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JOSEPHINE.

The story of Napoleon's repudiation of his gentle Empress has been told a hundred times, but never with more grace and pathos than by Mr. Abbott in the following, which we publish from his recently published life of Josephine:

At length the fatal day arrived for the announcement to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. The Emperor and Empress dined at Fontainebleau alone. She seems to have had a presentiment that her doom was sealed, for that day she had been in her retired apartment weeping bitterly. As the dinner hour approached, she bathed her swollen eyes, and tried to regain her composure. They sat down at the table in silence.—Napoleon did not speak. Josephine could not trust her voice to utter a word. Neither ate a mouthful. Course after course was brought in and removed untouched. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically, and apparently unconsciously, struck the edge of his glass with his knife, while lost in thought. A more melancholy meal probably never was witnessed. The attendants around the table seemed to catch the infection, and moved softly and silently in the discharge of their duties, as if they were in the chamber of the dead. At last the ceremony of dinner was over, the attendants were dismissed, and Napoleon, rising and closing the door with his own hand, was left alone with Josephine. Another moment of most painful silence ensued, when the Emperor, pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, approached the Empress. He took her hand, placed it upon his heart, and in flattering accents, said, 'Josephine! my own good Josephine! you know how I have loved you. It is to you that I owe the only few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine! my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France.'

Josephine's brain reeled; her blood ceased to circulate? she fainted, fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon, alarmed, threw open the door of the saloon, and called for help. Attendants from the ante-room, immediately entered. Napoleon took a tapor from the mantel, and uttering not a word, but pale and trembling, motioned to the Count de Beaumont to take the Empress in his arms. She was still unconscious of everything, but began to murmur, in tones of anguish, 'Oh, no! you cannot surely do it. You would not kill me.' The Emperor led the way, thro' a dark passage, to the private staircase which conducted to the apartment of the Empress. The agitation of Napoleon seemed now to increase. He uttered some incoherent sentences about a nervous attack; and finding the stairs too steep and narrow for the Count de Beaumont to bear the body of the helpless Josephine unassisted, he gave the light to an attendant, and, supporting her limbs himself, they reached the door of her bed-room. Napoleon then dismissing his male attendants, and laying Josephine upon her bed, rang for her waiting woman. He hung over her with an expression of the most intense affection and anxiety until she began to revive. But the moment consciousness seemed returning, he left the room. Napoleon did not even throw himself upon his bed that night. He paced the floor until the dawn of the morning. The royal surgeon, Corvisart, passed the night at the bedside of the empress.

Every hour the restless, yet unrelenting emperor called at her door to inquire concerning her situation. 'On recovering from my swoon,' says Josephine, 'I perceived that Corvisart was in attendance, and my poor daughter, Hortense, weeping over me. No! no! I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night! Even the interest he affected to take in my sufferings seemed to me additional cruelty. Oh! how much reason had I to dread becoming an empress!'

A fortnight now passed away, during which Napoleon and Josephine saw but little of each other. During this time there occurred the anniversary of the coronation, and the victory of Austerlitz.—Paris was filled with rejoicing. The bells rang their merriest peals. The metropolis was refulgent with illuminations. In these festivities Josephine was compelled to appear. She knew that the sovereigns and princes then assembled in Paris were informed of her approaching disgrace. In all these sounds of triumph she heard the knell of her own doom. And though a careful observer would have detected indications, in her moistened eye and pallid cheek, of the secret foe which was consuming her heart, her habitual affability and grace never, in public, for one moment forsook her. Hortense, languid and horror stricken, was with her mother.

Eugene was summoned from Italy. He hastened to Paris, and his first interview was with his mother. From her saloon he went directly to the cabinet of Napoleon, and inquired of the emperor if he had decided to obtain a divorce from the empress. Napoleon, who was very strongly attached to Eugene, made no reply, but pressed his hand as an expression that it was so. Eugene immediately dropped the hand of the emperor, and said—

"Sire, in that case, permit me to withdraw from your service.'

"How?" exclaimed Napoleon, looking upon him sadly; "will you, Eugene, my adopted son, leave me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene replied firmly; "the son of her who is no longer empress cannot remain viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

Napoleon was not without feelings.—Tears filled his eyes. In a mournful voice, tremulous with emotion, he replied, "Eugene, you know the stern necessity which compels this measure, and will you forsake me? Who, then, shall I have for a son, the object of my desires and preserver of my interests, who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? Who will bring him up? Who is to make a man of him?

Eugene was deeply affected, and, taking Napoleon's arm, they retired, and conversed a long time together. The noble Josephine, ever sacrificing her own feelings to promote the happiness of others, urged her son to remain the friend of Napoleon. "The emperor," she said, "is your benefactor—your more than father, to whom you are indebted for everything—and to whom, therefore, you owe a boundless obedience."

