# Chestertown Transcript.

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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jan4'68



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## The Poet.

### BEREAVEMENT AND CONSOLATION.

IT is not in the parting hour, when those
we fondly love,
Have breathed to us their last farewell, and winged their way above;
Nor yet, when in the darksome grave we lay them to their rest,
The sharpest pang of sorrow rends the stricken mourner's breast.

'Tis when we seek our lonely home, and meet no more the smile
Which could the darkest cloud dispel, and every care beguile;
And when we meet around the board, or at the hour of prayer,
'Tis then the heart most feels its loss—the loved ones are not there.

And thus, while days and months steal on, as memory brings to view
The vision of departed joys, our grief is stirred anew;
Though faith may own a Father's hand, yet nature will rebel,
And feel how hard it is to say, "He hath done all things well."

O mournful memories of the past! ye wear our lives away;
Ye haunt us in our dreams by night, and through each weary day;
The home which late, like Eden's bower, in blooming beauty smiled,
Ye make a barren wilderness, a desert waste and wild.

But why thus yield to fruitless grief? are they not happier far,
The sainted ones for whom we mourn, than those who linger here?
Our hearts should glow with grateful love to Him whose watchful eye
Saw dangers gathering round their path, and called them to the sky.

Not long shall we their loss deplore, for soon the hour will come
When we, with those so fondly loved, shall slumber in the tomb;
Then let the remnant of our days be to His service given,
*Who hid our idols in the grave, lest we should fail of Heaven.*

Not willingly the Lord afflicts, nor grieves the sons of men;
'Tis but to wean our souls from earth, and break the power of sin;
He saw us wandering from His paths, and sent the chastening rod
To turn our feet from error's way, and bring us home to God.

Shall we defeat His wise design, and waste our days in tears,
Ungrateful for the numerous gifts that Heaven in mercy spares?
Let faith and hope be cherished still, and brighter days shall dawn,
And plants of peace shall spring anew from seed in sorrow sown.

## THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

In the fascination of romance, glory, and pathetic tragedy, few lives of women surpass that of JOSEPHINE. Much as has been written thereon, and often as this has been read, the interest seems not to lessen, but rather to increase as the lapse of time removes the "shinering mark" of fortune into the far past. One of the latest portraitures of her character and career is by Madame MULBACH, and forms a part of the author's series of historical novels now issuing from the press of D. APPLETON & Co. Although called a novel and possessing more than the usual interest of a novel—thanks to the subject—the narrative follows history so faithfully and contains so little fictitious matter, that the title of romance seems almost a misnomer. We cannot quarrel with the designation, however, when we read the work and see how simply and admirably the author has taken the historical element and moulded them into dramatic unity, giving to the whole an air of freshness and life-likeness that cannot fail to interest even those already familiar with the subject Among the many attractive passages we excerpt the following account of the first visit that JOSEPHINE received from Napoleon and the peculiar method of the

GREAT WARRIOR'S COURTSHIP.

Josephine was not alone when General Bonaparte was announced; and when the servant named him, she could not suppress an inward fear, without knowing why she was afraid. Her friends, who noticed her tremor and blush, laughed jestingly at the timidity which made her tremble at the name of the conqueror of Paris, and this was, perhaps, the reason why Josephine received General Bonaparte with less complacency than she generally showed to her visitors.

Amid the general silence of all those present the young general (twenty-six years old) entered the drawing-room of the Viscountess de Beauharnis; and this silence, however flattering it might be to his pride, caused him a slight embarrassment. He, therefore, approached the beautiful widow with a certain abrupt and perplexed manner, and spoke to her in that hasty, imperious tone which might become a general, but which did not seem appropriate in a lady's saloon. General Pichegru, who stood near Josephine, smiled, and even her amiable countenance was overspread with a slight expression of scorn, as she fixed her beautiful eyes on this pale, thin little man, whose long, smooth hair fell in tangled disorder on either side of his temples over his sallow, hollow cheeks; whose whole sickly and gloomy appearance bore so little resemblance to the majestic figure of the lion to which he had been so often compared after his success of the thirteenth Vendemiaire.

"I perceive, general," suddenly exclaimed Josephine, "that you are sorry it was your duty to fill Paris once more with blood and horror. You would undoubtedly have preferred not to be obliged to carry out the bloody orders of the affrighted Convention?"

