# Mountain Sentinel.

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

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.] EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1849. VOL. 6.—NO. 12.


## MISCELLANEOUS.

### EMPEROR'S PRESENT.

One morning in the month of June 1806 the Empress Josphine's jeweller was ushered into a little apartment of the Tuilleries, in which Napoleon was seated at breakfast.

"The necklace must be the very best you can produce," said the Emperor.—"I do not care for the price; nevertheless I will have it submitted to a fair valuation. I warn you of that. . . . . Not that I doubt your integrity, . . . . . but because . . . . . in short, because I am not a lapidary myself, and therefore not a competant judge of such measures. As soon as it is finished, bring it to me, and take care that you show it to no one, you understand.

"Yes, sire. But I wish your majesty could allow me a little more time, that I may be enabled to select the stones in the most satisfactory manner. Choice diamonds are very scarce at present, . . . . . and they have risen greatly in price."

At these words the Emperor turned sharply to the jeweller, and said.

"What do you mean? Since the campaign of Germany the jewel market has been overstocked. Parbleu! I know it for a fact, that our French jewellers have been purchasing largely from the pretty Princes of the Germanic Confederation, who the King of Prussia, and Emperor of Russia have ruined by stirring them up against me. Go to Bapts, or to Mellerio; they can let you have as many diamonds as you may want.

"Sire, I have always made it a rule never to avail myself of the assistance of other tradesmen, when I have the honor of working for your Majesty's august family. . . . . I have at this moment in my possession a set of diamonds which I purchased from the King of Prussia, who has commissioned me"—

"That is your business, Foncier, not mine. . . . . But with regard to the necklace, do the best you poasibly can, and show the peoplo beyond the Rhine that we surpass them in jewelry as well as in all other things.

On a sign from Napoleon, Foncier made his last bow and withdrew. A week after his interview the Emperor received a necklace. It was surpassingly beautiful.—The jewels, the pattern, the mounting, even the case in which it was enclosed—all were unique. Napoleon had it valued it was estimated to be worth 800,000 francs. precisely the price which Foncier demanded for it. The Emperor was perfectly satisfied.

About this time, (June, 1806,) Prince Louis Bonaparte, one of Napoleon's younger brothers, was raised to the the rank of sovereignty, and proclaimed King of Holland.

On the day when Napoleon was to receive the crown of that relm from the hands of the Dutch envoys, and to place it on his brother's head, all the court assembled at St. Cloud, Louis and Hortense arrived in the morning from St. Leu. The ceremony, which was attended with great pomp, took place in the *Salle du Trone*. The envoys of the defunct Batavian republic were magnificently entertained, and it was announced that the new King and Queen would set out for their dominions on the following day. In the evening Napoleon sent to inform Hortense that he desired to speak with her in his cabinet.—She immediately attended the summons and when the page threw open the folding-doors to announce her, the title of "Her Majesty the Queen of Holland" greeted her ear for the first time.

"Hortense," said the Emperor, "you have become the Queen of a brave and virtuous people. If you and your husband act wisely, the house of Orange can never again return to Holland with its old pretensions. However, from my knowledge of the Dutch people, I think I can discern in them one remarkable fault; it is, that under the outward appearance of great simplicity, they are fond of luxury and especially of wealth. With them vanity is the strongest feeling next to interest. Now it would be bad policy to suffer yourself in the eyes of your new court to be eclipsed by the over dressed wife of some rich burgomaster, who has nothing to be proud of but his money-bags. You must have a good assortment of jewels; and here is a little ornamet which I beg you will accept. Wear this necklace sometimes in remembrance of me. I have purchased it myself, out of my own savings." So saying Napoleon clasped the glittering circlet on the neck of Hortense, and embracing her with paternal affection bade her farewell.

When seated on the throne of Holland, Queen Hortense rendered full honor to her step father's present. On every court-day, at the palace of the Hague, at eveay fete given in the Maison de Bois, the superb necklace adorned her swan-like neck.

But soon came those disastrous days when Napoleon's sun began to set. Hortense descended from the throne precisely as she had ascended it, in willing obedience. On her arrival in Holland her subjects had greeted her with cries of "God bless our *lovely* Queen." On her departure those cries were changed to "God bless our *good* Queen!" To a heart like that of Hortense, this last greeting was consolatory, even at a moment when a throne was lost. On retiring into private life, she devoted herself to the education of her children, and to rendering filial attentions to her mother, who, like herself, was the *widow of a throne*.

