

Mountain Gentleman.

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

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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MISCELLANEOUS

The Two Emperresses.

It was the middle of the year 1812, that year the latter months of which witnessed the annihilation of the French army on the plains of Russia. Such a catastrophe was far from the thoughts of the single inhabitant of Paris, when one morning in the month of June, the celebrated artist, Redoute was on his way to Malmaison to present to the Empress Josephine some paintings of lilies. He was a great favorite with her, from his having devoted his pencil to flowers, of which she was passionately fond. In full enjoyment of the lovely morning, he was gaily crossing the garden of the Tuileries to get to the Place de la Concorde, where he intended taking a coach, when he saw a crowd eagerly hurrying in the direction of the walk by the waterside. The general cry "the King of Rome! the Emperor!" soon told him the object of attraction; and the artist quickened his steps, glad of the opportunity, thus by chance afforded him, of seeing the son of the Emperor, the yet cradled child of fifteen months, whom so proud a destiny seemed to await.

It was indeed the King of Rome, in a little carriage drawn by four snow-white goats, and the Empress Maria Louisa walking by its side. She was wrapped in a blue shawl of a peculiar shade, known to be her favorite color. The crowd had gathered outside the grating, around which they pressed closely; and as Redoute stopped to gaze with the rest, he saw standing near him a young woman with a child in her arms. The garb of both bespoke extreme poverty; but the child's face was glowing with health, while the cheeks of the mother were pale and emaciated, and from her sunken eyes fell tears, which she cared not either to wipe away or conceal.

"My poor little one!—my darling!" she whispered as she pressed the child still closer to her bosom, "you have no carriage, my angel; no playthings—no toys of any kind. For him abundance, pleasure, every joy of his age; for thee, desolation, suffering, poverty, hunger! What is he that he should be happier than you, darling? Both of you born the same day the same hour!—I as young as his mother, and loving you as fondly as she loves him. But you have now no father my poor babe; you have no father!"

The artist overheard these words of woe and stood with his eyes fixed upon the poor young mother, in utter forgetfulness of the King of Rome.

"Madame," said he, after a moment's hesitation, and in a low voice, "why do you not make known your situation to the emperor?"

"To what purpose, sir?" cried the young woman, somewhat bitterly. "Small compassion have the great ones of this world."

"But why not make the attempt?"

"I have done so, sir, already. I wrote to the emperor and told her that my son was born the same day, the same hour with the King of Rome. I told her, alas! that he has no father, that my strength is failing, that we are utterly destitute.—But the emperor has not deigned to answer."

"You will have an answer rest assured. Perhaps the memorial has not been yet placed before her majesty. Give me your address I beg of you." And after taking a memorandum of it, and slipping into her hand all the money he had about him, Redoute was soon rapidly making his way to the Place de la Concorde, where, just as he was stepping into a carriage, he discovered that his purse was empty.

"It is of no consequence," he said; "I have only to walk a little fast."

Josephine, meanwhile, had been eagerly expecting the promised visit of the usually punctual artist, and was beginning to feel uneasy lest some accident had occurred to occasion the prolonged delay, when he was announced.

"I ought to scold you," she said, as she received with her wonted gentle grace the artist's offering, "for delaying the pleasure I feel in seeing this admirable drawing."

"I must throw myself upon your majesty's goodness to excuse me," answered Redoute rather inconsiderately. "I had never seen the King of Rome, and to-day I have been fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of him." Josephine started, and Redoute, instantly aware of the awkwardness of mentioning the meeting, stopped suddenly in confusion.

"I am very glad," said Josephine, making a strong effort to repress her emotion, "that you have seen the son of the Emperor. Pray tell me where you saw him, and who was with him." Redoute hesitated.

"Pray, go on," said she, gently but earnestly. He obeyed; and told her every particular he had observed, as well as what

had delayed his arrival by obliging him to walk to Malmaison.