Bonaparte shrugged his shoulders somewhat.

"That is very possible," said he, perfectly quiet. "But what can you expect, madame? We military men are but the automatons which the government sets in motion according to its good pleasure; we know only how to obey; the sections, however, cannot but congratulate themselves that I have spared them so much.—Nearly all my cannon were loaded only with powder. I wanted to give a little lesson to the Parisians. The whole affair was nothing but the impress of my seal on France. Such skirmishes are only the vespers of my fame."

Josephine felt irritated, excited by the coldness with which Napoleon spoke of the slaughter of that day; and her eyes, otherwise so full of gentleness, were now animated with flashes of anger.

"Oh," cried she, "if you must purchase fame at such a price, I would sooner you were one of the victims."

Bonaparte looked at her with astonishment, but as he perceived her flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, the sight of her grace and beauty ravished him, and a soft, pleasant smile suddenly illuminated his countenance. He answered her violent attack by a light pleasantry, and with gladsome unaffectedness he gave to the conversation another turn. The small, pale, gloomy general was at once changed into a young, impassionate, amiable *cavalier*, whose countenance grew beautiful under the sparkling intelligence which animated it, and whose enchanting eloquence made his conversation attractive and lively, carrying with it the conviction of a superior mind.

After the visitors who had met that morning in Josephine's drawing-room had departed, the general still remained, notwithstanding the astonished and questioning looks of the Viscountess, paying no attention to her remarks about the fine weather, or her attention to enjoy a promenade.

With rapid steps, and hands folded behind his back, he paced a few times to and fro the room; then standing before Josephine, he fixed on her face a searching look.

"Madame," said he suddenly, with a kind of rough tone, "I have a proposition to make: give me your hand. Be my wife?"

Josephine looked at him half-astonished, half-irritated.

"Is it a joke you are indulging in?" said she.

"I speak in all earnestness," said Bonaparte, warmly. "Will you do me the honor of giving me your hand?"

The gravity with which Bonaparte spoke, the deep earnestness imprinted on his features, convinced Josephine that the general would not condescend to indulge in a joke of so unseemingly character, and a lovely blush overspread the face of the Viscountess.

"Sir," said she, "who knows if I might not be inclined to accept your distinguished offer, if, unfortunately, fate stood not in the way of your wishes?"

"Fate?" said Bonaparte, with animation.

"Yes, fate! my general," repeated Josephine, smiling. "But let us speak no more of this. It is enough that fate forbids me to be the wife of General Bonaparte. I can say no more, for you would laugh at me."

"But you would laugh at me if you could turn me away with so vague an answer," cried Bonaparte, with vivacity. "I pray you, explain the meaning of your words."

"Well, then, general I cannot be your wife, for I am destined to be Queen of France—yes, perhaps more than queen!"

It was now Bonaparte's turn to appear astonished and irritated, and, using her own words, he said, shrugging his shoulders,

"Madame, is it a joke you are indulging in?"

"I speak in all earnestness,' said Josephine, shaking her head. "Listen, then: A negro woman in Martinique foretold my fortune, and as her oracular words have thus far been all fulfilled, I must conclude that the rest of her prophecies concerning me will be realized."

"And what has she prophesied to you?" said Bonaparte eagerly.

"She has told me: 'You will one day be Queen of France! you will be still more than queen!'"

The general was silent. He had remained standing; but now slowly paced the room a few times, his hands folded on his back and head inclined on his breast. Then again he stood before the viscountess, and his eyes rested upon her with a wondrous bright and genial expression.

"I bid defiance to fate," said he, somewhat solemnly. "This prophecy does not frighten me away, and, in defiance of your prophetic negro woman, I, the republican general, address my prayer to the future Queen of France: be my wife!—give me your hand!"

Josephine felt almost affrighted at this pertinacity of the general, and a sentiment of apprehension overcame her as she looked into the pale, decided countenance of this man, a stranger, and who claimed her for his wife.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed she, with some anguish, "you offer me your hand with as much carelessness as if the whole matter were merely for a contre-dance. But I can assure you that marriage is a very grave matter, which has no resemblance whatever to a gay dance. I know it is so. I have had my sad experience, and I cannot so easily decide upon marrying a second time."

