THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

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NAPOLEON'S THREE WARNINGS.

The celebrated Fouche, Duke of Otranto, was retained but a short time, it is well known, in the service of the Bourbons, after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Province, and there lived in affluent ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. Curiosity attracted many visitors around this remarkable man, and he was habitually free in communicating his reminiscences of the great events which it had been his lot to witness. On one occasion the company assembled in his saloon heard from his lips the following story.

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the power and authority of a king, every thing about him, even in the days of the consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchichal habitudes were revived one by one. Among the other revivals of this kind, the custom of attending mass previous to the hour of audience, was restored by Bonaparte, and himself was punctual in his appearance at the chapel of St. Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the chorists, and great crowds of busy, talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the First Consul and Josephine could be seen, with their suits and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the muscular court of the people.

At one particular time the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eye of her husband was too much directed to a window in the gallery, where there regularly appeared the form and face of a young girl of uncommon beauty. The chestnut tresses, brilliant eyes, and graceful figure of this personage, caused more uneasiness to the Consul's wife, as the stranger's glances were bent no less often upon Bonaparte than his were upon her.

"Who is that young girl?" said Josephine one day at close of service; what can she seek from the First Consul? I observed her to drop a billet just down at his feet. He picked it up; I saw him."

No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice precisely was, though there were some who declared her to be an emigrant lately returned, and one who probably was desirous of the intervention of the First Consul in favor of her family.

With such guesses as this the Consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of that same day had passed, Bonaparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and accordingly went out, accompanied by his wife, his brother Joseph, Generals Duroc and Cambaceres, and Hortense Beauharnois, wife of Louis Bonaparte. The King of Prussia had just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four in number, and these harnessed to an open chariot for the party. The Consul took it into his head to drive in person, and mounted into the coachman's place. The chariot set off, but just as it was turning into the park, it went crash against a stone at the gate, and the First Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell prostate in a stunned or insensible condition. Meanwhile, the horses sprang forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself out and seized the loose reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning state. The rest of the party quickly returned to the First Consul, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing which he did was to put his hand into his pocket, and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Leaning over his shoulder Josephine read these words—"Do not drive out in your carriage to-day."

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte, "No one could forsee that I was to play the part of a coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon after he returned, very pale, and took the First Consul aside.

"Citizen Consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone, and stopped our drive, we had all been lost!"

"How?" was the reply.

"There was in the carriage, concealed behind the back seat, a bomb—a real massive bomb, and with a slow match attached to it—kindled! Things had been so arranged, that in a quarter of an hour we should have been scattered among the trees in the park of St. Cloud. There must be some treachery close at hand. Fouche must be told of this—Dubois must be warned."

"Not a word to them!" replied Bonaparte. "The knowledge of one plot but engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambaceres—tell none of them; and let the government journals say not a word about my fall."

The First Consul was then silent for some time. At length he said—"Duroc, you come to-morrow to mass in the chapel, and examine with attention a young girl whom I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery on the right. Follow her home, or cause her to be followed—and bring me intelligence of her nature, her abode and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself, I would not have the police interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb and removed it?"

"I have, Citizen Consul."

"Come, then, let us again drive in the park," said Bonaparte.

The drive was resumed, but on this occasion the coachman was allowed to fulfil his own duties.

On the morrow the eye of more than one person was turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient First Consul, with his confident Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention payed by them to the services that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. The girl was seen at mass no more.

The summers of Napoleon were chiefly spent at Malmaison; the winters at St. Cloud and the Tuileries. Winter had come on, and the First Consul had been holding Court in the great apartments of the last of these palaces. It was the 3d of the month, which the republican well called *nivose*, and, in the evening, Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aid-de camp Lanriston, and Generals Lannes and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female, wrapped in a black mantle, rushed out upon the Place Carrousel, made her way into the middle of the guards about to accompany Napoleon, and held forth a paper to him, saying:

"Citizen Consul! Citizen Consul!—read—read!"

Bonaparte, with that smile which Bourriene describes as so irresistible, saluted the petitioner, and stretched out his hand for the missive.

"A petition, madame?" said he inquiringly; and then continued, "Fear nothing; I shall peruse it and see justice done."

"Citizen Consul!" cried the woman, imploringly joining her hands.