The fatal day for the consummation of the divorce at length arrived. It was the 15th of December, 1809. Napoleon had assembled all the kings, princes, princesses who were members of the imperial family, and also the most illustrious officers of the empire, in the grand saloon of the Tuilleries. Every individual guest was oppressed with the melancholy grandeur of the occasion. Napoleon thus addressed them:

"The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affection of my heart to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage, when it is proved to be for the interest of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand; she shall retain always the title of empress. Above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her dearest friend."

Josephine, her eyes filled with tears, with a faltering voice, replied, "I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessings of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man who was evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar and the throne, and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interest, has cost his heart, but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of the country. I feel elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments which were expressed in public; but in private Josephine surrendered herself to the unrestrained dominion of her anguish. No language can depict the intensity of her woe. For six months she wept so incessantly that her eyes were nearly blinded with grief. Upon the ensuing day the council were again assembled in the grand saloon, to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. The emperor entered the room dressed in the imposing robes of state, but pallid, care-worn, and wretched. Low tones of voice, harmonizing with the mournful scene, filled the room. Napoleon, apart by himself, leaned against a pillar, folded his arms upon his breast, and, in perfect silence, apparently lost in gloomy thought, remained motionless as a statue. A circular table was placed in the centre of the appartment, and upon this there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant arm chair stood before the table. Never did a multitude gaze upon the scaffold, the block, or the guillotine with more awe than the assembled lords and ladies in this gorgeous saloon contemplated these instruments of a more dreadful execution.

At length the mournful silence was interrupted by the opening of a side-door and the entrance of Josephine. The pallor of death was upon her brow, and the submission of despair nerved her into a temporary calmness. She was leaning upon the arm of Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was entirely unable to control her feelings. The sympathatic daughter, immediately upon entering into the room, burst into tears, and continued sobbing most convulsively during the whole remaining scene. The assembly respectfully arose upon the entrance of Josephine, and all were moved to tears. With that grace which ever distinguished her movements, she advanced silently to the seat provided for her. Sitting down and leaning her forehead upon her hand, she listened to the reading of the act of separation. Nothing disturbed the sepulchral silence of the scene but the convulsive sobbings of Hortense, blending with the mournful tones of the reader's voice. Eugene, in the meantime, pale and trembling as an aspen leaf, had taken a position by the side of her mother. Silent tears were trickling down the cheeks of the Empress.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine, for a moment, pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes, and then, rising, in clear and musical, but tremulous tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down, took the pen, and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and fondest ties which human heart can feel. Poor Eugene could endure this anguish no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants who bore out the insensible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful but sublime tragedy.

But the anguish of the day was not yet closed. Josephine, half delirious with grief, had another scene still more painful to pass through in taking a final adieu of him who had been her husband. She remained in her chamber, in heart-rending, speechless grief, until the hour arrived in which Napoleon usually retired for the night. The emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his most faithful and devoted wife, and the attendant was on the point of leaving the room, when the private door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered.—Her eyes were swollen with grief, her hair disheveled, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish. She tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed; then, irresolutely stopping, she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that she had now no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon; but in another moment all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and, forgetting everything in the fullness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart was breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was for a moment entirely vanquished, and he also wept almost convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love—of his ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and comfort her, and for some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The attendant was dismissed, and for an hour they continued together in this last private interview, Josephine, then, in the experience of an intensity of anguish which few hearts have ever known, parted forever from the husband she had so long, so fondly, so faithfully loved.

☞Do you wish to be remembered after you are dead?—remembered with warm hearts, with grateful affections clustering about your memories? Strive for moral excellence and Christian virtue; do good and be kind and merciful to all. Such a course will keep your memories green.—How often have we walked through the graveyard and heard the remark as certain tomb-stones were read—"He was a vile fellow! no one regretted when he died." And then a score of mean acts were related to curse the memory of the sleeper. Shall such be the remark made by those who in years to come, pass your mound of earth? Live then for more noble purposes. Let your influence be thrown in the scale of virtue. Whenever opportunities present, do good and make others happy. Then you will leave behind you a memory worth having, and a name that will be held dear so long as there are Christian hearts and sanctified affections in the world.

☞One of the German Farmers of Pennsylvania, "once upon a time" gave the following good advice to his son who was about to make a start in the world himself. Make the land as rich as possible, take nothing but specie, and *vote the Democratic ticket*.

☞Harmony—a sensual pleasure, which, in well regulated minds, seldom fails to produce moral results.

The three Melon Seeds:

OR, THE DUELLIST AND THE JOKERS.