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The cannon of Waterloo had ceased to roar, and Napoleon was obliged to quit the Elysees, and to take refuge in Malmaison, the last abode of the Empress Josephine. One evening when he was alone in the *salon*, seated before a table on which lay scattered the notes from which his second act of abdication was to be drawn up, a lady entered. It was Hortense.

"Sire," said she in a voice trembling with emotion, "does your Majesty remember the present you made me at St. Cloud about nine years ago?"

Napoleon gazed at the daughter of Josephine, with a mingled expression of grief and affection, then taken her hand, he said. "Well, Hortense, what have you to say to me?"

"Sire, when I was a queen you gave me this necklace. It was of great value. But now I am no longer a queen, and you are unfortunate: . . . . . therefore I entreat that you will permit me to return it."

"That necklace Hortense!" replied Napoleon, coldly. "Why deprive yourself of it? It is now, probably, the half of your fortune. And your children?"

"Sire, it is all I possess in the world.—But as to my children they will never reproach their mother for having shared with her benefactor the bounty which he was pleased to confer on her."

She burst into tears, and Napoleon struggled to conceal his emotion.

"No Hortense," said he, averting his head, and gently repelling the hand which was stretched out to him; "no I cannot"—

"Take it; Sire; I implore you. There is no time to be lost- They are coming!" With these words she thrust the jewel-case into his hand. A few hours afterwards, the necklace was stitched into a silken *ceinture*, which Napoleon wore under his waistcoat.

Six weeks after this incident, Napoleon was on the deck of the Bellerophon, preparing to embark on borad the Northumberland. The arms of the persons of his suite were taken from them, their baggage was inspected, and they were not permitted to take with them either money or jewels. The trunks of the illustrious prisoner being searched, a box was found containg four thousand Napoleon d'or. He was informed that the money must be given up. This sum, together with some funds which Napoleon had lodged in the hands of Lafitte prior to his departure from Paris, was all his fortune.

Whilst the ispection was going on Napoleon was gently pacing up and down the quarter-deck with M. Las Cases.—Casting a furtive look around him and finding that he was not observed, he drew from beneath his waistcoat the silken *ceinture*, and gave it to his companion saying—

"My dear Las Cases, a certain Greek pilosopher used to say that he carried all his fortune about with him, though certainly had not a shirt to his back. I don't know how he managed; but this I know, that ever since our departure from Paris, I have been carrying all my treasure under my waistcoat. I now begin to weary of the burden. Will you relieve me of it?" He unfastened his *ceinture*, and Las Cases, without making any reply, took it from him, and fastened it round his own waist.

It was not until after his arrival at St. Helena, that Napoleon informed M. de Las Cases that the silken band which he had confided to his care on board the Bellerophon contained a necklace worth eight hundred thousand francs. Subsequently Las Cases expressed a desire to restore it to Napoleon. "Does it not incommode you?" inquired the Emperor dryly. 'No sire.' 'Then retain it,' rejoined Napoleon; 'fancy it is a chain or an amulet, it will not trouble you."

Fifteen months afterwards Las Cases was by order of the English Government unexpectedly separated from Napoleon. He and his son were removed from Longwood, and conveyed to Plantation House where they were kept under strict surveillance until they embarked for the Cape of Good Hope.

Meanwhile, Las Cases still held possession of the diamond necklace. Time ran on, and he was informed that he had only a few days longer to remain at St. Helena. He was distressed at the thought of departing without being able to return the treasure to its owner. What could he do? All communication between him and Longwood was peremptorily interdicted. A plan occured to his thoughts, and he determined to run the risk of attempting its execution. Among the persons who had recently arrived at St. Helena, there was an English officer, whose open countenance and candid manners encouraged Las Cases to place confidence in him. This officer came to Plantation House, in the suite of the Governor. He spoke French perfectly: and Las Cases seized an opportunity of whispering a few words to him unperceived. "I have reason to believe that you possess a noble and generous heart, and will venture to put it to the proof. You can render me a most important act of service; and one that will compromise neither your conscience nor your duty. It is an affair which concerns my honor and that of my family. I have in my possession something of consierable value, which I am anxious to return to the Emperor. If you will undertake to deliver it to him my son will ship it secretly into your pocket."

The officer replied merely by a significant nod of the hend. Young Las Cases who was with his father, had received his instructions, and Queen Hortense's necklace was dropped into the officer's pocket unperceived, though quite within sight of the Governor's staff.

But the greatest difficulty yet remained to be accomplished—that of conveying the treasure to its owner. Two whole years elapsed ere this could be effected.

