

# Mountain Gentleman.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1850.

VOL. 7.—NO. 6.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### SCENES IN THE LIFE OF AN EMPRESS.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"FEMIE, what news from port to-day? Has Le Vainqueur yet arrived?"

The faithful creature thus addressed, answered slowly and with evident reluctance:

"No, Missy, de big ship neber come when Missy want him, and de little ship bring only rum and backee. But keep up heart, Missy, de good news is long a coming, but de bad news fly berry fast."

There was a deeper shade of sadness on the brow of the first speaker, as she sank languidly among the pillows of the sofa on which she was reclining, and throwing aside the book she had been reading, gave herself up to melancholy reverie. And yet sadness seemed by no means the natural expression of that charming countenance, in which, as in an open volume, all gentle thoughts and womanly affections were written. The features were small and finely modelled, the profile inclining to Grecian, but without any statue-like coldness of outline. The eyes of deepest, darkest blue, so full of brilliancy and feeling when fully turned on any one, were usually half concealed beneath their long and silken lashes. Her hair of "glossy chestnut brown," harmonized delightfully with a clear and transparent complexion, and a neck of dazzling whiteness. Her eyebrows were a shade darker, regularly arched, and pencilled with extreme delicacy. To this were added a faultless symmetry of person, and a lightness and elasticity of movement, which imparted something almost aerial to her perfectly graceful carriage.

Such was Josephine de Beauharnais, when still in early womanhood, she returned from France to her native isle to seek refuge from sorrow amid the scenes and friends of her childhood. She had sailed from its shores a few short years previous, a young and happy bride, about to visit with her heart's chosen, the beautiful land of his nativity, and of her own brightest day dreams—she had come back to her home, a solitary wanderer, with a heart chilled by the conviction that he on whom she had lavished her wealth of affection was unworthy of the precious boon. He had exhausted even her patient love by his excessive profligacy and habitual neglect, and with her two children she had departed for Martinico, leaving him still in Paris. But though far distant, that unworthy husband was still fondly remembered, and she clung to the hope that every vessel might bring the blessed tidings of his return to virtue, or possibly the guilty but beloved prodigal once more to his peaceful home. But month after month flew by, and still no news came from "la belle France," to gladden the heart of the deserted wife. "He has forgotten me," was her bitter reflection, "amid the gaiety and dissipation of the great city, no thought of wife or children can find entrance. Unkind! could aught on earth banish him even for one moment from my memory?" Absorbed in thought, the youthful mother was unconscious even of the presence of her children, until the sound of their voices in eager dispute, which the faithful Femie in vain endeavored to soothe, roused her from her reverie. "What is the meaning of this?" she enquired with surprise, as she saw the flushed cheek and sparkling eye of her son. "Your sister is in tears, my dear Eugene, why have you grieved her?" The spirited boy answered promptly, "Mamma, we have only been playing at the game of king and queen, and I made you a queen, but Hortense said you should not be crowned, for that queens were not always happy, but I determined you should be a queen; and mamma, so you shall be a queen, in spite of all the silly girls or old women in the world."

Josephine gazed with maternal pride and fondness on the beautiful boy who stood before her, like a young Antinous, his breast heaving, and his countenance glowing with strong emotion, but his words had touched some hidden spring of feeling within her breast, for her rich voice trembled like the Eolian harp when the wind sweeps over its strings, as she drew her daughter to her arms, and tenderly kissing her cheek, exclaimed—"So, *mignonnette*, you are unwilling to have your mother become a queen? Content yourself, darling, there is little probability of such an event; though," she added more gravely, turning toward Femie, who, as her foster sister, was her confidential attendant; "it is singular that the childish fancy of this boy should bring so vividly to my mind a prediction uttered long ago by an aged sybil with whom I accidentally met, when in company with a party of young associates."

Femie's dark eyes expressed wonder and curiosity, but she had not time to speak when Eugene exclaimed, "Oh, dearest mamma, tell us what she said, for if she promised you anything good, I am sure it will come to pass." "These were her words," she answered, "I remember them as though they were spoken yesterday. 'You will be married, but your union will not be happy, you will become a widow, and then—you will be Queen of France. Some happy years will be yours, but you will die in a hospital, amid civil commotions.' But, my little Hortense, dry your tears—it is quite unlikely that your poor mother should ever wear any other crown but this beautiful one of myrtle and jessamine which Eugene has so tastefully woven for her."