"You refuse my hand, then?" said Bonaparte, with a threatening tone.

"On the contrary, general," said Josephine, smiling; "give me your hand and accompany me to my carriage, which has been waiting for me this long time."

"That means you dismiss me! You close upon me the door of your drawing-room!" exclaimed Bonaparte, with some warmth.

She shook her head, and, bowing before him with her own irresistible grace, said, in a friendly manner:

"I am too good a patriot not to be proud of seeing the conqueror of Toulon in my drawing-room. To-morrow I have an evening reception, and I invite you to be present, general."

From this time Bonaparte visited Josephine daily: she was certain to meet him everywhere. At first she sought to avoid him, but he always knew with cunning foresight how to baffle her efforts, and to overcome all difficulties which she threw in his way. Was she at her friend Therese's, she could safely reckon that General Bonaparte would soon make his appearance and come near with his eyes beaming with joy, and in his own energetic language speak to her of his love and his hopes Was she to be present at the reception of the five monarchs of Paris, it was General Bonaparte who waited for her at the door of the hall to offer his arm, and lead her amid the respectful, retreating and gently applauding crowd to her seat, where he stood by her drawing upon her the attention of all. Did she take a drive, at the accustomed hour, in the Champs Elysees, she was confident soon to see Gen. Bonaparte on his gray horse gallop at her side, followed by his brilliant staff, himself the object of public admiration and universal respect; and, finally, if she went to the theatre, General Bonaparte neve. failed to appear in her *loge*, to remain near her during the performance; and when she left, to offer his arm to accompany her to her carriage.

It could not fail that this preserving homage of the renowned and universally admired young general should make a deep and flattering impression on Josephine's heart, and fill her with pride and joy. But Josephine made resistance to this feeling; she endeavored to shield herself from it by maternal love.

She sent for her two children from their respective schools, and with her nearly-grown-up son on one side and her daughter budding into maidenhood on the other, she thus presented herself to the general, and, with an enchanting smile, said:

"See, general, how old I am, with a grown-up son and daughter who can soon make me a grand-mother."

But Bonaparte, with heart-felt emotion, reached his hand to Eugene and said:

"A man who can call so worthy a youth as this his son, is to be envied."

A cunning, smiling expression of the eye revealed to Josephine that he had understood her war-strategem—that neither the grown-up son nor the marriageable daughter could deter him from his object.

Josephine at last was won by so much love and tenderness, but she could not yet acknowledge that the wounds of her heart were yet closed; that once more she could trust in happiness, and devote her life to a new love, to a new future. She shrank timidly away from such a shaping of her destiny; and even the persuasion of her friends and relatives, even of the father of her deceased husband, could not bring her to a decision.

The state of her mind is depicted in a letter which Josephine wrote to her friend Madame de Chateau Renaud, and which describes in a great measure the strange uncertainty of her heart:

"You have seen General Bonaparte at my house! Well, then, he is the one who wishes to be the father of the orphans of Alexandre de Beauharnais and the husband of his widow. 'Do you love him?' you will ask. Well, no! 'Do you feel any repugnance to him?' No, but I feel in a state of vacillation and doubt, a state very disagreeable to me, and which the devout in religious matters consider to be the most scandalizing. As love is a kind of worship, one ought in its presence to feel animated by other feeling than those I experience, and therefore I long for your advice, which might bring the constant indecision of my mind to a fixed conclusion. To adopt a firm course has always appeared to my creole *nonchalance* something beyond reach, and I find it infinitely more convenient to be led by the will of another.

"I admire the courage of the General; I am surprised at his ample knowledge, which enables him to speak fluently on every subject; at the vivacity of his his genius, which enables him to guess at the thoughts of others before they are expressed; but I avow, I am frightened at the power he seems to exercise over every one who comes near him. His searching look has something strange, which I cannot explain, but which has a controlling influence even upon our directors; judge, therefore, of his influence over a woman. Finally, the very thing which might please—the violence of his passion—of which he speaks with so much energy, and which admits of no doubt, that passion is exactly what creates in me the unwillingness I have so often been ready to express.