What she would have further said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterwards said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses, and off they sprung with the speed of lightning. Napoleon, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companion:

"I could not well see her figure, but I thing the poor woman is young."

The carriage dashed rapidly along; it was issuing from the street of St. Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingling with and followed by the crash of broken windows. The *infernal machine* had exploded! Uninjured, the carriage of the Consul, and its inmates, were whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with a serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted as usual the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises upon such occasions. All were stunned and stupified; Bonaparte alone was perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms, listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put in his hands. He took it out, and read these lines:

"In the name of Heaven, Citizen Consul, do not go to the opera to-night; if you do go, pass not through the street St. Nicholas."

The warning came, in some respects, too late.

On reading these words, the First Consul chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box on the third tier, sat the young girl of the chapel of St. Cloud, with joined hands, seeming to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chestnut hair, and her person was wrapped in a dark mantle, which the Consul recognized as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door. "Go," said Bonaparte, quietly but quickly to Lannes, "go to the box exactly opposite to us on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to the Tuileries. I must see her;" and without raising his eyes, but to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the general's arm, and said, pointing upward, "See there—look!"

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone; no black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was in vain. The boxkeeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouche and Dubois; but all the zeal of the functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine, and the strange accompanying circumstances tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eye of Bonaparte. To the Consulate succeeded the Empire, and victory after victory marked the career of the great Corsican. At length the hours of change came. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the Emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken in terror over half the civilized earth. The isle of Elba became for the day the most remarkable spot on the globe; and, finally, the resuscitated empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot in the barque which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends who had followed the fallen chief to the very last were standing by him to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lips which had recently given the farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At this instant, a woman broke the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of womanhood, not a girl, but young enough to retain unimpaired that beauty for which she would have been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety, adding interest to her appearance even at that moment. "Sire," said she, presenting a paper at that moment, "read! read!" The Emperor took the epistle presented to him, but kept his eye upon the presenter. He seemed, it may be, to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze of the park of St. Cloud, or to hear the choristers chanting melodeously in the chapel, as he had heard them in other days. Josephine, Duroc, and all his friends, came haply before him, and among them the face which he was wont to see at the fourth window in the gallery. His eye was now on that countenance in reality, altered, yet the same. These illusory recollections were of short duration. Napoleon shook his head, and held the paper to his eye. After perusing its contents, he took the paper between his hands, and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire," said the woman, "follow the advice! be warned! it is yet time!"

"No," replied he; and taking from his finger a beautiful oriental ruby, valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, held it out to the woman. She took it, kneeling and kissing the hand which presented it. Turning his head, the Emperor then stepped into the boat, which waited to take him to the vessel. Not long afterward he was pining on the rock of St. Helena.

Thus, of three warnings, two were useless because neglected until the danger had occurred, and the third—which prognosticated Napoleon's fate if once in the power of his adversaries—the third was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"

"Oh," replied Fouche, "I know not with certainty. The Emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret."

All that is known respecting the matter is, that a female related to St. Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street Saint Nicholas, died at the hospital of Hol Dieu in 1837, and that around her neck was suspended, by a silk ribbon, the exquisite ornamental ruby of Napoleon.

A SPIRITED PHOTOGRAPH.

"One who has lived in Georgia and South Carolina," writes to the London Daily News to say that those States will probably refuse to pull together in the long run, for the reason that Georgia possesses an industrial community who are by nature honest, notwithstanding their drift into secession, while South Carolina—"was settled by poor nobility, decayed aristocracy, discontented Canadians, out-at-elbows gentlemen, polite swindlers, and the riff-raff of broken down noblesse, gamblers and demireps of London and Paris. This was the original stock. Much of it has since, by their beautiful domestic system, been improved, strengthened and made more vigorous by an infusion of blood from the more athletic and industrious race known in history as the descendants of Ham." The writer, after laying on these strong colors, fills his canvass thus: "South Carolina may be called a lazy, genteel, ambitious, piratical fillibuster; while Georgia is a modest, homespun, unrefined, plodding, honest tiller of the soil. Query, will Georgia submit to bear part of the burdens of taxation in a debt of six hundred to a thousand millions brought on by a war that was entirely due to South Carolina originally, and afterwards backed up, aided and abetted primarily by Virginia and Mississippi. Let the slippery speculators who are so anxious to buy Confederate bonds and then sell out to a parcel of simpletons and 'lame ducks' in twenty-four hours, give an answer."

