I cannot open to your majesty.'

'Why not? I am the little king.

'But your majesty is alone.'

It was the emperor's command that his son should not be admitted without his governess. He wished to give the child a high idea of her authority, and also to check, in this quiet way, the natural wilfulness of his disposition. On receiving this answer, his eyes filled with tears. He said nothing, but gazed steadfastly at the usher, and remained perfectly still for about a minute, until Madame de Montesquieu had reached the spot; then, catching hold of her hand, and looking proudly at the usher, he said to him: 'Open the door now—the little king commands it!' ('Le petit roi le veut!') Immediately the door was opened, and the usher announced 'His Majesty the King of Rome!' The little prince, who was passionately fond of his father, flew into his arms, without taking notice of some of the ministers, who were in the emperor's cabinet, where they had just been attending a council. Napoleon, although pleased at these marks of his son's affection, checked him immediately by saying: 'You have not saluted any one, sire. Come, salute these gentlemen, if you please.' Little Napoleon, turning towards the ministerial group, and bending slightly towards them, sent them a kiss with his hand. The emperor, raising him in his arms, said to the ministers: 'Well, gentlemen, no one, I hope, will say that I neglect my son's education. You see how he does his manners.'*

Napoleon had commanded that his son should early become accessible to persons in distress who wished to solicit his aid; and this was a desire, in which he was cordially seconded by Madame de Montesquieu. One day, when the court was residing at St. Cloud, the little king of Rome was gazing out of a window, as he was very fond of doing, at all the people going to and coming from the chateau. He perceived at a little distance a young woman, dressed in deep mourning, and holding by the hand a little boy of about his own age, also clad in black. This child held in his hand a large sheet of paper, which he frequently raised up towards the king of Rome, as if desirous to attract his attention.

'Why is that little boy dressed all in black?' inquired the king of his governess.

'Probably because he has lost his father. Would you like to know what he wants?'

Her pupil answering in the affirmative, Madame de Montesquieu sent for the woman and her little boy. They proved to be the widow and orphan of an officer who had recently died of wounds received in Spain. The widow wished to solicit a pension; and she thought that a petition, presented to the king of Rome by her son, might prove more successful than if sent through any other channel. Nor was she mistaken. The little king was quite moved by the appearance of a child of his own age who looked so unhappy. He took the petition, and put it carefully by, as his father was out hunting, and he could not speak to him on that day.

The next morning, he was quite impatient to reach the emperor's apartment. 'Here, papa,' said he, 'is a petition from a little boy who was dressed all in black. His papa was killed for you; and his poor mamma wants a pension, because she is very poor, and looks so unhappy.'

'Ha! ha!' said the emperor smiling, as he drew his son towards him; 'so you are giving away pensions already! *Diable*! you are beginning early. Come, let us see who is your *protege*.'

The widow's claim proved to be a valid one, and would doubtless have been recognized at a later time; but thanks to the king of Rome's application, the warrant for her pension was forwarded to her on the very same day, together with the amount of a year's pension added to the order. It may be, that the widow and her son are yet alive, and remember with gratitude the boyish interest of the little king, as well as the prompt assistance of his imperial father.

Never, perhaps, was Napoleon's paternal heart more full of pride and hope than when, upon a later occasion, he presented his son to the army at a grand review on the Champ de Mars. His countenance beamed with happiness, as he witnessed the enthusiasm of his troops, and heard their shouts of delight. The Old Guards especially, 'the bravest of the brave,' were almost delirious with joy on seeing the king of Rome in the arms of their beloved chief and emperor.

'Was he afraid?' inquired Maria-Louisa afterwards of her husband.

'Afraid! no indeed: he knew very well that he was in the midst of his father's friends.'

After the review, Napoleon spoke for some time with M. Fontaine about the palace which he proposed building for the king of Rome, opposite to the Ecole Militaire and the Champ de Mars. He talked also of Rome to M. Fontaine, who was a true artist, and understood the subject well. Napoleon expressed his regret at never having reached the gates of that queenly city—whose name was so closely identified with that of Italy. 'But I will assuredly go there some day or other,' said he to M. Fontane; 'for it is the city of *my little king*.'

How soon these sunlit visions of future happiness faded away into gloom and darkness, it lies not within our province to tell. It remains for us here only to say, that when the infant king found himself uncrowned, expatriated, forgotten or despised by many who had once been servile in their adulation, there were two hearts at least which beat for him as fondly and as truly as in the palmy days of his early childhood. Still was he the idol of his exiled father; and still was he surrounded by the tender care of Madame de Montesquieu, who, abandoning for his sake her country, her family, her friends, accompanied the Duke of Reichstadt to an ungenial land, where she devoted herself as assiduously to his education and happiness, as if he still bore upon his brow the crown of imperial Rome, and still was the world-honoured heir of Napoleon the Great.

Change in the Times.—The 'golden' times are fast becoming "copper" times with us. Who would have dreamt, two years back, that we should have had a ride from the heart of Melbourne to the centre of Collingwood for *threepence*, and take our chop or steak at the Imperial Hotel, in Collins-street, for *sixpence*? Three-roomed stone and brick cottages are now advertised to be let at 8s. per week, for which £4 to £6 was once demanded as the weekly rental.—*Melbourne Age*.

