

"And you, Napoleon?"

"I have said, papa, that I did not do it."

"That's a falsehood!" exclaimed Severia, who, being an old domestic, took great liberties.

"If you were not a woman!" said Napoleon, shaking his small clenched hand at her.

"Silence! Napoleon," said his father, sternly.

"It must have been you, Napoleon," said Severia; "for after putting the fruit into the cupboard, I never left the ante-room, and not a soul passed through except the archdeacon and yourself. If he has not taken them—"

"I wish truly I had," said the old gentleman, "and then I should not have the grief of seeing one of my children persist in a lie."

"Uncle, I am not guilty," repeated Napoleon firmly.

"Do not be obstinate, but confess," said his father.

"Yes," added the canon; "'tis the only way to escape punishment."

"But I never touched the fruit—indeed, I did not."

"Napoleon," said his uncle, "I can not believe you. I shall give you five minutes; and if, at the end of that time, you do not confess, and ask for pardon, I shall whip you."

"A whip is for horses and dogs, not for children!" said the boy.

"A whip is for disobedient, lying children," replied his father.

"Then 'tis unjust to give it me, for I am neither a liar nor disobedient." So saying, Napoleon crossed his arms on his chest, and settled himself in a firm attitude.

Meantime his brothers and his sister Pauline came close to him, and whispered good-natured entreaties that he would confess.

"But how can I, when I have not done wrong?"

"So you are still obstinate?" said his uncle. And taking him by the arm, he led him into the next room. Presently the sound of sharp repeated blows was heard, but not a cry or complaint from the little sufferer.

Madame Bonaparte was away from home, and in the evening her husband went to meet her, accompanied by Joseph, Lucien, and Eliza. M. Fesch and the canon were also about to depart, and in passing through the ante-room, they saw Napoleon standing, pale and grave, but proud, and firm-looking as before.

"Well, my child," said his father, "I hope you will now ask your uncle's pardon?"

"I did not touch the fruit, papa."

"Still obstinate! As the rod will not do, I shall try another method. Your mother, brothers, Eliza, and I, will be away for three days, and during that time you shall have nothing but bread and water, unless you ask your uncle's forgiveness."

"But, papa, won't you let him have some cheese with his bread?" whispered little Pauline.

"Yes, but not *broccio*."

"Ah do, papa, please let him have *broccio*; 'tis the nicest cheese in Corsica!"

"That's the reason he does not deserve it," said his father, looking at the boy with an anxious expression, as if he hoped to see some sign of penitence on his face. But none such appearing, he proceeded toward the carriage.

Joseph and Lucien took a kind leave of their brother, but Eliza seemed unwilling and afraid to go near or look at him.

The three days passed on, heavily enough for poor Napoleon, who was in disgrace, and living on bread, water, and cheese, which was not *broccio*. At length the party returned, and little Panoria, who was watching for her friend Eliza, came with them into the house.

"Good-morning, uncle," said Madame Bonaparte to the archdeacon, "how are you? And where are Napoleon and Pauline?"

"Here I am, mamma," said the latter throwing her arms around her mother's neck.

"And Napoleon?"

"He is here," said the canon.

"Has he confessed?" asked his father.

"No," replied the uncle. "I never before witnessed such obstinacy."

"What has he done?" asked his mother.

The canon, in reply, related the story of the fruit; but before he could finish it, Panoria exclaimed—

"Of course, poor fellow, he would not confess what he never did!"

"And who did take the fruit?" asked the canon.

"I and Eliza," replied the little girl without hesitation.

There was a universal exclamation.

"My poor child," said the archdeacon, embracing Napoleon tenderly, "why did you not undeceive us?"

"I suspected it was Eliza," replied Napoleon; "but I was not sure. At all events, I would not have told, for Panoria's sake, who is not a liar."

The reader may imagine how Napoleon was caressed and rewarded to make him amends for the pain he had unjustly suffered. As to Eliza, she was severely and rightly punished: first for her gluttony; and then for what was much worse—her cowardice and deceit in allowing her innocent brother to suffer for her fault.