☞ This line fills the column.

SPIRITUAL POETRY.

"The following lines were given by the spirit of Edgar A. Poe, on Sunday night, January 11, 1863, at Metropolitan Hall, through the mediumship of Miss Lizzie Doten. The circumstances attendant upon the death of Poe are not generally known; it may therefore, be as well to state that in passing through Baltimore, a few days before his intended marriage with a lady of fortune in Virginia, he was induced, probably by some of his old associates, to partake of the intoxicating draught, although he had entirely abstained during the previous year. This aroused the appetite which had been slumbering within him, and in a short time he was found wandering through the streets in a drunken delirium. He was taken to a hospital, and on the seventh of October, 1849, at the age of thirty-eight, he closed his troubled life on earth. His *spirit*, however, *still lives* and has vividly depicted in this poem the terrors and tortures through which he passed during his last hours here.

"Baltimore, Jan. 23, 1863."

THE STREETS OF BALTIMORE.—BY EDGAR A. POE.

Woman weak, and woman mortal,
Through my spirit's open portal
I would read the Runic record
Of mine earthly being o'er—
I would feel that fire returning,
Which within my soul was burning,
When my star was quenched in darkness,
Set to rise on earth no more,
When I sank beneath life's burthen
In the streets of Baltimore!

* * * * * *

No one near to save or love me!
No hind face to watch above me!
Though I heard the sound of footsteps,
Like the waves upon the shore!
Beating, beating, beating, beating,
Now advancing, now retreating—
With a dull and dreamy rhythm—
With a long, continuous roar—
Heard the sound of human footsteps,
In the streets of Baltimore!

There at length they found me lying,
Weak and 'wildered, sick and dying,
And my shattered wreck of being
To a kindly refuge bore!
But my woe was past enduring,
And my soul cast off its mooring,
Crying, as I floated outward:
"I am of the earth no more!
I have forfeited life's blessing
In the streets of Baltimore!"

* * * * * *

Gazing back without lamenting,
With no sorrowful repenting,
I can read my life's sad story
In a light unknown before!
For there is no woe so dismal,
Not an evil so abysmal,
But a rainbow arch of glory
Spans the yawning chasms o'er!
And across that bridge of beauty
Did I pass from Baltimore!

In that grand, eternal city,
Where the angel hearts take pity
On the sin which men forgive not,
Or inactively deplore,
Earth has lost the power to harm me!
Death can never more alarm me!
And I drink fresh inspiration
From the source which I adore—
Through my grand apotheosis—
That new birth in Baltimore!

Now no longer sadly yearning—
Love for love finds sweet returning—
And there comes no ghostly raven,
Tapping at my chamber-door!
Calmly in the golden glory,
I can sit and read life's story—
For my soul from out that shadow
Hath been lifted evermore—
From that deep and dismal shadow,
In the streets of Baltimore!

Miscellany.

The pilot of the iron-clad Keokuk is under arrest, charged with running her ashore on Morris' Island, that the rebels might capture her.

The enemy have not been strengthened as reported. They are now 15,000 weaker than at Fredericksburg. Gen. Lee is sick and Jackson is in command, and if he will only stay sick they will be 50,000 less than they were at Fredericksburg.

At the instance of foreign banks agents were sent to Europe about four weeks ago to make sale of our bonds authorized to be issued by the last Congress. A late telegram brought news that large sums will be supplied to the Government credit in Hamburg, London, and Paris.

Rumors have been circulated during the last few days that the rebels are about to abandon their present position. Prisoners are brought in almost daily from outposts but their information is conflicting and unsatisfactory.

A rumor bearing some marks of authenticity says that a rebel force is moving on Wheeling and Pittsburg.

AN UNWELCOME DAD.—An old farmer out West, who had two good looking daughters, would not permit them to keep the company of young men. After the old man had retired to rest, the girls would hang a sheet out of the window, and each beau, with the assistance of his lady, would thus gain an entrance. It so happened that one evening one of the girls hung out the sheet to early, and the old gentleman spying the article could not make out the meaning of it. So he caught hold and endeavored to pull it down. The girls, supposing it to be one of their fellows, began to hoist, and did not discover their mistake until the old man's head was level with the window sill, when one of them exclaimed, "Oh, Lord, it's dad!" and letting go the sheet, down came the old gentleman to the ground, dislocating his shoulder. Withdrawing all opposition to their keeping company, he was soon a father-in-law.