"A Sexton of the Old School" contributes the following to the Boston Transcript:

Three young gentlemen who had finished the most substantial part of their repast, were lingering over their fruit and wine, at an eating house, in London, when a man of middle age and middle stature entered the public room, where they were sitting, seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table, and calling the waiter, ordered a single mutton chop and a glass of ale. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was getting to be thin and grey; the expression of his countenance was sedate, with a single touch perhaps, of melancholy; and he wore a grey surtout, and a standing collar, which manifestly had seen service, if the wearer had not—just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving man. He might be taken plausibly enough, for a country magistrate, or an attorney of limited practice or a school master.

He continued to masticate his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a melon seed sportively snapped from between the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him on the right ear. His eyes was instantly upon the aggressor; and his ready intelligence gathered from the ill suppressed merriment of the party, that this petty impertinence was intentional.

The stranger stopped and picked up the melon seed, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features, as he carefully wrapped up the seed, in a piece of paper and placed it in his pocket. This singular procedure, with their preconceived impression of their customer, somewhat elevated as they were by the wine they had partaken, capsized their gravity entirely, and a burst of irresistable laughter proceeded from the group.

Unmoved by this rudeness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another melon seed from the same hand struck him on the right elbow. This, also, to the infinite amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

Amidst shouts of laughter, the third melon seed was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This also, he very deliberately took from the floor, and deposited with the other two.

As he rose and was paying for his repast, the gravity of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this. Lavater would not have been able to detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment upon the features of the stranger. He seemed a little taller, to be sure, and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect. He walked to the table, at which they were sitting, and with that air of dignified calmness, which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no less than offer his own in return. When the stranger unclosed his surtout to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the undress coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief inquiry at the bar was sufficient for the rest. He was a captain, whom ill health and long service had entitled to half pay. In early life he had been engaged in several affairs of honor, and in the dialect of the fancy was a dead shot.

The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge in form, and one only of the melon seeds. The truth then flashed before the challenged party—it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry, three separate affairs out of this unwarranted frolic! The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's skill with the pistol, had half decided upon the small sword; but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread as an accomplished instructor of the use of that very weapon. They met and fired, alternately, by lot; the young man had chosen this mode, thinking he might win the first fire—he did—fired, and missed his opponent. The captain levelled his pistol and fired—the ball passed through the flap of the right ear, and grazed the bone; and as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to the place, he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antrgonist that the first melon seed had fallen. Here ended the first lesson. A month had passed. His friends cherished the hope that he would hear nothing more from the captain, when another note—a challenge of course; and another of those accursed melon seeds arrived, with the captain's apology on the score of ill health for not sending it before.

Again they met—fired simultaneously, and the captain who was unhurt, shattered the right arm of his antagonist—the very point upon which he had been struck by the second melon seed; and here ended the second lesson. There was something awfully impressive in the *modus operandi*, and exquisite skill of his antagonist. The third melon seed was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast! A month had passed—another—and another of terrible suspense; but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined in his lodgings by illness. At length, the gentleman who had been his second in the former duel, once more presented himself and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived, on taking it, contained the last of the melon seeds. The note was subscribed in the captains well known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote *defficient manu*. There was an unusual solemnity, also in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the melon seed, in a blank envelop—"And what, sir, am I to understand by this? "You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you,—he is dead."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Mr. Bierce in his early history of the township of Northfield, Summit County, relates the following singular case in which an innocent man came near conviction of murder. He says:

In July 1826 one of those singular affairs occurred in this township which has a rival only in the celebrated case of Bournes in Vermont. An Englishman by the name of Rupert Charlesworth who was boarding with Dorsey W. Viers, suddenly and strangely disappeared. He was traced to Viers' house the night of the 23d of July, and a constable who went on the morning of the 24th, before daylight, to arrest him, found he was gone, and no trace of him could be found. On his arrival he found Mrs. Viers moping up the floor.—Viers told contradictory stories about his leaving—once saying he jumped out of the window and run, and that he tried to catch him, but could not. At another time that he went off when Viers was asleep, and he knew nothing about it. Some one heard a rifle in the direction of the house of Viers that night—and some one saw blood, the next morning on some bars that led from Viers' house to the woods.

Years rolled on, and the excitement grew stronger with age, till the 8th of January 1831, complaint was made before George Y. Wallace Justice of the Piece, that Viers had murdered Charlesworth. Viers was arrested and a trial of eight days followed. Not only the circumstances I have mentioned proven, but also, by a hired girl of Viers, that a bed blanket used by Charlesworth, was missing from the house of Viers on the day of Charlesworth's disappearance, and that it was afterwards found hid under a haystack, with large black spots on it resembling clotted blood.

It was also proven that Charlesworth had a large amount of money and that Viers was, previously to this, poor, but immediately afterwards, flush of money—and to complete the chain of proof—a skeleton had been found hid under a log in the woods, in the direction of the path from Viers' house to the bars.

Matters stood in this shape when two men unexpectedly appeared from Sandusky, who swore they had seen Charlesworth alive though passing under an assumed name, after the time of the supposed murder. On this testimony Viers was acquitted, but his acquittal did not change public sentiment as to his guilt. It was generally believed that it was adding purjury to murder.