As she spoke, she placed the light coronet above her shining ringlets, and seating herself on a low tabouret, called on her subjects to come and render homage at her feet. It was a charming tableau—that beautiful mother with her happy children looking like the embodied spirits of love and joy, while in the back ground, their sable attendant stood gazing on the group with a countenance in which pride and affection were expressed in every feature. "Young Missy an angel," she murmured to herself—"no need to be a queen—that not good enough for her." The strong attachment excited by this distinguished woman in all her dependants, formed one of the most remarkable features of her history, and this attachment was felt in its full force by Femie, who followed the changing fortunes of her mistress, with a fidelity which death alone could destroy. A few short years after the scene we have described, Josephine de Beauharnais, then a youthful widow, was confined in one of the loathsome prisons of Paris, hourly expecting her summons to the scaffold on which the best blood of France had already flowed, and from which she was saved only by the death of the tyrant whose crimes had so long been calling aloud to heaven for vengeance. Did she never, in those hours of dread and horror, remember with regret, the tropic isle, in whose fragrant bowers she had tasted such pure and tranquil happiness?

It was mid-day, and in one of the splendid cathedrals of Paris, an immense crowd had assembled to witness a spectacle the most gorgeous and imposing that human skill and ingenuity could devise. A temporary covered gallery, hung with the banners of sixteen cohorts of the Legion of Honor, conducted from the archiepiscopal palace to the interior of the cathedral, which was crowded to overflowing with the beauty and chivalry of France. More than three hundred vocal performers, with a martial band still more numerous, filled every corner of the vast edifice with a swelling tide of harmony, while the glittering display of military uniforms worn by the officers of the grand army, the waving of plumes and the flashing of diamonds, rendered the scene brilliant beyond description. But brave men and fair women—rank, wealth, splendor, and military fame, were all forgotten in one absorbing object of attention. Every eye was riveted on the wonderful man who by the force of his own genius, had raised himself from obscurity to the summit of earthly greatness. An ascent of twenty-two steps, covered with blue cloth, gemmed with golden bees, led to the throne, where under a canopy of crimson velvet, appeared Napoleon, attended by his two brothers, with the grand officers of the empire. His close dress was of white velvet, embroidered in gold with diamond buttons—his upper garment and short mantle of crimson velvet, richly embroidered in gold with diamond fastenings. The imperial crown, a simple diadem of gold wrought into a chaplet of interwoven oak and laurel, lay on a cushion before him, and on his left, arrayed in robes of regal magnificence, and pale with deep but suppressed emotion, sat Josephine de Beauharnais, now the wedded wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. The prediction was accomplished, her destiny fulfilled, and the simple Creole girl, the deserted wife, the prisoner of the Conciergerie, was about to be crowned Empress of France. Her dress was of white satin embroidered in gold, and on the breast ornamented with diamonds. The mantle was of crimson velvet, lined with white satin and ermine, studded with golden bees, and confined by an aigrette of diamonds. The diadem, worn before the coronation, and on ordinary state occasions, was composed of four rows of pearls of the finest water, interlaced with foliage of diamonds, the workmanship, exceeded only by the materials; in front were several brilliants, the largest weighing one hundred and forty-nine grains. The centre was of gold so pure as to be quite elastic, enriched with thirty-nine rose colored diamonds. What a change, since the time when, as she loved to relate to her circle of ladies, she carried the presents of jewelry received from her

first husband, in the large pockets then worn, displaying them on all occasions, thus exciting the admiration of all her friends!

After the ceremony of placing the crown upon his own head was concluded, Napoleon took that destined for the empress, and after putting it for an instant upon his own, placed it on the brow of Josephine, who knelt before him on the platform of his throne. "The appearance of Josephine at this moment," says a historian, "was most touching. Even then she had not forgotten that she was once an obscure woman—tears of deep emotion fell from her eyes—she remained for a space kneeling, with hands folded on her bosom, then slowly and gracefully rising, fixed upon husband a look of gratitude and tenderness. Napoleon returned the glance. It was a silent but conscious interchange of the hopes, the promises, and the memories of years!"

In the exalted station to which she was thus raised, the Empress of France, retained the singleness of heart, warmth of affection, and disinterested generosity for which she had before been distinguished. The power and influence she possessed, were valued only as means of diffusing happiness more widely, and never did sorrow or misfortune go from the presence of "the good Josephine," uncheered or unaided by her munificent kindness. As a wife and mother, her devotion to the interests and happiness of her husband and children knew no bounds—and as mistress she was beloved almost to idolatry by her dependants.