"I see the great artist as always happens, has a feeling heart," said Josephine, her sympathy aroused for the poor woman. "If Napoleon did but know the destitution of this child, born the same day, the same hour with his son! Be with me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock; we will together visit this poor creature." And the next morning at nine o'clock Redoute was at Malmaison, and an hour after, Josephine, undeterred by the dark narrow, muddy passage, and the equally dark, damp stairs, increasing in steepness every step, had entered the wretched apartment, utterly bare of furniture, in the fifth story, inhabited by the widow of Charles Blanger.

"Madame," said Redoute, to whom Josephine had made signs to introduce her and the object of their visit, "you may rest assured that if the Emperor knew your situation, he would give you relief; but there is now no necessity to trouble him. This lady, whom I have the honor to accompany, is good enough to say she will take you under her protection, and her protection is all sufficient."

"What a lovely boy!" cried Josephine, as the little orphan sat up in his cradle, and smilingly stretched out his arms to his mother. "Redoute," she said, as she took the child and kissed it, "did you not tell me that he was born the same day with the King of Rome?"

"The same day and hour, madame," answered the young mother.

"Was it mentioned to the Emperor at the time?"

"No, madame; we were happy then, and my poor Charles had too independent a spirit to ask any thing from any one while he could work. He was an engineer; and though employment fluctuated, yet still we were never reduced to want. At his leisure time he used to construct model-machines, from one of which novel and ingenious in the invention he expected both fame and pecuniary advantages; but he has been suddenly taken from me, and I am left alone to struggle with misery and wretchedness. I am sinking lower and lower, and gradually every resource has been exhausted. Alas, I need not tell you!" and she glanced sorrowfully around the miserable little apartment.

"To-morrow you shall quit this wretched unwholesome abode," said the empress as she gave the child to his mother, after fondly caressing him, and putting her purse into his little hand. "I will send you my own physician; his skill, and the comforts with which I hope to surround you, will restore your health. I rely on you my good friend," added she, turning to the artist, "to arrange all this for me."

She was rising to quit the room, amid the tears and blessings of the widow, whose heart she had "made to sing for joy," when the door opened, and a young lady entered, at the sight of whom Redoute stood motionless with astonishment.

It was Maria Louisa, accompanied by a newly-appointed chamberlain. As Maria Louisa was never known to visit the poor man in his abode of poverty, Redoute had some excuse for the uncharitable judgment he formed on the instant—that this unusual proceeding on her part was intended either as an attempt to rival Josephine in the popularity gained by her active and unwearied benevolence, or to please the Emperor, as proving the lively interest she took in a child born the same day and hour with the King of Rome. But whatever might have been her motive, certain it is that she was now standing in the widow's humble abode without deigning a salutation to any one in it.

Josephine was sweetness and gentleness itself; but there was something in this want of common courtesy that grated upon the pride of caste which, as a Creole of an illustrious race, the wife, the greatest captain of the age, and as one still feeling herself the empress, she retained amid destitution and the disgrace of her reputation.—It may be, too, that she recognised Maria Louisa, though she had only seen the portraits of her who now filled her place; and she therefore resumed her seat, as if fearful that her standing might have been conferred into homage. Maria Louisa, on her part, was far from suspecting that the female so simply dressed, so quietly seated in the miserable garret, was her still envied rival.

As the artist glanced from Maria Louisa to the beautiful face of Josephine—for it was still beautiful, though bearing the impress of grief even more than of years—he observed that an unwonted expression of haughty disdain now clouded that brow usually so radiant with benevolent kindness, and he half dreaded the result of this unexpected encounter. And now Maria Louisa, without one care to the child or noticing it in any way, explained in a few words the object of her visit.

"Your intention is most laudable, doubtless, madame," said Josephine, still keep-

ing her seat, "but you are rather late; the young mother and the child are under my protection." Maria Louisa, with a haughty glance at her who thus presumed to address the empress, said coldly, "I have some reason to believe that my patronage will be a little more advantageous." Here the chamberlain quickly interposed, "It is quite certain that you, madame, have the power of elevating the boy to any position you may choose for him, however high." With a momentary bitterness of feeling, excited by the involuntary retrospect of what she once had been, Josephine's disdainful eye seemed to measure the speaker from head to foot, as she said, "And pray, sir, what leads you to conclude that I am notable to raise whom I will still higher?"