#### \* WILBERFORCE AND CHALMERS.

I HAVE seldom observed a more amusing and pleasing contrast between two great men than between Wilberforce and Chalmers. Chalmers is stout and erect, with a broad countenance—Wilberforce minute, and singularly twisted: Chalmers, both in body and mind, moves with a deliberate step—Wilberforce, infirm as he is in his advanced years, flies about with astonishing activity, and while, with nimble finger, he seizes on every thing that adorns or diversifies his path, his mind flits from object to object with unceasing versatility. I often think that particular men bear about

with them an analogy to particular animals: Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion—Wilberforce is like a bee: Chalmers can say a pleasant thing now and then, and laugh when he has said it, and he has a strong touch of humor in his countenance, but in general he is *grave*, his thoughts grow to a great size before they are uttered—Wilberforce sparkles with life and wit, and the characteristic of his mind is “rapid productiveness.” A man might be in Chalmers’s company for an hour, especially in a party, without knowing who or what he was—though in the end he would be sure to be detected by some unexpected display of powerful originality. Wilberforce, except when fairly asleep, is never latent. Chalmers knows how to veil himself in a decent cloud—Wilberforce is always in sunshine. Seldom, I believe, has any mind been more strung to a perpetual tune of love and praise. Yet these persons, distinguished as they are from the world at large, and from each other, present some admirable points of resemblance. Both of them are broad thinkers, and liberal feelers; both of them are arrayed in humility, meekness, and charity: both appear to hold self in little reputation: above all, both love the Lord Jesus Christ, and reverently acknowledge him to be their *only Saviour*.—*Hanna’s Memoirs of Chalmers*.

## MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

(Continued from page 698.)

### CHAPTER XIII.

MR. DALE had been more than a quarter of an hour conversing with Mrs. Avenel, and had seemingly made little progress in the object of his diplomatic mission, for now, slowly drawing on his gloves, he said,

“I grieve to think, Mrs. Avenel, that you should have so hardened your heart—yes—you must pardon me—it is my vocation to speak stern truths. You can not say that I have not kept faith with you, but I must now invite you to remember that I specially reserved to myself the right of exercising a discretion to act as I judged best, for the child’s interests, on any future occasion; and it was upon this understanding that you gave me the promise, which you would now evade, of providing for him when he came into manhood.”

“I say I will provide for him. I say that you may ‘prentice him in any distant town, and by-and-by we will stock a shop for him. What would you have more, sir, from folks like us, who have kept shop ourselves? It ain’t reasonable what you ask, sir?”

“My dear friend,” said the Parson, “what I ask of you at present is but to see him—to receive him kindly—to listen to his conversation—to judge for yourselves. We can have but a common object—that your grandson should succeed in life, and do you credit. Now, I doubt very much whether we can effect this by making him a small shopkeeper.”

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“And has Jane Fairfield, who married a common carpenter, brought him up to despise small shopkeepers?” exclaimed Mrs. Avenel, angrily.

“Heaven forbid! Some of the first men in England have been the sons of small shopkeepers. But is it a crime in them, or their parents, if their talents have lifted them into such rank or renown as the haughtiest duke might envy? England were not England if a man must rest where his father began.”

“Good!” said, or rather grunted, an approving voice, but neither Mrs. Avenel nor the Parson heard it.

“All very fine,” said Mrs. Avenel, bluntly. “But to send a boy like that to the university—where’s the money to come from?”

“My dear Mrs. Avenel,” said the Parson, coaxingly, “the cost need not be great at a small college at Cambridge; and if you will pay half the expense, I will pay the other half. I have no children of my own, and can afford it.”

“That’s very handsome in you, sir,” said Mrs. Avenel, somewhat touched, yet still not graciously. “But the money is not the only point.”

“Once at Cambridge,” continued Mr. Dale, speaking rapidly, “at Cambridge, where the studies are mathematical—that is, of a nature for which he has shown so great an aptitude—and I have no doubt he will distinguish himself; if he does, he will obtain, on leaving, what is called a fellowship—that is a collegiate dignity accompanied by an income on which he could maintain himself until he made his way in life. Come, Mrs. Avenel, you are well off; you have no relations nearer to you in want of your aid. Your son, I hear, has been very fortunate.”

“Sir,” said Mrs. Avenel, interrupting the Parson, “it is not because my son Richard is an honor to us, and is a good son, and has made his fortune, that we are to rob him of what we have to leave, and give it to a boy whom we know nothing about, and who, in spite of what you say, can’t bring upon us any credit at all.”

“Why? I don’t see that.”

“Why?” exclaimed Mrs. Avenel, fiercely—“why? you know why. No, I don’t want him to rise in life: I don’t want folks to be spieering and asking about him. I think it is a very wicked thing to have put fine notions in his head, and I am sure my daughter Fairfield could not have done it herself. And now, to ask me to rob Richard, and bring out a great boy—who’s been a gardener, or plowman, or such like—to disgrace a gentleman who keeps his carriage, as my son Richard does—I would have you to know, sir, no! I won’t do it, and there’s an end to the matter.”

During the last two or three minutes, and just before that approving “good” had responded to the Parson’s popular sentiment, a door communicating with an inner room had been gently opened, and stood ajar; but this incident neither party had even noticed. But now the door was thrown boldly open, and the traveler whom the Parson had met at the inn walked up to Mr.