Viers commenced a search for the missing man, with a perseverance that would have done honor to a blood hound. He visited all parts of the Union, and after a search of years he went into a tavern in Detroit and in presence of a large company in the bar-room, enquired if any one knew a man by the name of Charlesworth. All replied no. When about to start a man stepped up to him and taking him to one side enquired if his name was Viers, from Northfield. Viers said it was. The stranger said, I am Rupert Charlesworth; but I pass here under an assumed name. Charlesworth returned to Northfield with Viers, and on a full meeting of the town, and a thorough investigation, it was, with one exception, unanimously voted that he was the veritable murdered man.

It appeared that he had passed a counterfet $10 bill to Deacon Hudson, and fearing an arrest (to make which the constable went in the morning) he ran away—went to England and remained two years; returned under an assumed name, and went into the wilds of Michigan, where his real name, former residence and history was unknown.

☞The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess, caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it.

☞A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he's dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself. Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always look sunshiny, therefore, whether you feel so or not.

Maxims for Farmers.

Do not sow your grain or cultivate your crop in any particular manner because your father did so. He may have followed in the footsteps of your grandfather, and agriculture was not so well understood then, as now. "Prove all these things, and hold fast to that which is good." If not, reject it, and try some other plan. Nothing of importance was yet gained without some risk. Experiment is the mother of science.

One acre well cultivated will produce more than two only scratched at, and with far less trouble. What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.

Never sow your grain until the ground is well prepared, just because your neighbor has commenced sowing his. Prepare your land well, and the battle is half won.

Do not have a superabundance of farming implements; but let what you have be of the best kind, and keep them well sharpened. A sharp knife will cut twice as fast as a dull one and do much better.

When you build, have an eye to the convenience, but do not altogether lose sight of beauty. Nothing improves the look of the farm more than buildings neatly arranged and well put up, and the cost is very little more.

When you make a fence, make a good one. It may cost more at first, but will cost less in the end.

Never plough in wet weather if you can avoid it. Besides doing injury to the crop, it impoverishes the soil. It will not rain always.—*Exchange Paper.*

Plain Facts for Plain Farmers.

Farmers are often complaining of the burthen of high taxes that weigh them down. But it is a notorious fact that ninety-nine hundredths of our farmers lose and waste more valuable manures on their premises, annually, than would pay all their taxes *for five years*.

We think we hear some of our farmers say that we are mistaken, because they keep their straw and their cattle in a yard and make two or three hundred loads of manure in a year. True, but they lose forty per cent of this very manure by improper management of it. Generally it lies on a steep side hill below their bank barns, with all the water from the barn running through it for *nine months*, washing out twenty per cent, of its value, and carrying it into the nearest run or creek; and then they haul it into the fields in August, and spread it out for two or three weeks, on the top of the ground, allowing the sun to evaporate twenty per cent more of its valuable properties, before it was plowed under ground, where it ought to have been before it was ever permitted to become dry. Here is the forty per cent, gone at two operations. Now three hundred loads of manure are worth five hundred dollars to the field. Forty per cent. off of this is *two hundred dollars loss*.

Exchange Paper.

Cows have Power to hold up their Milk.

A gentleman at Huntingdon, L. I., writes as follows:

"It is known to many farmers that when young cows first come in, when the calves are taken away, they will hold up their milk for a short time, and some will almost dry themselves before they will give it down. A few years ago I bought a young cow which proved to be very wild, and when I took away her first calf she would not give her milk. I had heard it remarked that putting a weight on the cow's back would make her give her milk down. I accordingly drove her into the stable, got a bushel of grain and put it on her back; but not being heavy enough, I took it off and put my elbow in the centre of her back; and bore on until she hollowed in her back. While she kept in this position she had no power to hold up her milk, for it came down freely. After doing this a few times, and afterwards putting my hand on the back of the cow, it would give way, and she would immediately give down her milk.

AUSTRIA.—A letter from Vienna, dated September 20, says: "The necessaries of life throughout Austria have risen fifty per cent. from the combined causes of bad government and the depreciation of the currency. So little, indeed, is the paper money esteemed, or rather so unversal is the distrust in it, that people will sell nothing they can keep. Sales of estates can scarcely be effected at all."

☞Louis Napoleon seems to fear assassination, and it is said that his carriage is made bullet-proof. The ministers object to his appearing in public, even with a strong escort of dragoons, riding with each man's right hand upon his pistol stock.—They are all afraid he will be taken off.

☞If every person were to count fifty each time before taking a glass of beer; one hundred before taking a glass of wine; and one thousand before taking a glass of grog, there would not be so much intemperance in the land.

☞"I am happy, Ned to hear the report that you have succeeded to a large *landed property!*" "And I am sorry to tell you that it is *groundless!*"