"The first bloom of youth lies behind me. Can I, therefore, hope that this passion, which, in General Bonaparte, resembles an attack of madness, will last long? If after our union he should cease to love me, would he not approach me for what he had done? Would he not regret that he had not made another and more brilliant union? What could I then answer? What could I do? I could weep. 'A splendid remedy?' I hear you say. I know well that weeping is useless, but to weep has been the only resource which I could find when my poor heart, so easily wounded, has been hurt. Write to me a long letter, and do not fear to scold me if you think I am wrong You know well that everything which comes from you is agreeable to me."

After their marriage, and the successful campaign in Italy, the happy pair enjoyed each other's society, for a brief time, at Montebello, and then occurred the following characteristic scene:

NAPOLEON SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT.

All Italy did homage to the conqueror, and it was, therefore, very natural that sculptors and painters should endeavor to draw some advantage from this enthusiasm for its deliverer, and that they should endeavor to represent to the admirers of Bonaparte his peculiar form and countenance.

But Bonaparte did not like to have his portrait painted. The staring, watchful gaze of an artist was an annoyance to him; it made him restless and anxious, as if he feared that the scrutinizing look at his face might read the secrets of his soul.—Yet at Josephine's tender and pressing request he had consented to its being taken by a young painter, Le Gros, whose distinguished talent had been brought to his notice.

Le Gross came, therefore to Montebello, happy in the thought that he could immortalize himself through a successful portrait of the hero whom he honored with all the enthusiasm of a young heart. But he waited in vain three days for Bonaparte to give him a sitting. The General had not an instant to spare for the unfortunate young artist.

At last, at Josephine's pressing request, Bonaparte consented on the fourth day to to sit for him one-quarter of an hour after breakfast. Le Gros came, therefore, delighted at the time appointed, into the cabinet of Josephine, and had his easel ready, awaiting the moment when Bonaparte would sit in the arm-chair opposite. But, alas! the painter's hopes were not to be realized. The General could not bring himself to sit in that arm-chair, doing nothing but keeping his head quiet, so that the painter might copy his features. He had no sooner been seated, than he sprang up suddenly, and declared it was quite impossible to endure such martyrdom.

Le Gros dared not repeat his request but with tears in his eyes gathered up his painting materials. Josephine smiled.

"I see very well," said she, "that I must have recourse to some extraordinary means to save for me and for posterity a portrait of the hero of Arcola."

She sat down in the arm-chair, and beckoned Le Gros to have his easel in in readiness. Then, with a tender voice, she called Napoleon to her, and, opening both arms, she drew him on her lap, and in this way she induced him to sit down quietly a few moments and allow the painter the sight of his face, thus enabling him to sketch the portrait.

At the end of his peculiar sitting, Bonarte smilingly promised that he would next day grant the painter a second one, provided Josephine would again have the "extraordinary means" ready. She consented, and for four days in succession Le Gros was enabled to have him sit before him a quarter of an hour, and throw upon his canvass the features of the General, while he quietly sat on Josephine's lap.

This picture, which Le Gros thus painted, thanks to the sweet *ruse* of Josephine, and which was scattered throughout Europe in copper-plate prints, represented Bonaparte, with uncovered head, holding a standard in his hand, and with his face turned towards his soldiers, calling on them to follow him as he dasheded on the bridge of Arcola, amid a shower of Austrian balls.

It is a beautiful, imposing picture, and contemporaries praised it for its likeness to the hero; but no one could believe that this pale, grave countenance, these gloomy eyes, and earnest lips, which seemed incapable of a smile, were those of Bonaparts as he sat on the lap of his beloved Josephine when Le Gros was painting it.

### The Dead Party---A Dialogue.

Republican—How are you Mr. Evans? You Democrats have rather worsted us this year.

Democrat—Yes, rather so. Don't you think we have done pretty well for a dead party?

R—Dead, the devil. I told our smart men some time since that if they were depending on success on the ground that the Democratic party was dead, they would find themselves mistaken.

D—Then *you* don't think we are dead?

R—Dead! If the party is dead, it fights the best battle of any *corpse* I ever heard of, and I don't like to acknowledge that our party has been whipped all over the country by a corpse.

D—You are mistaken. You beat us in Louisiana and Virginia.