MOHAMMED AND HIS WORD.

Driven on by the secret impulses of the age; overcome with the grandeur of the mission to which he was appointed; mistaking the passions with which he was inflamed for the inspiration he braved; reckless, daring, subtle—he preserved, in the midst of his delusions, in all the confusion of his teeming fancies, in all the disorder of his wild ambition, that steadiness of purpose, that marvelous wisdom, that just conception of the tendency of the age and of the wants of his nation, and absorbing identification of his mind with its mind, of his will with its will—that profound understanding of the influences which controlled it, of the passions which deformed and the virtues which ennobled it—which would have made him one of the greatest sovereigns, if he had not succeeded in becoming one of the greatest of reformers.

In Arabia, Christianity had made but little progress, already encumbered as it was with theological machinery, too obscure for the easy comprehension or the satisfactory solace of those fiery sons of the desert, who, in the midst of their idolatries, had never wholly lost sight of the Jewish conception of one God. Christianity had to plant itself in the hearts of the nation it subdued. Monammedism already existed. It was but roused by Mohammed to a newer life—quickened by a fresher impulse. The fire once kindled spread rapidly and far. The heart of the East throbbed fast. Fired by the visions of the future which opened upon their fevered eyes, the armies of the prophet swept over Western Europe till struck down in their drunken career by Charles Martel, they reeled away forever. It is thus, in the previous history of Arabia, that the chief explanation of Mohammed's success is to be found.

Other men may have been as great, but the sphere was wanting for the exhibition of their power. Revolutions which are to have a significance in the history of the world, which mark phases of progress and constitute epochs of change, never fail to develop remarkable characters—to perplex us again with the mystery of genius. But without this world wide meaning, a revolution is but a whirlwind or a disease, and dies away from the memory of man as swiftly as it came. Thus, in all this long history of the East, among these ancient races through these countless ages, there is but one name to attract, one career to instruct us—the life of Mohammed and the doctrines of Islam.

"A KEERFUL SHEPHERD."

Mormonism is still in practical operation amongst us. On last Friday, a tall rawboned saint, with a complexion very much resembling boiled tripe, arrived here from Pittsburg, with a couple of wives, but deeming his flock too small to start Salt Lakeward with, held forth as follows to an admiring audience, at a house over the canal, with a view to the perfection of the material necessary to the completion of his domestic felicity. His text was:

"*Men is skeerce and weemen is plenty.*"

"Brothers and Sistern—pertickeler the sistern: I want to say a few words to you about Mormonism—not for my own sake but for yourn, for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty.

"Mormonism is built on that high old principle which sez that it ain't good for man to be alone, and a mighty sight worse for a woman. Therefore if a man feels good with a little company, a good deal of it ought to make him feel an awful sight better.

"The first principle of Mormonism is that women are a good thing, and the second principle is, that you can't have too much of a good thing. Woman is tenderer than man, and is necessary to smooth down the roughness of his character, and as a man has a good many rough pints in his natur, he oughtn't to give one woman too much to do, but set each one to work smoothing some particular pint.

"Don't think I'm over anxious for you to jine us, for I ain't. I'm not speaking for my good, but for yourn; for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty.

"I said weemen is tenderer than men, but you needn't feel stuck up, for so she ought to be, she was made so a purpose. But how was she made so? Where did she git it from? Why, she was created out of the side bone of a man, and the side bone of a man is like the side bone of a turkey—the tenderest part of him. Therefore, a woman has three side bones and a man only one, of course she's three times as tender as a man is, and is in duty bound to repay that tenderness of which she robbed him. And how did she rob him of his side bone? Why, exactly as she robs his pockets now-a days of his loose change—she took advantage of him when he was asleep.

"But as a woman is more tenderer than a man, so is a man more forgivener than a woman; therefore, I won't say anything more about the side bone or the small change, but invite you all to jine my train, for I am a big shepherd out our way, and fare sumptuously every day on purple and fine linen.

