

LOUIS PHILIPPE IN AMERICA.

(From the Savannah Georgian.)

Reflections of the most interesting character are suggested by the present visit to this country of the Prince de Joinville, third son of the King of the French.

Disguising himself as a Dane, he sailed, September 24, 1796, from Hamburg, in the ship America, Capt. Ewing, for Philadelphia.

In October, he reached Philadelphia, and met in February by his two brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and Count Benjolais, who had a tedious passage of ninety-three days in the Swedish ship Jupiter, from Marseilles.

They crossed the Alleghenies to Knoxville and Nashville, and then turned northward to Pittsburgh, thence up to Erie and Buffalo, and thence to the falls of Niagara.

PHILADELPHIA, August 23rd, 1797.

"I hope you have received the letter which we wrote you from Pittsburgh, two months since. We were then in the midst of a great journey, which we finished fifteen days ago.

I have taken a sketch of it, and I intend to paint a gouache from it; which my dear little sister shall certainly see at our tender mother's; but it is not yet commenced, and it will take me much time, for truly it is no small work.

The yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia on their return, and these Princes were so poor and reduced as to be unable to leave the city until a fortunate remittance from their mother gave them the means of making an excursion to New York, Boston, and the Eastern States.

A little incident, illustrative of the strong and versatile character of the king, occurred in Carlisle, in Pennsylvania. He was thrown from his wagon, and, knowing that he required bleeding, he slowly crawled to the house of a farmer, and requested assistance, opened a vein in his own arm and derived the benefit he expected.

Such is the rapid outline of the American part of Louis Philippe's history. It was full of incidents and vicissitudes, stirring scenes, mutations of fortune, escapes, perils, and adventures.

This country once traversed in poverty, and peril, and weariness, by the persecuted sire, is now visited by his royal son, in princely character and glory; nay, more, that very son, and the very ship he commands, were commissioned to transport from their solitary resting place the remains of that colossal genius of military power, and bring back to his own loved France its idolized Napoleon.

eyes upon our now teeming population, and behold, in the then solitudes of the West, cities, states, territories, with millions of stirring, bustling inhabitants—could be, in the vicinity of Canandaigua, again meet Lord Arbuton, who then so bitterly complained of the roads, that he doubted whether Niagara itself would compensate his toil—could he again visit the spot, then unbuild, unplanned, which now is the capital of our nation, and the seat of our government, he would believe himself not in America of 1795 and 1796, but in a new world, where every feature was strange, and every scene novel.

"This land is like an eagle, whose young gaze Feeds on the noon-tide beam; whose golden plume Floats moveless on the storm; and in the blaze Of sunbeams gleams, when earth is wrapt in gloom; An epitaph of glory for the tomb Of murdered Europe."

THE SMUGGLER'S WIFE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

It was night, in fact midnight, and Dudley Raymond, choosing the partial shade afforded by two or three large trees, had waited with anxious heart for more than an hour. At last the house door was gently opened, and as stealthily closed; a light figure tripped noiselessly over the lawn, and in another minute Margaret Seymour was in his arms.

"Very aged;—something more than one-and-twenty; but I do not perceive either wrinkles or grey hairs yet." And Dudley was cheated of a smile, though his heart was too full for mirth. "I am serious," she continued: "grief has a marring hand; and that is a foolish reckoning which measures time by the even flight of weeks, and months, and years.

I am altered; you will judge how much, when I tell you the manner in which I have passed my time since my father's death. Abhorring my step-mother, and feeling certain it was through her influence he left me dependent on her will, I have, though dwelling under the same roof, shunned her presence as much as possible.

"I have a presentiment of evil, which I cannot shake off." "Foolish girl!" "Listen to me, Dudley! Within the last hour, by a spontaneous effort of memory, the whole of my past life has passed in rapid review before me, more vividly, more distinctly, than my will could have commanded.

A few minutes before midnight, the smuggler left his cottage, to meet his companions on the beach. Margaret unfastened and refastened the door with a tolerably steady hand, but as she turned back to the cheerful fire-side to keep her solitary watch, again she burst into tears.

Resistance would gloried in your fame, and the world's high report; but I will be only the woman now, and rejoice that we need not again be so long and so widely separated." He did not answer; but as he drew her yet nearer, and looked down into those large, lustrous, tearful eyes, he read in one long and earnest gaze, the perfect faith of woman's untrusting and unselfish love.

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She watched the first few strokes of the oar, but, as she turned from the water's edge, she was attracted by something glittering at her feet. In a moment she recognized the little box Dudley had snatched from her hand, and as she raised, and once more fastened it to the chain at her neck, she murmured—"It is an omen; but I have decided."

He implored her to forego her purpose, whatever it was, but she was deaf to his entreaties, declaring, "It has been reserved for her." "Not for you, Margaret, but for me!" he exclaimed, in a tone of thrilling energy, and drawing her towards him, murmured, "You will save me from this horror of horrors!"

—the last but one. That night Margaret was again admitted, and as usual carefully examined, lest she should convey any implement of self-destruction to the prisoner. She remained longer, far longer than the allotted time, and the gaoler drew near (he had never lost sight of them), to remind her she must withdraw.

—Friendship's Offering for 1842.

M. THIERS.—He is a sort of modern Prometheus, capable of creating and vivifying with the electric spark of mind; but whether he would steal the fire from Heaven, or a less elevated region, I am not prepared to say.

—Lady Blessington's "Idler in France."