

JOSEPHINE'S FAREWELL.

By J. M. McDONALD.

The Empress Josephine's farewell to Napoleon I. on his abdication of the Imperial throne of France, and his allotment of the Isle of Elba, as dictated by the allied powers of Europe in 1814.

Ah, the golden chain is broken, That linked thy heart to mine, Ambition's words no cruel spin, Have rent those bonds divine.

I've shared thy great career and crown, Through every changing scene, And ever in thy proud renown, Unchanged my love has been.

In all thy triumphs of the past I've been thy faithful wife, And still where'er thy lot is cast I'll love thee with my life.

With thee I've worn the diadem Of fair Imperial France, And never tarried one bright gem Of all its round expanse.

Adieu, first spirit of the age, Thy deeds of greatness rise, The most sublime on glory's page, To wake earth's wondering eyes.

Thy lot is now on Elba's shore, A captive there in chains; Thy famous wars no more, A man alone remains.

Ah, beautiful France, a gloom is cast Over all thy sunny land; Thy reign of splendor is the past, Thy legions must be disbanded.

Thy star that rose o'er Europe's skies Has vanished now in night, And hosts of satellites arise To claim thy brilliant light.

Oh, loveliest Napoleon, ever dear, Thy deeds of glory wake No more the wonder and the fear, That once made Europe quake;

A king heretofore of power, The laurel wreath that graced thy brow Has withered like a flower.

Thy love alone could fill my heart With pure, unalloyed flame; My lips, as from the earth I part, Shall bless Napoleon's name.

When life's last adieu I bid, And earthly hopes are o'er, Thy love in my heart reposing, Wings to the brighter shore.

Remember, Josephine's fond heart Shall e'er deplore thy fall, And still it will be wish to part, Resigned, I hail the call.

Where'er I need to heaven's King, Before the heavenly throne, Forgiving, I shall ask one thing, That mercy's wand be shown.

My constant heart shall cast a ray, Though all the world should frown; Imperial power all passed away, Never dim thy life's renown.

My prayer to Him who rules on high Shall be for thy welfare; Though thou hast broke the golden tie, Thy life shall be my care.

May white-wing'd peace attend her long, Thy peerless Austrian bride, And happiness attend her hand, Her reign close by thy side.

I hope to meet thee on that shore, Where partings cease with pain, Where sorrow's voice shall sound no more, And perfect peace shall reign.

Oh, may the kindly stars of night O'er thee their pale rays shed, And brightest angel bands of light Four blessings on thy head.

Farewell, oh, thou bright-setting star, My heart's adieu is given; I'll meet thee where the gates ajar Ope to the deathless heaven.

—San Francisco Monitor.

THEY SUDDENLY HEARD ON THE HIGH ROAD

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Then the horsemen rode into view, An exclamation of rude pleasure fell from the lips of the guerrillas.

They recognized in the newcomers two of their own men, who were deserters from Van Dora's ranks, although they still wore the grey.

They were all alike as soldiers; they'll any of us on a piece through a knothole of their gin half a chance.

After a hasty consultation it was decided to conceal the horses in a grove hard by, and every man entered the pursuit, which they felt sure would lead to the recapture of their escaped prisoner.

Striking into the cane-brake, they were soon on the intricate tracks, which led through the intricacies of the thicket.

Meanwhile, Arthur Hartwell was making gigantic strides through the bony brake, stumbling over the clinging vines, which were densely entangled about the canes; splashing and dashing into hidden pools of stagnant water, then out again and on to pursue.

His physical strength was not adequate to the demand which his ruddy desperate effort to escape enforced. Still, on he hurried.

The early autumn day was intensely hot. The sun seemed to bear a particular spite toward that spot, and poured down mercilessly upon pursued and pursuers.

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CHASSED BY GUERRILLAS.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

BY A. H. GIBSON.

Lieut. Arthur Hartwell of the Union army had received a wound in an engagement fought by two skirmishing parties that had surprised each other on the White River in Arkansas.

However, the young officer was not sufficiently convalescent to mount his jet-black war horse and ride about the camp for exercise.

He was a zealous, courageous young soldier, and he could not endure with patience his enforced inactivity.

Heating that excellent wild fruit abounded in the woods about one mile and a half from the Federal camp, Hartwell determined to ride over and enjoy a delicious treat.

Whilst riding leisurely along through a white canebrake, midway between the camp and the woods to which he was bound, he was surprised and captured by a band of rough guerrillas who had been reconnoitering the enemy's position from a safe distance.

The Union spies had reported only that morning that there were no enemies within ten miles of their own lines.

So Hartwell had ridden off alone, never dreaming of what was to befall him. He had been riding carelessly along, inadvertently whistling some little tune heard at camp, and thinking of the dear old mother far away in her cabin on the Kansas line.

Suddenly his horse was stopped, his arms were pinioned to his sides by heavy hands, wild, villainous, hardened mountaineers leaped upon him.

"Don't yer chile say word, or by the holy smokin' powers of 'tother world, I'll send a bullet clean through yer durned Yankee carcass," said one robust guerrilla, holding an old musket threateningly near the captive's handsome head.

Hartwell was too completely surprised to frame an answer. The guerrillas surged about him wild with glee over their great capture. A Yankee officer was not picked up every day. Their rejoicing, unsmooth and profane, rendered them for a short time incoherent.

The tramp, tramp of coming horsemen threw the jubilant band of guerrillas into considerable excitement. In a moment every man was quiet and on his guard. Instinctively, each rough fellow sought musket or carbine, the rifled property of some dead soldier.

Every eye was turned in the direction of the approaching riders. That there were not more than two or three could easily be told from the sounds that the horse's feet made on the hard clay-baked road by the canes.

Lieutenant Hartwell was for the moment forgotten. Were these riders wearers of the blue or grey? The tall, dense, intervening canes prevented an answer to that mute question. Three guerrillas had stationed themselves behind clumps of vegetation, while the fourth held Hartwell's horse with his left hand, his right grasping a carbine.

It was a favorable moment for Lieut. Hartwell. He recognized it as such. While the short absorption of the guerrillas' attention lasted, Hartwell, quick as a wink, slipped from the saddle, and, ere his captors were aware, with far more agility than his weak physical condition would seem to warrant, he had darted off through the towering canes, where a horse could not follow.

The guerrillas, so absorbed in awaiting the approach of the invisible horseman, did not for a moment observe the fugitive's subtle. Then, with a snatched glance, the one holding the officer's horse struck him a severe blow to make him stand aside. The spirited animal reared the blow, and with a savage lunge the bridle-rein was jerked from the grasp of the irate man who was thrown half stunned to the ground, where he lay half stunned as the lieutenant's fiery horse went tearing down the road.

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