"When I first landed on the shores of Great Salt Lake I wasn't rich in weemen, I had but one poor old yoe, but men is skeerce and weemen is plenty, and like a keerful shepherd I began to increase my flock. Weemen heard of us and our loving ways, and they kept a pourin' in. They come from the North, they come from the South, they come from the East, they come from the West, they come from Urope, and they come from Aishy, and a few of them come from Africkey, and from begin' the miserabul owner of an old yoe, I become the joyful owner of a mighty flock, with a right smart sprinkling of lambs, frisker and fatter than anybody else's, and I've still got room for a few more.

"As I said before, I'm not talkin' pertickuler for my benefit, but for yourn—for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty. Still I'd a little rather you'd go along with me than not, pertickelar you fat one with a caliker sun bonnet. Don't hesertate, but take the chance while you can get it, and I'll make you the bell yoe of the flock. I'll lead you through the green pastures and high grass; show you where you may caper in the sunshine, and lay down in pleasant places; and as you're in pretty good condition already, in course of time you shall be the fattest of the flock. Jine in, jine in, jine in, jine my train, jine now, for men is skeerce and weemen is plenty."

The appeal was irresistable. At the last account "the fat woman with the caliker sun bonnet" had jined in, and two or three others were on the fence, with a decided leaning towards the "Keerful Shepherd."

HOW TO DO IT.

The Richmond *Enquirer* confesses the extremities of the rebels in the following terse and emphatic language:

"*The horses that draw our artillery and baggage trains and ambulances are dropping their hoofs off, and eating one another's tails off, for want of proper food.*"

The following from the same paper is an equally frank admission:

"Cotton is not king now. Corn is king; potatoes, hogs, hay, oats and cattle are sovereign. But the people must not only produce—they must save. Many a man drinks more corn in spirits than he could eat in bread. Millions of bushels of grain are melted down into mean whisky, while the cavalry hoses and draft horses are starving."

"The Richmond *Whig*, reviewing the series of disasters in the Southwest, says:

"When the fortunes of war have been so uniformly adverse, it is not surprising that a people, who see in its prolongation no subjugation, but the further ravaging of their fields, the loss of their slaves, and the burning of their houses, should desire its cessation at the earliest moment, and, perhaps, be willing to make concessions which others, more fortunate, would reject."

In other words, the true way to bring the rebels to terms is to whip them. Grant and Rosecrans are the true peace-makers.

A FEW WORDS FOR READERS.

Always read advertisements. It is your interest to do so.

In nine cases out of ten the most honest, upright, trustworthy, liberal dealers are those who advertise most extensively.

To advertise is to expend money prudently, and the most successful and liberal business men know it and act accordingly.

Look over our advertising columns weekly, and buy of none you do not find there. Narrow minds and misers seldom advertise. The liberal, frank and free always do.

If a man does not think enough of your custom to ask you for it through your county paper he is unworthy of your patronage.

When you find a man who is too close and stingy to advertise, you can safely put him down as too selfish to deal generously, and very fairly or honestly.

Those who do not advertise, ask the largest profits and turn their money seldom.

Those who never advertise sometimes sell staple articles at current prices, but they will skin you on articles when you are not familiar with the prices.

You will save money by dealing with those who advertise, and refusing those who do not.

Remember the above, and never deal with men who do not advertise at home.

ADVANTAGES OF ADVERTISING.—Professor Eastman, Principal of the National Business College in Poughkeepsie, who occupied an egtire page of the Daily Tribune on Saturday week with advertisement of his College, says in a letter to a friend dated Tuesday afternoon: "In consequence of the advertisement in the Tribune, I received 42 letters on Saturday, 65 on Monday, and 56 on Tuesday morning My letters in a single mail report students whose fees amount to more than the sum paid for the Tribune advertisement.—*Norwalk (Con.) Gazette.*

☞ An Irishman, in describing America, said, "I'm told that ye might roll England through it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh water oceans inside it that ye might drown old Ireland in, an' as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner, an' ye'd niver be able to find it out except it might be by the smell of whiskey.

☞ Political and national financiers, the world over, should now take notice that a Providential finger is plainly pointing to universal freedom, and that any king or emperor, or ruler, who attempts to stay that Omnipotent arm, which is guiding the nations upward and onward in the great pathway of liberty, will be smashed to pieces.