"The lady doubtless intends," said Maria Louisa, in a tone of irony, "to place her protegee on the steps of the throne."

"Higher still, madame, if such were my pleasure," warmly retorted Josephine, now rising to withdraw; "for aught you can tell, I may have given kings to the world."

"Beware, madame," hastily whispered Redoute; your majesty will betray yourself, and the Emperor will be displeased." Josephine was silent; and the artist, who was upon thorns, hastily added, "I do not see why either of these ladies need give up her share in the happiness of doing good. I shall feel honored in accepting for my happy proteges whatever kindness it may please either to bestow upon them."

Josephine made no answer, but with head erect left the room; and Redoute, respectfully bowing to Maria Louisa, was following, glad to have prevented an outbreak which might have had serious consequences, when a hand laid upon his arm made him turn round; it was the chamberlain.

"Sir," said he, in a low whisper, "do you know that the lady whom I have had the honor of attending here is her majesty, the Empress Maria Louisa?"

"Sir," answered Redoute in an equally low voice, "the lady that I have had the honor of attending here is the Empress Josephine."

In less than two years after this meeting Josephine had sunk under the never-healed wound that Napoleon's desertion had inflicted, and died at Malmaison; and Maria Louisa had, it may be joyfully, quitted a country, which she had never loved, and in which she never succeeded in making herself beloved. During these two years the widow had lived upon the daily bounty of her royal patronesses, and was consequently now as destitute as when they first entered her abode of poverty.

In vain had Redoute often placed before Josephine his views of what patronage, to be really useful, ought to be—the helping others to help themselves. In vain had he urged her to establish the widow in some way of earning her independence. "Time enough for this when the boy is grown up." But death came and reverse of fortune, and no friend now remained to the widow and the orphan but the artist, and nought remained to him from the vast wreck but his talent and his reputation. Circumstances might indeed render the productions of his pencil less a source of emolument, but these circumstances were but temporary; the artist would again rise to fame and fortune, while Napoleon and Maria Louisa had fallen irretrievably.

Redoute acted on the principle he would have had the widow's royal patronesses to act; he procured employment for the widow; and, thanks to his influence, she was enabled to earn sufficient to place her above want, while he took upon himself the education of her child. But the mother's health was failing; and when Redoute, previous to a short absence from Paris, went to take leave of her, she expressed her belief that he would not find her alive at his return, and with tears she solemnly commended her boy to his care. Though he had not attach much weight to her presentiments, yet it was with a somewhat uneasy feeling that, immediately on his return, he went to the house. The door was open, and, as he ran up stairs, a sound reached him which struck upon his heart; they were fastening down the coffin of the widow, and in a corner of room was the little Charles weeping bitterly. Some distant relatives stood by the coffin in cold and audible debate as to what was to be done with the child.

"I see nothing for him but the orphan asylum," said one.

"Oh, no, no! pray do not send me there," cried the child. "My own dear mamma worked for her bread, and so can I. You do not know how much I can do if you will but try me." At this instant he caught a glimpse of Redoute, and throwing himself into his arms, he exclaimed, "You are come back, dear, good friend, and you will not send me to the

asylum!" The artist pressed the poor boy to his bosom.

"Have you no hearts?" he said, indignantly turning to the relations. "This boy shall be my care." And what the most powerful among the powerful had not done, he did—he, the comparatively obscure and humble artist. He secured to his protegee present comfort and future respectability, by teaching him, as soon as possible, to help himself. Charles Blanger became not only his best pupil, but a celebrated painter, making the same use as his noble-minded master of that knowledge which is power, and of that talent which is one of those possessions described by Aristides in his celebrated maxim, "Heap up no treasures save those which, should shipwreck come, will float with the owner."

TOWN QUARTERS.

From the German.