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It occurred to the Emperor Napoleon that he had, for some time, been the object of more vigilant watchfulness than before. He could not stir from Longwood without observing an English officer, who kept his eye upon him, following him like a shadow. One day, Napoleon remarked that the officer was watching him more closely than usual; and turning round he exclaimed angrily, 'What is the meaning of this? It is very hard that I cannot take a breath of air without having a spy on my footsteps!' Then cutting short his walk, he hurried back in the direction of Longwood. The Englishman turned back also, and coming close up to Napoleon—'Sire!' said he, in a tone of profound respect. 'Begone, sir!' said Napoleon sharply. . . . . 'There can be no communication between me and your employers. Bogone, I say!'

'Sire,' resumed the officer, with an air of perfect composure, 'your Majesty is under a mistake.' He then hurriedly uttered the words—'Count Las Cases—I have something of value.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Napoleon, 'tell me what you have to say!'

'I beg that your Majesty will continue your walk without seeming to notice me. I have a packet which I have carried about with me for two years, seeking an opportunity to deliver it. Will your Majesty contrive to let me throw it into your hat!'

Napoleon uncovered, and passed his hand across his forehead, which was an habitual action with him when endeavoring to recollect anything. By a movement as quick as thought, the necklace was thrown into his hat.

'Now,' said the officer in an undertone, 'I trust your Majesty will pardon my importunity. I have fulfilled my mission, and you will see no more of me. May God bless and preserve your Majesty!'

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About the end of April 1821, some days before his death, Napoleon desired Gen. Montholon to come to his bedside. 'My friend,' said he, 'I have under my pillow a necklace of considerable value belonging to Hortense. I had good reasons for not allowing any one here to know that I possessed an article of such value. When I am gone, take it into your care, and when you return to France, (should you ever be so fortunate as to return there;) give it to Hortense. Should sorrow have burried her to an early grave, give it to her children, my nephews.'

Montholon promised to fulfil these commands.

'Now,' said Napoleon, pressing his hand, 'I die satisfied.'

The malady continued to make rapid progress; and when General Montholon was assured that Napoleon had but a few hours to live, he took his post like a faithful sentinel, at the bedside of the invalid. At length Dr. Antomarchi pronounced the fatal words, 'All is over!' and Montholon gently raising his sovereign's head, drew from beneath the pillow the treasure confided to his care.

After many adventurous journeys in America and in various parts of Europe Montholon returned to his native France. Having performed what he felt to be his first act of duty, that of embracing his aged mother, he set out for Aremberg, to restore to the ex-Queen of Holland a necklace now doubly consecrated as a memorial of happiness and misfortune. For a long time she preserved it with feelings of sacred veneration; but in a moment of severe pecuniary distress, she found herself compelled to part with it. The King of Bavaria offered to purchase it, by settling on the ex-Queen an annuity of twenty-three thousand francs. Necessity ratified the bargain, and two years afterwards Hortense was no more.

### Kingdom of Naples.

The baffled attempt at revolutiou in the kingdom of Naples has materially aggravated the political abuses it was intended to destroy The concessions which were made by the King have all been either retracted or neutralized by new assumptions. The constitution still exists in form, but only as a testimonial of royal perfidy, and a monument of popular instability. It is no more the real law of the land than the Koran. It gave the people a representative Parliament; but that Parliament, after many of its principal members had been arrested, was arbitrarily dissolved, and nothing but the royal fiat will ever speak another into existence. The liberty of conscience, the liberty of speech, and the liberty of the press, which the constitution created, the King has annihilated. The prison not only awaits every man who gives expression to free sentiments, but frequently is the doom of him whose only crime is silence, and for months he lays without trial or the least observance of the most ordinary forms of justice. Bibles are excluded with greater rigor than ever, and all other books of liberal principles. Foreign journals, except those of a high monarchical tone, are contraband. Of all the Parisian papers, the Bourbonist *Journal des Debats* and the Legitimist *Assemblee Nationale*, are the only ones that find admittance. A severe censorship is exercised over all domestic publications, and in the whole kingdom no liberal press, nor anything wearing its remotest semblance, exists. The popular journals have all been exterminated, and the three or four others are but placards of royal edicts, and wretched, garbled compends of foreign news, In not one of them have I yet seen an article tending in the least to enlighten and ennoble the people. Men of high standing are arrested on the wanton denunciation of any malicious street vagabond; letters are intercepted at the postoffice on the slightest suspicion; domiciliary visits are constantly made, and the closest *surveillance* is maintained over the whole face of society. I had not been in the city a week, before I was kindly cautioned by our consul, to take heed lest my public correspondence involve me in trouble with the civil authorities. A quarantine of fourteen days has been established against every person coming from Rome by land, and of twenty-one days against all arriving by water from Malta or Marseilles, or from any of the ports of Upper Italy. Its ostensible object is to guard against the cholera, but everybody here understands that its real design is to shut out all political infection.