"Her very failings loaned to virtue's side," for the profuse expenditures of which she has been accused, was caused chiefly by a benevolence which exceeded the limits of prudence. Throughout all France, the name of the empress was coupled with blessings, for there was hardly a family into which her active kindness had not penetrated, carrying succor and consolation in time of need. Of her, as Philippa of England, it might truly be said—"while Napoleon subdued kingdoms, Josephine conquered hearts." Even in his darkest and stormiest moods, the Emperor confessed the power of that finely modulated voice, whose very cadence was melody, and her glance of winning tenderness, often charmed him from his purpose, and sheltered the unfortunate from the consequences of his wrath.

Thus loving and beloved—the honored consort of the greatest man of his times—the pride and ornament of the gayest court of Europe; the light of every eye, and theme of every tongue in her beautiful father-land, the four years of Josephine's life as Empress glided rapidly away.—Even then, however, she forgot not the past, and looked forward to the future with forebodings too fatally realized.

There was weeping and consternation in the splendid apartments of Malmaison, for the gentle mistress who had presided in its walls, and whose smile made the sunshine of its inmates, was lying on the bed of death. An insidious disease had been for days prostrating her system, but with the forgetfulness of self which marked her character, she would not suffer the usual routine of employments and amusements to be interrupted, until the violence of her disordered had prostrated her to rise no more. All that skill and affection could devise to prolong a life so precious, was tried in vain; the mandate had gone forth, and nothing could arrest the approach of the king of terrors. But it was not the flattered and envied empress of France that there awaited his coming. A repudiated wife, and an exiled queen, Josephine had learned by bitter experience, the vanity and uncertainty of earthly grandeur. She had been compelled by a course of threats, entreaties, arguments and commands on the part of him to whose wishes her happiness was ever sacrificed to sign with her own hand, an act of separation from the husband so ardently beloved, so tenderly regretted. She had retired from the glittering circle of which she was the centre and the chief ornament and in the comparative solitude of Malmaison, had listened to the thunders of artillery which proclaimed the union of Napoleon with her rival, Maria Louisa of Austria.

Through the long agony that preceded the final separation, and the still more trying scenes that followed it, not one word of murmuring or reproach was heard from Josephine. "He has willed it, the interests of the French nation require the sacrifice—I have only to obey," was her invariable answer to the indignant remonstrances of the few who dared to oppose the will of the Emperor. Once only, after listening long in silence to the arguments of her husband, she started up with sudden energy, drew Napoleon to the window, and pointing to the heavens, said in a firm but melancholy tone—"Bonaparte, behold that bright star—it is mine!

and remember, to mine, not to thine, has sovereignty been promised. Separate, then our fates, and your star fades!" How truly, and how soon, were those prophetic words fulfilled! The heroic resignation of Josephine, however, concealed from public view, a crushed and bleeding heart.—The devoted friends who composed her little court at Malmaison and Navarre, well knew that while ministering in every possible way to their happiness and amusement, her thoughts and affections were far away, hovering over those beloved ones whose welfare was dearer to her than her own.

Just before leaving Paris for his disastrous campaign in Russia, Napoleon visited the illustrious recluse of Malmaison, and was received by her in the garden which her taste had converted into a "wilderness of sweets." The conversation was animated in the extreme, Josephine in vain endeavoring to dissuade the emperor from his purpose, while he, in turn, painted in lively colors the certainty of success and the brilliant results of the enterprise. "How much I regret my inability to do any thing for that fortunate of the earth!" was the exclamation of Josephine, as she returned to the house after his departure. A few short months passed away, and his misfortunes and downfall were proverb throughout all Europe.

The affectionate heart of Josephine was deeply afflicted by the sad reverses which followed the Russian expedition, and her health, always delicate, declined daily, though she was still gentle, uncomplaining and solicitous only for the comfort of those about her. When the Allied Sovereigns entered Paris, their first visit was paid at Malmaison, and nothing could exceed the respectful attention with which the wife of Bonaparte was treated by the kings who had exiled her husband, and overthrown the dynasty for which she had sacrificed so much. The day previous to her death she was visited by Alexander of Russia, who found, on entering the chamber, her daughter Hortense, Queen of Holland, kneeling by the side of the couch on which the sufferer lay, while her cherished Eugene, Viceroy of Italy, held the hand of his dying mother, both so overwhelmed with grief, as to be insensible to his approach. Josephine alone retained all her calmness and self-possession, and repeatedly thanked Alexander for the kindness she had experienced at his hands. She then raised herself, desired all present to approach the bed, and said quite audibly: "I shall die regretted—for I have always desired the happiness of France, and have done all in my power to contribute to it; and I can say with truth to all here present at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow." These were her last words—almost immediately after, she fell into a slumber, from which she awoke only in eternity. Her remains were consigned to the grave with pomp and magnificence, and the long funeral procession was voluntarily closed by more than two thousand poor, who had partaken of her bounty and cherished her memory. The spot where she sleeps, is marked by a monument of white marble, representing the empress kneeling in her coronation robes, and bears the touching inscription—