WHEN young men have been for a long time confined to the dull monotony of barrack life, with its never ending labor of cleaning spottles, trappings and accoutrements, its daily drills, and the mingling with men whose tastes and habits are not congenial to their own, it is a relief to them if, on march, they are allowed to spend a short time at a town where a division of quarters abstracts them from the surveillance of petty officers, and allows them a little larger liberty. Thus we were happy to reach a provincial town early on an afternoon, where we were to remain until next morning; and it cannot be called a heinous wrong if we went to excesses of merriment, which otherwise would have been avoided.

No sooner were the horses stabled at our respective quarters, and our persons cleaned from the dust of the road, than a party of choice spirits met for an afternoon's sport. First, we measured the town in all its dimensions, playing off many an innocent joke on unsuspecting peasants on the way, and in the evening we adjourned to my room, where the time was spent in merry-making. About nine o'clock we issued forth, in the merriest humor in the world, to take an evening walk.

Unluckily, one of the party suggested to us the acting of a joke, which we carried into execution with considerable effect.

As the front doors of the houses in town were mostly open, we would enter and walk up into the topmost story. Here we would begin to make a noise, and, when any one came to see what was the matter, one of the party would ask meekly—

"I beg your pardon, but is this the residence of a Mr. Miller?"

The answer, of course, was always, No; and then we would descend, dragging our sabres after us, and clinking with our spurs on the stairs as noisy as possible.

Emboldened by our success, we paid a visitation to some dozen of houses or more, and entered now a splendid mansion in the heart of the town. Some of us, and I for one, hesitated on the threshold; but then, as Col. Von Thalberg, with his staff, had taken quarters near the outskirts of the town, our fears were allayed and we entered.

As we reached the top landing, a servant met us and inquired, somewhat rudely, what we wanted.

It being my turn to be spokesman for the party, I put the usual query, and was answered briefly in the negative.

"Beg your pardon," said I; "face about, boys! forward, march!"

And away went the party, making a noise in their descent like bedlam let loose. Doors opened in every direction as we passed, and ladies, gentlemen, and servants, looked out too see what was the matter.

I did not feel quite comfortable, and lagged behind the rest, so that they were a full stairs' length ahead of me. Suddenly, as I was entering on the second stairs, I heard a voice below—

"Zehntausend Donnerwetter! what is that? Why, you young scapellows, I'll have you shot like a parcel of dogs!—What a noise is this to make in a gentleman's house!"

It was the voice of our colonel!

Here was a predicament. I knew that the violent temper of the old man would subject us to a severe punishment, and as I had not been seen by him, the thought struck me of escaping if I could. There was a door by my side; the temptation was too great; I opened it and entered.

This was, apparently, jumping from the frying pan into the fire, for in the room were two young girls just in the act of undressing for the night. As I entered, they both jumped behind a screen that stood at the other end of the room, which hid their figures from view; although their pretty little heads were still visible,

The one seemed speechless with fright, while the other appeared on the point of screaming for assistance, when, by an imploring gesture and some further pantomimes, in which I endeavored to explain my situation to them and invoke their silence, I somewhat allayed their fears.

I felt embarrassed beyond description. Young, inexperienced, and possessed of exaggetating fears, I knew not what to do. Two lovely girls, on whose privacy I had inadvertently broken in an indelicate manner, on the one hand, and a very hot-headed superior officer down stairs on the other! Was ever mortal so perplexed?

While I was standing at the door, undecided how to act, (and the young girls, no doubt, were in the same predicament,) I heard the colonel swear terrifically down stairs, his first having been that of sending for a sergeant and ten men to arrest the delinquents. The servant who answered my question up stairs, declared that there had only been five. The colonel, however, knew too well what a young soldier's assertion was worth in a matter of this kind, and he ordered a search to be made of every room in the house. This was done, and I heard one door after another open and shut, and, last of all, steps approaching the door of the young ladies' chamber. It was not of course suspected that I would be in there; but the servant had been, as an extra precaution, sent to ask the ladies if they had seen anything of a man secreting himself about the house. This was a critical moment for me, and my heart beat violently as the servant approached the door.

