EASTON GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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From the New York Mirror.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Hospital des Invalides—Monument of Turenne—Marsal Ney—A Polish lady in uniform—Females masquerading in men's clothes—Duel between the sons of George the Fourth and of Bonaparte—gambling propensities of the French.

The weather still holds warm and bright, as it has been all the month, and the scarcely 'premature white pantaloons' appeared yesterday in the Tuileries. The ladies loosen their 'boas,' the silken greyhounds of Italy follow their mistresses without shivering, the birds are noisy and gay in the clipped trees. Who that had known February in New England would recognize him by such a description?

I took an indolent stroll with my friend, Mr. Van B—— this morning to the Hospital des Invalides, on the other side of the river.—Here not long since, were twenty-five thousand old soldiers. There are but five thousand now remaining, most of them having been dismissed by the Bourbons. It is, of course, one of the most interesting spots in France; and of a pleasant day there is no lounge where a traveller can find so much matter for thought, with so much pleasure to the eye.

We crossed over by the Pons Louis Quinze and kept along the bank of the river to the esplanade in front of the hospital. There was never a softer sunshine, or a more deliciously tempered air; and we found the old veterans out of doors, sitting upon the cannon along the rampart, or halting about, with their wooden legs, under the trees, the pictures of comfort and contentment. The building itself, as you know, is very celebrated for its grandeur. The dome of the Invalides rises upon the eye from all parts of Paris, a perfect model of proportion and beauty. It was this which Bonaparte ordered to be gilded, to divert the people from thinking too much upon his defeat: It is a living monument of the most touching recollections of him now. Positively the blood mounts, and the tears spring to the eyes of the spectator as he stands a moment, and remembers what is around him in that place.—To see his maimed followers creeping along the corridors clothed and fed by the 'bounty he left, in a place devoted to his soldiers alone, their old comrades about them, and all glowing with one feeling of devotion to his memory, to speak to them, to hear the stories of 'L'Empereur'—it is better than a thousand histories to make one feel the glory of "the great captain.'

The interior of the dome is vast, & of a splendid style of architecture; and out from one of its sides extends a superb chapel, hung all around with the tattered flags taken in his victories alone. Here the veterans of his army worship, beneath the banners for which they fought. It is hardly appropriate, I should think to adorn thus the church of a 'religion of peace; but while there, at least, we feel strangely certain, some how, that it is right and fitting; and when, as we stood deciphering the half-effaced insignia of the different nations, the organ began to peal, there certainly was any thing but a jar between this grand music, consecrated as it is by religious associations, and the thrilling and uncontrolled sense in my bosom of Napoleon's glory.

The majectic sounds were still rolling through the dome when we came to the monument of Turenne. Here is another comment on the character of Bonaparte's mind.—There was once a long inscription on this monument, describing, in the fulsome style of an epitaph, the deeds and virtues of the distinguished man who is buried beneath. The emperor removed and replaced it by a small slab graven with the single word 'Turenne.' You acknowledge the sublimity of this as you stand before it. Every thing is in keeping with its grandeur. The lofty proportions and magnificence of the dome, the tangible trophies of glory, and the maimed and venerable figures, kneeling about the altar, of those who helped to win them, are circumstances that make that eloquent word as articulate as if it were spoken in thunder. You feel that Napoleon's spirit might walk the place and read the hearts of those who should visit it, unoffended.

We passed on to the library. It is ornamented with the portraits of all the generals of Napoleon, save one, Ney's is not there. It should, and will be at some time or other doubtless, but I wonder that in a day when such universal justice is done to the memory of this brave man, so obvious, and it would seem necessary a reparation, should not be demanded. Great efforts have been making of late to get his sentence publicly reversed, but though they deny his widow and children nothing else, this melancholy and unavailing satisfaction is refused them. Ney's memory little needs it, it is true. No visiter looks about the gallery at the Invalides without commenting feelingly on the omission of his portrait; and probably no one of the sacred veterans who sit there reading their own deeds in history, looks round on the faces of the old leaders of whom it tells without remembering and feeling that the brightest name upon the page is wanting. I would rather if I were his son, have the regret than the justice.

We left the hospital as all must leave it, full of Napoleon. France is full of him. The monuments and the hearts of the people, are all alive with his name and glory. Disapprove and detract from his reputation as you will, (and as powerful minds, with apparent justice, have done,) as long as human nature is what it is, as long as power and loftiness of heart hold their present empire over the imagination, Napoleon is immortal.

The promenading world is amused just now with the daily appearance in the Tuileries of a Polish lady, dressed in the Polonaise undress uniform, decorated with the order of distinction given for bravery at Warsaw. She is not very beautiful, but she wears the handsome military cap quite gallantly; and her small feet and full chest are truly captivating in boots and a frogged coat. It is an exceedingly spirited, well characterised face; with a complexion slightly roughened by her new habits.—Her hair is cut short, and brushed up at the sides, and she certainly handles the little switch she carries with an air which entirely forbids insult She is ordinarily seen lounging very idly along between two Polytechnic boys, who seem to have a great admiration for her. I observe that the Polish generals touch their hats very respectfully as she passes, but as yet I have been unable to come at her precise history.