EUGENE AND HORTENSE TO JOSEPHINE. Already, in little more than a quarter of a century, the splendid fabric Napoleon waded through oceans of blood and tears to build up, has crumbled to atoms, his family is almost extinct, and his very name a sound forgotten in our midst. But the talents and grace of Josephine—her endearing gentleness and feminine virtues will render her an object of interest to the good, when the blood stained records of ambition, and the boasting annals of earthly grandeur shall alike be buried in oblivion.—*Lady's Wreath.*

A New and Singular Clock. We have seen and examined a very singular piece of mechanism in the form of a clock, or time piece, invented and manufactured by Dr. W. H. Stenson, practical dentist. It will keep the time of day, day of the week, day of the month, and also the name of the month. But the most peculiar feature is, it keeps the odd days of the month, and also leap year, and the odd minutes of every moon, so that it never requires setting. This we believe, has never been done with any other time-piece made in this country. The striking properties are no less remarkable.

On either side of the temple is a door, and at the hour of striking, the figure of a Knight, fully equipped in his panoply, walks out of one door, which immediately closes again, on a semicircular area, and when in front of the temple, lifts his hand and strikes very distinctly the hour of the day; he then resumes his circuit, and when he approaches the other door it opens for his ingress and then closes as soon as he gets into the inner court. There are sev-

eral other unique matters connected with this ingenious piece of mechanism which we cannot now notice.

Dr. Stenson never turned a piece of brass or steel until his attempt at this work. He planned, worked out its intricate combinations without assistance, and has made the whole of the structure with his own hands—mostly at night during the past year.—*Balt. Patriot.*

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA. The steamship Empire City, Capt. J. D. Wilson, from Chagres by way of Jamaica, was signaled just below the quarantine this morning, and arrived at her dock about 11 o'clock.

She left Chagres on the 26th ult., at 10 o'clock, A. M., and Kingston, Jamaica, on the 29th at 6 P. M.

By this arrival we have San Francisco papers to the 5th of Oct., 20 days later than our previous advices direct, and 18 days later than those received at New Orleans by the Alabama, and of which we have had a summary through the medium of the telegraph.

This is the shortest arrival we have yet had from California—our San Francisco papers being only thirty-two days old.

The papers were received at so late an hour that we have only leisure to make a cursory examination of our files. We give below a full account of the fire at San Francisco, of which we have had a previous notification by way of New Orleans.

The Fire. Our San Francisco correspondent, in a brief note written on the 17th September, the day of the fire, says:

"I have but a moment to inform you that San Francisco is again scourged with fire. The alarm was given at four o'clock this morning, and notwithstanding vigorous efforts were made to stop the progress of the flames, they were of little avail until 130 buildings were destroyed. The loss exceeds three hundred thousand dollars.—Exaggerated estimates have been made of the loss, but I think my figures will be found correct. The fire proof walls of the 'Alta California,' were an effectual bar in staving the devastation.

"Of the Pacific News office, not a fragment remains. Types, books, presses, paper—all gone. The building in which the *Pacifique* newspaper was printed is also in ruins, but the materials of that office were nearly all saved.

In great haste, J. A. L. The Overland Immigration. The papers contain the most deplorable accounts of the condition of the overland immigrants. A statement from Col. Waldo, who is out with a relief expedition sent to their assistance, says:

"From Boiling Spring to this place—Great Meadow—have met with but few who have any provisions at all except the poor animals which have worked from the States. Footmen who comprise nearly one fourth of the number now on the road are not blest with any such food as this, but are reduced to the necessity of subsisting on the putrid flesh of dead animals which so abundantly line the road. This has produced the most fatal consequences. Disease and death are now mowing them down by hundreds.