I had now been so long in the room that my first frustration had passed over, and, knowing that the very act of intruding upon the ladies' sanctum would increase my punishment, it made me bolder in imploring the assistance of the ladies. When the servant put them the question at the door, they looked at each other dubiously.

"What shall we say, Bertha?" said the bolder of the two, a lovely blonde with curly hair and the sweetest countenance that had ever set the heart of a young trooper in a flutter.

"Do as you like, Emily," replied the other.

I looked at the blonde imploringly, and she said—

"It is a most perplexing thing; but after all it was only a joke of theirs, and hardly deserves to be so severely punished."

"The other consented to this with a nod. I cast a look of gratitude on the lovely Emily, and she smiled slightly, even through her perplexity.

The sergeant, having arrived with his escort, my unfortunate companions were brought to the watch-house; the colonel, who had been spending the evening here, returned to his own quarters, and the house was quiet.

Meanwhile I still occupied my position at the door, and became more embarrassed than ever. The front door was locked and bolted, and how should I escape?

"What is to be done?" said Emily, after a while to her companion.

"You must dress, and lead him out the back way," replied the other.

"How can I?" whispered the other; and she cast a furtive glance at some clothing which reposed on a chair that was standing near me. I understood the difficulty, and said, in as delicate a manner as possible—

"Ladies, if there is anything here that you desire, allow me to hand it to you."

They blushed, but did not reply; and, taking their silence for an affirmative, I, with my face half averted, transported the chair to the side of the screen, and returned to my place at the further end of the room, where I turned my back upon them.

A cough by my side, after a while, caused me to turn, and the lovely Emily was standing by my side, simply dressed, but lovely in the extreme.

"If you follow me," said she, "I will lead you out; but for Heaven's sake make no noise, for every room we pass is occupied."

She took the light and led me down stairs. I held up my sabre, and followed noiselessly. In the garden we stopped.

"Go straight on," said she; "then turn to the right, where you will find a gate; it is merely kept shut with a latch, and will admit you into the back street."

"How shall I thank you?" exclaimed I, pressing her hand in mine, and detaching her a moment.

"For Heaven's sake be prudent," said she, "and be more careful in future."

She tore away from my grasp, and ere I had time to recover from the stupor in which I found myself, had vanished from my sight. I stood for some moments rooted to the spot, and then, with a deep-fetched sigh, followed her direction.

Dear Emily! she is mine now; and as we sit in the chimney corner together;

with our sleeping infant by our side, we often speak of our first meeting.

As to my companions, they were all pardoned by the kind-hearted colonel, through the intercession of Emily's uncle, the owner of the house in which they were taken. The colonel always suspected something quite different. In this family, there are two daughters,—Sarah and Mary—neither of them very young nor very handsome, but one of them considerably younger and handsomer than the other.—Mary, the younger, uses a great quantity of Cologne, and Sarah, the elder, uses an equal quantity of snuff. Lawyer Butterworth is partial to Cologne, but abominates snuff—he is engaged in a flirtation with Mary, and has reason to felicitate himself on the progress he has made in her favor. Coming home rather late on Sunday night,—he was let in by somebody whom he took for Mary, (the entry being quite dark,) and his gallantry prompted him to give the lovely mistress a kiss. Perceiving that the salute was flavored with snuff, and not with Cologne, as he expected,—he discovered his mistake. "Bless my soul!" cried he, "it is Miss Sarah!—I beg a thousand pardons!—I really thought it was Mary." The apology, made in the simplicity of Mr. Butterworth's heart, was infinitely more offensive than the kiss itself. Miss Sarah took the kiss very submissively,—but when the excuse was offered, she showed temper, and signified her intention to have redress. The next day,—Lawyer Butterworth was notified that his services were required at the office of a certain Alderman. He went, expecting to find a client,—but ascertained that he was defendant in a suit for an assault committed on Miss Sarah, complaint having been made by that young lady's brother, Samuel Mitchell, who was then in attendance. Mr. Samuel seemed to think he had performed a very cunning trick, by deluding the lawyer with the hopes of a professional job. Mr. Butterworth, however, took the whole matter quite coolly. "In this case," said he to the Alderman, "I am the party accused. I am also retained as counsel for the plaintiff. My double position is somewhat embarrassing, but I will endeavor to do justice to all parties concerned. As defendant in the case, I plead guilty of an assault on this young lady; (pointing to Miss Sarah, who was present as a witness,) but I say, in mitigation, that I assaulted, or kissed her by mistake. Had I known what I was about the event never could have taken place.—This is my defence. Now, as counsel for the plaintiff,—I admit the circumstances of mitigation, and in consideration thereof, claim only one dollar damages for my client. Here is the money," said Butterworth, planking the dollar, and here are the legal costs, sixty-eight cents.—Matters being arranged thus far, Mr. Mitchell, the plaintiff was about to leave the office, when Butterworth handed him a bill for \$5 professional fees. Mitchell saw that he was "in for it";—he had sent for Butterworth as a lawyer, and was legally bound to satisfy the demand. With an agonized expression of countenance, he produced the V and took B's receipt. Butterworth, on posting the account, found that he had gained three dollars and thirty-two cents "by the transaction, and had a kiss thrown in for a bonus.—Penny."