Is it possible that this state of things will soon be changed? By no means. King Ferdinand is a man of narrow mind and contracted views; and the advisers in whom he most confides are persons who have lately been recalled, and restored to all their former privileges. Bigotry, intolerance, machiavelism, and consummate selfishness possess both the *ear* and the *heart* of the King, and it is idle to presume that he will voluntarily part with his irresponsible power. But what force can compel him? The same army which saved him from the fate of his kinsman, Louis Philippe, is as loyal as ever, and ready to support him in every emergency. It numbers fifty thousand men, and is daily increasing. Finer troops I have not seen in Europe, and no popular demonstration could stand a day against them. But there is another fact, which decides the question more conclusively than either the monarch's disposition or the soldier's sword—it is the character of the people themselves. The populace, as has lately been the case, may be seized with a momentary passion, and by violence attempt to right their wrongs; but, in the mass, they are so benighted as to be lost to every noble sentiment, and utterly below every truly lofty enterprise, and all sustained heroic exertion. They are as incapable of self-guidance as the cattle of the field; they must either be driven by potentates, or led by demagogues; inconsistent as the wind, to day, led by hunger, they yell, "*Up with the barricades!*" and to-morrow, tickled with some state pageant, they shout "*Long live the King!*"

The higher classes make their ostentation their glory, and pleasure their god. Their time, their fortunes and their talents are squandered in frivolity. Their life is thoughtless, aimless, useless. Riding in the afternoon along the Chiaia in princely carriages, drinking in royal music in the evening at the Villa Reale, intriguing till midnight with each other's wives and daughters at some soiree, and dreaming on downy pillows till mid-day—these are the segments that make up its daily round. No city in Europe, externally, is so virtuous as Naples. No public women pollute its streets, no immoral plays defile its theatres. Its outward conventional propriety borders even on fastidiousness. The statues in the garden, though as radiant with innocence as the sun with glory, are carefully plastered and patched; the pictures in the galleries, though as chaste as the "icicles that hang from Dian's temple," if undraperied, are locked up in private recesses. and even every little antique Cupid, in the Museum, "no bigger than the forefinger of an alderman," is made to sport its tiny fig leaf. Yet, if I may trust high minded men, who are well acquainted with all grades of Neapolitan society, moral corruption almost universally prevails. It manifests itself in the upper classes in negotiated amours, and in the lower by unparleying libertinism. In short, the people are too ignorant to know and too pusillanimous to assert their rights; too superstitious to understand, and too depraved to perform their duties. Knowledge and virtue, which are the very life-blood of every free government, exist not. Every element of civil and social regeneration is wanting. Who, then, or what, is to effect a change?—*Cor. N. Y. Courier.*

☞An angry woman in Albany lately pursued her husband through the streets, and finally in a fit of desperation, attempted to shoot him with a shovel.—*Exchange.*

We have since received the following particulars in relation to this melancholy affair. Immediately after this diabolical attempt, the husband in a fit of desperation loaded himself with one boot and discharged it with unerring aim at his dangerous antagonist. The wife, receiving the contents of the whole discharge, was for a moment compelled to fly for protection behind the breastwork of two dry goods boxes and a molasses hogshead; but recovering herself she again led on to the charge, and, by a skilful manœuvre, captured the enemy by the discharge of a frying pan. They were both taken home in a wheel-barrow.—*Boston Weekly Museum.*

### A Fair Hit.

We commend the following story to such of our contemporaries as can enjoy a laugh at their own expense. It is told by the editor of the *Dayton Transcript*, and it is certainly a fair hit at the cloth:

We have travelled some 1500 miles within the last few days by land and by water. The tavern-keepers, steamer-captains, &c., &c., have uniformly chalked our hat, and indignantly refused to permit us to pay our way. In short, upon the raging canawl, upon the expansive lake, in the packets, hotels, and floating palaces of Lake Erie, we have had a great 'free blow,' and have uniformly been regarded among the 'dead heads.' This you will regard as very pleasant, and certainly a very agreeable and advantageous way of traveling. But there was one 'free blow' we received, which came near knocking us into the middle of next week. The incident is so comical that we will relate it if the joke is at our own expense.