R—Yes, the niggers beat the white men down there, but I don't like that any better than you do; and if this is the way things are going there will be few white people in the Republican party in another year; it will be a *manhood* corpse. But I won't be there.—*Ohio Statesman.*

A STRONG SYMPTOM.—"Is Miss Blindkins at home?" asked Mr. Janders of the Irish girl who answered his ring at the door.

"Yes, I b'lave she is, sir."

"Is she engaged?"

An' is it engaged, you say? Faith, an I can't tell you, sir, but she kissed Mr. Vincent last evening as if she had never seen the like uv him, and its engaged I b'lave they are, sir."

### Trod Upon his Toes.

One night at the theatre, a gentleman felt the pressure of two little fairy feet upon his patent leathers. At first the sensation was delightful It made inexpressibly delightful thrills pass through his body; these sensations wore away, and the pressure began to feel the least bit uncomfortable.

"Madam!" he gently suggested, "you are standing on my feet."

"Your feet, sir!"

"Yes, madam."

"Goodness! I beg your pardon, sir, I thought I was standing on a block of wood. *They are quite large, sir!*"

"Quite—*but you covered 'em, madam.*"

A TOUCHING STORY.—I remember, though somewhat imperfectly, a touching story connected with the church bells of a town in Italy, which had become famous all over Europe for their peculiar solemnity and sweetness. They were made by a young Italian, and were his heart's pride. During the war the palace was sacked, and the bells carried off, no one knew whither. After the tumult was over, the the poor fellow returned to his work, but it had been the solace of his life to wander about at evening and listen to the chime of his bells, and he grew dispirited and sick, and pined for them, until he could no longer bear it, and left his home, determined to wander the world, and hear them once again before he died. He went from land to land, in every village, till the hope that alone sustained him began to falter, and he knew at last that he was dying. He lay one evening almost insensible in a boat that was floating slowly down the Rhine. He hardly expected to to see the sun rise again that now was setting gloriously over the vine-covered hills of Germany. Presently the vesper bells of a distant village began to ring, and as the chimes stole faintly over the river with the evening breeze, he started from his lethargy. He was not mistaken; it was the deep, solemn, heavenly music of his own bells, and the sounds that he had thristed for years to hear were melting over the waters. He leaned from the boat, with his ear close to the calm surface of the river, and listened. They rang out their hymn and ceased—he still lay motionless in his painful posture; his companions spoke to him; he gave no answer—his spirit had followed the last sound of the vesper bells.

### The Right Persuasion.

In terrible agony, a soldier lay dying in the hospital. A visitor asked him, "What church are you of?" "Of the church of Christ," he replied. "I mean, of what persuasion are you?" then inquired the visitor. "Persuasion!" said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour, "I am *persuaded* that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate *me* from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

"AN unloved wife," who ought to know of that of which she speaks, because she has had so much experience, says that the reason that ladies look so much to money in the matter of marriage is, that now-a-days they so seldom find anything else in a man worth having.

AN old lady announced in court at Atlanta, Ga., that she "had no counsel," that "God was her lawyer." "My dear madam, He does not practice in this court," replied the judge.

A CRUSTY old bachelor, not liking the way his landlady's daughter had of appropriating his hair oil, filled the bottle with liquid glue the day before a ball, to which the girl was invited. She stayed at home in consequence.

There was a miser, who when he sent his man to the cellar for wine, made him fill his mouth with water which he was to spit out on his return to show he had drank no wine. But the servant kept a pitcher of water in the cellar, wherewith after taking his fill of the better drink he managed to deceive his master.

"I KNOW every rock on the coast," said an Irish pilot, At that moment the ship struck, when he exclaimed, "And that's one of them!"

A YOUNG Illinosian, aged twenty-two years, owns fifty thousand acres of land in his native State and twelve thousand acres in Nebraska.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS are so numerous in Iowa this winter that they are knocked down by the hunters with sticks, and bagged by the hundred.

A MAN at Rockford, Illinois, made over two thousand dollars this year from the sale of crops raised on four acres of land.

IT is stated that Henry Ward Beecher has given $1000 to Gen. Lee's College.

Little girls believe in the man in the moon; big girls believe in the man in the honey-moon.

IF a woman in England has three children at a birth, the Queen makes her a present of three guineas.

Land is offered in Florida at fifty cents an acre.

REV. W. R. ALGER, of Boston, is writing a history of the devil, to prove that there is no devil.

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