Lawyer Butterworth's Adventure.

W. R. Butterworth, Esq., is one of those 639 young attorneys who do a flourishing business in the Philadelphia courts of *pie poudre*. Mr. B. boards in a family, which for delicate considerations we shall call Mitchell, the *real name* being something quite different. In this family, there are two daughters,—Sarah and Mary—neither of them very young nor very handsome, but one of them considerably younger and handsomer than the other.—Mary, the younger, uses a great quantity of Cologne, and Sarah, the elder, uses an equal quantity of snuff. Lawyer Butterworth is partial to Cologne, but abominates snuff—he is engaged in a flirtation with Mary, and has reason to felicitate himself on the progress he has made in her favor. Coming home rather late on Sunday night,—he was let in by somebody whom he took for Mary, (the entry being quite dark,) and his gallantry prompted him to give the lovely mistress a kiss. Perceiving that the salute was flavored with snuff, and not with Cologne, as he expected,—he discovered his mistake. "Bless my soul!" cried he, "it is Miss Sarah!—I beg a thousand pardons!—I really thought it was Mary." The apology, made in the simplicity of Mr. Butterworth's heart, was infinitely more offensive than the kiss itself. Miss Sarah took the kiss very submissively,—but when the excuse was offered, she showed temper, and signified her intention to have redress. The next day,—Lawyer Butterworth was notified that his services were required at the office of a certain Alderman. He went, expecting to find a client,—but ascertained that he was defendant in a suit for an assault committed on Miss Sarah, complaint having been made by that young lady's brother, Samuel Mitchell, who was then in attendance. Mr. Samuel seemed to think he had performed a very cunning trick, by deluding the lawyer with the hopes of a professional job. Mr. Butterworth, however, took the whole matter quite coolly. "In this case," said he to the Alderman, "I am the party accused. I am also retained as counsel for the plaintiff. My double position is somewhat embarrassing, but I will endeavor to do justice to all parties concerned. As defendant in the case, I plead guilty of an assault on this young lady; (pointing to Miss Sarah, who was present as a witness,) but I say, in mitigation, that I assaulted, or kissed her by mistake. Had I known what I was about the event never could have taken place.—This is my defence. Now, as counsel for the plaintiff,—I admit the circumstances of mitigation, and in consideration thereof, claim only one dollar damages for my client. Here is the money," said Butterworth, planking the dollar, and here are the legal costs, sixty-eight cents.—Matters being arranged thus far, Mr. Mitchell, the plaintiff was about to leave the office, when Butterworth handed him a bill for \$5 professional fees. Mitchell saw that he was "in for it";—he had sent for Butterworth as a lawyer, and was legally bound to satisfy the demand. With an agonized expression of countenance, he produced the V and took B's receipt. Butterworth, on posting the account, found that he had gained three dollars and thirty-two cents "by the transaction, and had a kiss thrown in for a bonus.—Penny."

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