"Those immigrants that are yet back several hundred miles, must receive relief, or die by starvation; and to whom can they look, but to the citizens of California for their salvation. The land of their homes is too far distant to render them any aid in this hour of distress and danger.

It appears that the judgments of God have pursued them from the time they set out up to the present hour. First Cholera—then starvation—next, war, starvation and cholera. The day has now passed when any one will have the hardihood to say that there is no suffering amongst the overland immigration—at least no one within 200 miles of this place will make such a declaration. No one now thinks of gold, but of bread. This is the cry of all.

The following is an extract from a letter written by S. B. Bright, one of the immigrants, dated.

SALMON TROUT RIVER, Sept. 22.—Some noble fellows have already perished for want of food. Others are eating cattle that they have found dead by the road side, which have died by the double cause—disease and starvation. The most common food used for a number of weeks has been lame and worn down cattle—which, if every particle of allow was rendered out, would not make one candle! Others have eaten their dogs and horses!

There is at the Sink of Humboldt, and also on Salmon Trout river, flour for sale at one dollar per pound, but the people are out of money. I do not mean to say that beggars are out of money, for this is a common case, but those in good circumstances in the States, whose misfortunes have been brought on in various ways. Whole teams have been lost in crossing

the various deserts. The immense crowds of stock have eaten up the grass and willows, and for days they have had nothing to eat, which has much retarded their speed.

Money, teams and parts of teams, have been stolen by the Indians. Many emigrants have been killed by them. Others robbed, and even killed some of the Indians, so you see there remains no brotherly feelings on the road between the red men and the whites. From the best estimate of my own, and from others that daily overtake me, there must be some fifteen or twenty thousand souls yet behind, impeded by various causes, and unless some immediate relief is rendered by your great and God-like enterprise, they will either be cut off by the Indians, or perish in the snow on the East of the mountains.

From Oregon. The San Francisco papers contain some items of intelligence from Oregon, but the dates are not specified.

An election had been held in Oregon city which resulted in the choice of the following named officers:—

Wm. K. Kilborn, Mayor; Francis S. Holland, Recorder. Trustees—Medoram Crawford, George Hannum, Andrew Hood, Richard McMahan and Noyes Smith.

At a meeting of these officers, held on the 6th of September, K. Pritchett was chosen city councillor, Wm. B. Campbell, treasurer; Peter H. Hatch, assessor; Septimus Huelot, city marshal.

The overland immigrants were beginning to arrive at Oregon. They generally told sad tales of suffering on the route.

An Invitation to Dinner. It was observed that a certain rich man never invited any one to dine with him.

"I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine and tells the servant he must see his master immediately, for he could save him a thousand pounds.

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a great hurry, who says he can save you a thousand pound."

Out came the master. "What is that, sir, that you can save me a thousand pounds?"

"Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are not dinner, I will go myself and dine, and call again."

"O pray, sir, come in and take dinner with me."

"I shall be troublesome."

"Not at all."

The invitation was accepted. As soon as the dinner was over, and the family retired, the conversation was resumed.

"Well, sir," said the man of the house, "now to your business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds."

"Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."

"I have, sir."

"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?"

"I do, sir."

"Why, then sir, let me have her, and I will take her at nine thousand."

The master of the house rose in a passion and kicked him down stairs.

THE ANTI-STIFF-HAT ASSOCIATION.—In the *Middle Counties Herald*, an English paper, there is a letter from a gentleman signing himself "Hatophobia," who suggests the organization of a society to discountenance, by example and precept, the wearing of hats. He says: "As a sufferer from the perverse fashion of wearing hard, black chimney pots on the heads of all who would not appear singular, I observe, with great consolation, that our French neighbors propose to exhibit a variety of hats at the exhibition next year. Certainly no part of British male costume—ugly as it is from hat to boot, and senseless and costly as it is ugly—no part is more odious than the covering we are doomed to wear on our heads from year to year, and from generation to generation, as if we were as perversely determined to stick to one fashion as Turks and Quakers, without the lightness of the one, or the shabbiness of the other. I have resolved, myself, to set the world at defiance—and if the hat-makers are so obstinate as to invent nothing more comfortable than heavy felt, and pasteboard pots, by the time of the exhibition of 1851, I shall do without them altogether. I trust you will lend your powerful aid in favor of the 'anti-stiff-hat-movement.'"

KEEPING PUMPKINS.—We have kept them to the middle of July, by putting them into a dry cellar upon a scaffold, where the temperature was at no time below the freezing point.—*Telegraph.*

Never give up! Hope on, hope on!