THE "JEROME NAPOLEON," PRINCE NAPOLEON'S STEAM-YACHT, NOW IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.

ᵗᵉⁿant-colonel Chambers saw a wounded sol-
ⁱ⁻ ᵒᵈⁿeted by a rebel in cold blood. Colonel
ᵃ wounded, and bleeding to death, was fired
ⁿⁿ⁰ⁿ so that he had to be moved six times
ᵃⁱ ⁱⁿ⁰ns before his wounds could be dress-
ᵉ Black Horse Cavalry rode down to the
ⁱᵘrch, which was used as a hospital, and
ⁱ revolvers through the windows at the
ᵃ they lay. In a word, scores upon
ⁱ⁻ᵇˡe vitnesses testify that at this Bull
ˡ savages who fought under the Con-
ⁱ systematically butchered the wound-
ⁱ not only in obedience to their own
ⁱ⁻ᵗˢ, but by the order of their officers.

ON HER DEATH-BED.

A LULLABY.

hush! the still dews are falling—
ⁱᵘffles all the earth, and steals over the sea,

the moon—but, ah, the fairest moon
ᵉ bring my darling back to me, love!

hush! the gray light is dawning—
ⁱⁱes from earth and sea, and peace hurries
ⁱ, love;
the morn—but, ah, the morning light
ⁱᵉʳ eyes than mine to fill to-day, love!

ⁱʸ, hush! the dull winds are waking—
ⁱ over land and sea, and wild thorough the sky,

ⁱ⁻ⁱem mourn—the love that man can give
ⁱᵉʳ fill my darling's heart like my love!

Ah, how they wail! And yet, they have tidings—
Tidings to a mother's soul too sweet not to be true,
love;
Death may be dark; but soon there is a day
When Love Himself shall lead me back to you, love!

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

Trample! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! pad! PAD! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.—
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to-day.

Thud! THUD! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! RAP! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on!—I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,
Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their steel hoofs beat
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.

I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolfs' eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the May,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat:
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed;
I sliced the villain's crown.
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town!

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand:
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S YACHT.

WE publish on this page a picture of PRINCE
NAPOLEON'S YACHT, the Jerome Napoleon, now ly-
ing in this port, where she arrived on 27th. She
is about 1200 tons measurement, and is propelled
by a screw, with an engine of 300 horse power. She
is handsomely modeled, and is rigged as a bark, in
polacca style. In place of the usual white streak
there is a wide gilt band around the ship. Her
crew consists of 150 persons. The seamen are

dressed in the blue of the French navy, and
neat tarpaulin hats. The servants wear th
perial livery. The interior arrangement ⁿⁱ
orations of the ship are rich, without atteⁿ
meretricious display. The officers' rooms aᵉ
els of comfort and neatness in their arrangeᵉ
and decorations. The great saloon is ⁱⁿⁱⁱ
somewhat in the style of the grand saloon
Great Eastern. She carries two 12-pouⁿⁱ
carronades for firing signals or salutes.

The following account of the disting ⁱˢⁱ
elers is from the Times:

Prince Napoleon is a son of Jerome Napoleon ᵇ⁰ᵗ
ond wife, and stands next after the Prince Imperⁱ
to the throne of the Napoleons. He is about ³⁵ ᵗ
of age—stoutish, about five feet eight, and rathᵉⁱ
poleon the First in face.

His Princess Clotilde (Marie Therese Louise Cⁱⁱⁱⁱⁱ
write the name in full) is a daughter of Victor Emᵃ
and it will be remembered that the union, a couⁱ
years ago, was looked upon as a "political marriⁱ
The alliance was determined upon by an intimate ⁱⁱ
standing between the two sovereigns, and the reciⁱⁱ
interests of France and Piedmont, and the negotiatiᵒ
bring it about were delayed more than a year. Shⁱ
born in 1843, and is consequently at present in her ⁿⁱⁱ
teenth year, and is petite, of Italian complexion and feᵃ
ures, and very prepossessing and unassuming in manneⁱ
With the Princess, as her first maid of honor, is the Duⁱⁱ
ess d'Abrantes, also quite young and very pretty.

Among the suite of the Prince are two Colonels of thⁱ
Empire, M. Ragon and M. Ferri Pisani, both of them aⁱⁱⁱⁱ
de-camp—the former Governor of the island of Guⁱ
loupe, now a commander in the French navy, M. Bonfⁱⁱ
and M. Maurice Sand, son of Madame George Sand, thⁱ
illustrious novelist, and himself an author of mark. Thⁱ
commander of the vessel is M. Georgette de Bⁱⁱon, aⁱ
the officers are Lieutenant Brecque; M. Brunet, Enⁱ
and Artillery Officer of the ship; Ensign Aragoⁱⁱⁱⁱⁱⁱ
of the great astronomer; Ensign De la Gueⁱⁱⁱⁱⁱⁱ
of the French senator, newly elevated from the Parⁱ
editorial ranks; M. Orange, Purser; Surgeon Bedanⁱ
and Chief-Engineer Monnier.