While on board of one of the splendid steamers which ply between Buffalo and Chicago, the fuz on our chin grew rather longer than was agreeable, and we repaired to the barber's shop on board to have it taken off. The fellow did it in first rate style. After he had combed and oiled our head, brushed our clothes; and slicked us up fine, we felt gratified, pulled out a dime and proffered it to him as a reward for his services, He drew himself up with considerable pomposity.

'I understand,' said he, 'dat you is an editor?'

'Well! what of it?' said we.

'We neber charges editors nuffin,' said he.

'But my friend,' said we, 'there are a good many editors travelling now-a-days, and such liberality on your part will prove a ruinous business.'

'Oh, neber mind,' said he, 'we makes it all up off the gemmen!'

We incontinently sloped.

☞Time is the cradle of hope, but the grave of delusion. Time is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counseller of the wise- Wisdom walks before it, Opportunity with it, and Repentence behind it. He that has made Time his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made Time his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.

From the New York Organ.

### Our Glorious Union.

A vast and momentous responsibility rests upon the Congress whose sessions have just commenced. It is but too apparent that there is a good deal of bad and exasperated feeling in reference to the slavery question, and it is to be feared that there are fanatical spirits on both sides who regard the continued Union of the States as of small account compared with the triumph of their views.

We look upon the Union as the only reliable pledge for the continuance of our republican forms, and the realization of the high hopes inspired here and in Europe by the example of our success and glory. Only let the tie which binds us be once broken, and we should soon be split into many and antagonist sovereignties, with hostile interests and jealousies. The fragments thus torn apart would be pitted against each other, under the influence of those feelings which have always made civil discords the most fearless and unrelenting. Let fanatics and demagogues succeed in separating the North and South, and we shall find that the rending process shall go on till in place of one glorious confederacy we have become a multitude of discordant and feeble tribes, each the prey of designing and ambitious men, and over the sad eclipse of our national glory the despots of Europe and the world would hold high and prolonged jubilee.

We have looked with hope under our present perilous and menacing prospects to the return of Mr. Clay and Mr. Cass to the Senate. Both of these distinguished men wield great influence, and both appreciate, at its just value, the Union of the States. We doubt not they will throw the whole weight of their influence in favor of conciliation and forbearance, and we trust with decisive effect. Indeed we have thought that perhaps true patriots of both parties may yet see reasons for joy in the defeat of these statesmen as candidates for the Presidency, since their elevation to that high post might have deprived them of their side now so much needed in the Senate. It may be that the same benignant Providence which has so often succored us in emergencies, is about to use these eminent men as the great instruments for preserving the integrity and permanence of our glorious Union. If it shall appear that they or either of them has been reserved for this high honor they, as well as we, may well be content, for no higher glory can be won on earth.

We trust the press and the people throughout the Union will speak earnestly and unanimously in condemnation of that blind and fanatical fury which threatens us. We rejoice in believing that the great mass of the people North and South, love and cherish the Union, and would mourn in bitterness of spirit over its rupture. This is our great security. Let this spirit beam forth in all its strength and appalling brightness, and let it awe the reckless and the designing who would take from us our palladium and birthright.

*Popping the Question.*—It is common for girls when they give their consent to say to their lovers, 'Go ask my father.' A bachelor recently got acquainted with a pretty woman, to whom he very soon popped the question, to which she replied, 'Go ask my husband!' He supposed her to be a spinster.

*An Elopement in Contemplation.*—The *Rochester American* is responsible for the following:

COURTING SCENE.—*Miss Canada.*—Please sir, will you marry me?

*Uncle Sam.*—I cannot disguise my affections for so amiable and beautiful a young lady; but your papa must be consulted, and I must procure his consent.

*Miss C.*—O, never mind. I'll ask him myself, and if he refuses, we'll get up an elopement.

*A Stubborn Fact.*—The Brooklyn Advertiser says:—Dip the Atlantic Ocean dry with a teaspoon—stop this journal from going ahead—twist your heel into the toe of your boot—make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay the printer—send up fishing hooks with balloons and fish for stars—get astride a gossamer and chase a comet—when a rain storm is coming down like the cataract of Niagara remember where you left your umbrella—choke a mosquito with a brickbat—in short prove all things hitherto considered impossible, to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she *will* when she has made up her mind to say she *won't*.

☞Go to strangers for charity, acquaintances for advice, and relations for nothing—and you will always have a supply.