Carrots for feeding Poultry.—*Eds. Rural*:—I have never seen anything in your paper recommending carrots as food for poultry. I feed them to my fowls every day, and find it profitable to do so. At the present high prices of grain, &c., it is worth while for people to use any substitute that will answer the same purpose. I venture to say, that those who have fed their fowls on carrots, chopped fine, will not readily discontinue the practice. The chopping is most easily done with a common sausage-meat cutter, costing about $3. These machines will pay their entire cost, in most families, in a single year, in various labor-saving ways. A couple of boys, in a single evening, could easily cut a barrel full of carrots, which if fed to hens mixed with meal, scraps, &c, would be worth much more than the same value in grain, at present prices.

At the conversational meeting of exhibitors at the last National Poultry Show, carrots were recommended for general use, as better than anything else for laying hens; "chemically considered," it was said, "they contain more of the substance necessary to form eggs, than any other food," One of the speakers went so far, as to assert that one bushel of carrot contains more food than a *hundred cart-loads* of turnips. This may be a *few* cart-loads too many, but I think their value as an article of food for almost everything in the farmer's barn and barn-yard, or even his family is not generally over-rated, else we should see more of them raised.

One reason, doubtless, why no more are grown, is the labor and expense necessary to raise a good crop. I think the usual method of raising carrots can be improved so that the crop need not cost more than one-half what it now does. In my own practice, I have managed to dispense with a good deal of labor, which I once thought necessary, and I still think there is room for improvement.

Possibly, you may hear from me again on this subject. Farmers—now is the time to enrich your own minds by writing out your experience in farming, and not forget to contribute your own mite, while profiting by the contributions of others remembering the "withholding more than is meet endeth to poverty."—*Rural New Yorker*.

The man who checked his rage, covered it with gingham.

A man has invented a kind of cement which may be effectually used in mending "family jars."

HASZARD'S GAZETTE

Wednesday, April 2, 1856.

It is contemplated, we understand, to increase the representation—for what purpose? Are not twenty-four members sufficient representation for the 71,000 people of Prince Edward Island? We would rather see something done that would attract strangers and capital to our shores, and prevent natives leaving it carrying with them their hard-earned wealth to enrich other countries. If twenty-four representatives cannot manage the local affairs of Prince Edward Island as they ought to be managed, neither will thirty. With whom has this new scheme arisen? The majority are already sufficiently strong, why add to their strength? That the proposition did not come from the minority we may be certain, and that by adopting it, it is hoped to render that minority less, we may be equally certain. One thing is clear, it will add to the expenses of Legislation. A decreasing population and increasing representation—what an anomaly. We are well aware that remonstrance will be of no avail, nor are we among those who look upon the measure with any great horror. In the multitude of counsellors there is safety saith Solomon. The greater the number, the less easy to manage, say we; and the more members there are, the greater number of expectants will there be. Nor does it always follow, that the experiment will be accompanied with the result contemplated by the maker. Among thirty representatives, it may not be an unlikely thing that there may arise some one who may not be willing to play the second fiddle, but who may insist on becoming the leader, and hence may arise an opposition much more powerful than the present, because between those of the same party, who will have each to turn to the present minority and court it to be of its side. There is no friendship, it is said, in trade, much more truly may it be said of party, the only difference between them is, that the enmity of trade is open and avowed, that of party silent and covered with the mask of friendship. Nothing is more common than for a man to possess the utmost zeal and ardor for a cause, and the most sincere friendship for the leaders of it, and by their interest get a seat in the House, and then exert his utmost endeavours to oust his former friends and patrons and exalt himself in their stead. Such things have been done and may be again, and in the strife it is possible, that a better than either may prevail. The two dogs fighting for a bone and a third one snapping it up has been exemplified before now, even in politics. We leave off as we began; we could wish to see something done that would tend to replace the capital that has gone and is still going away from the Island; something that will induce talented and wealthy foreigners to come among us and compensate for the emigration that is thinning our population of its best and most efficient arms. What we ask, is the same liberality in admitting foreigners, which has been the making of the United States, and is adopted in the neighbouring colonies, has been refused to the people whom of all others it would most tend to benefit and enrich—the tenantry of P. E. Island? We pause for a reply.

Festival of St. Patrick.—The Benevolent Irish Society and their friends celebrated the anniversary of their Patron Saint by dining together at the Globe Hotel on Wednesday evening last. About fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner, prepared in the very best style by Mrs. Cairns. His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, accompanied by his Private Secretary, was present, and responded in a very appropriate and pleasing manner to the toast given in reference to himself. There were, amongst the other guests, the Hon. Colonial Secretary, several members of the Executive Council, the Hon. the Speaker of the House of Assembly, several members of that branch of the Legislature, the Hon. Mr. Beaton, of the Legislative Council, the Clerk of the Crown, and his Worship the Mayor.

The Champagne and other wines were excellent, and the arrangements altogether reflected much credit on the Stewards, who were indefatigable in their exertions to render the celebration of this national festival, the most attractive of any thing of the kind which has been given in this place. The Amateur Band was in attendance, under the able management of Mr. Lobban, and contributed, in a great measure, to enhance the hilarity of the evening.

We append a list of the regular Toasts. They were all duly honoured, and several of them elicited eloquent addresses:—

1. The memory of our Patron Saint. Air.—"St. Patrick's Day."
2. Her Majesty the Queen—God bless her. "National Anthem."
3. His Royal Highness Prince Albert and the Royal family. "British Grenadiers."
4. His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Daly—Here's a *caed mille faltha* to the First Irish Governor who honored the Sons of St. Patrick in this Island by participating in their annual