By the by, masquerading in men's clothes is not at all uncommon in Paris. I have sometimes seen two or three women at a time dining at the restaurants in this way. No notice is taken of it, and the lady is perfectly safe from insult, though every one that passes may penetrate the disguise. It is common at the theatres, and at the public balls still more so. I have noticed, repeatedly at the weekly soirees of a lady of high respectability two sisters, in boy's clothes, who play duets upon the piano for the dance. The lady of the house told me they preferred it, to avoid attention, & the awkwardness of position natural to their vocation in society. The tailors tell me it is quite a branch of trade—making suits for ladies of a similar taste. There is one particularly, in the Rue Richelieu, who is famed, for his nice fits to the female figure. It is remarkable however, that instead of wearing their new honors meekly, there is no such impertinent puppy as a femme deguisee. I saw one in a cafe not long ago rap the garcon very smartly over the fingers with a rattan, for overturning her cup, and they are sure to shoulder you off the side walk, if you are at all in the way. I have seen several amusing instances of a probable quarrel in the street, ending in a gay bow, and a 'pardonne madame!'

There has been a great deal of excitement here for the two past days on the result of a gambling quarrel. An English gentleman, a fine, gay, noble-looking fellow whom I have often met at parties, and admired for his strikingly winning and elegant manners, lost fifty thousand francs on Thursday night at cards.—The Count St. Leon was the winner. It appears that Hesse, the Englishman, had drunk freely before sitting down to play, and the next morning his friend, who had bet upon the game, persuaded him that there had been some unfairness on the part of his opponent. He refused consequently to pay the debt, and charged the Frenchman, and another gentleman who backed him, with deception. The result was a couple of challenges, which were both accepted. Hesse fought the Count on Friday, and was dangerously wounded at the first fire. His friend fought on Saturday, (yesterday,) and is reported to be mortally wounded. It is a little remarkable that both the loosers are shot; and still more remarkable that Hesse should have been, as he was known to be, a natural son of George the Fourth; and Count Leon, as was equally well known, a natural son of Bonaparte?

Every body gambles in Paris. I had no idea that so desperate a vice could be so universal, and so little deprecated as it is. The gambling houses are as open and as ordinary a resort as any public promenade, and one may haunt them with as little danger to his reputation. To dine from six to eight gamble from eight to ten, go to a ball, and return to gamble till morning, is as common a routine, for married men and bachelors both, as a system of dress, and as little commented on. I sometimes stroll into the card room at a party, but I cannot get accustomed to the sight of ladies losing or winning money. Almost all French women, who are too old to dance, play at parties, and their daughters and husbands watch the game as unconcernedly as if they were turning over prints.

I have seen English ladies play, but with less philosophy. They do not lose their money gaily. It is a great spoiler of beauty, the vexation of a loss. I think I never could respect a woman upon whose face I had remarked the shade I often see at an English card table. It is certain that vice walks abroad in Paris, in many a shape that would seem to an American eye, to show the fiend too openly. I am not over particular I think, but I would as soon expose a child to the plague as give either son or daughter a free rein for a year in Paris.

BETRAYED BY A WAITER.—An incident of a somewhat ludicrous nature, took place a day or two since in an auction store in Broadway. A female, in lady-like attire, entered during the sale of household wares, &c. and in a few moments, after viewing the different exposed articles, her eyes sparkled and her heart gladdened at the appearance of a waiter, of the circumference of about 8 and 20 inches. Her mind was immediately and actively employed in contriving, and while viewing with profound delight the different shades of coloring, which adorned the article, she was observed to heedlessly drop it upon a chair and gently adjusting her robes, quietly seated herself amongst the bidding multitude. After being rested; and little thinking the eyes of any one were upon her, she arose & was upon the eve of departure when the man of the hammer discovered that the waiter was missing He immediately accused the apparent lady of theft, which naturally was by her denied, but on the striking of a rattan, which he fortunately held in his hand, against her ummentionables the mystery was solved, the blow having produced a great confusion, and the waiter instantly dropping from its sequestered spot, afforded much amusement to numerous witnesses. The female departed without being legally dealt with, the mortification being considered sufficient punishment.

NEW FASHIONED CALASH.—Mr. Printer—my wife's coat of arms, is composed of a needle, bodkin, scissors, &c. and she enjoys it so much when one part of her paraphenalia is put in requision, that she often has two or three dress makers around her, busily employed.—The other day when I went home to tea, Miss Thimble was playing at a great rate.

'Miss thimble,' said I, 'that's a very great improvement in the article of calashes.'

'What's an improvement?' inquired the fair mistress.

'Why,' replied I, having your outside rattans only eighteen inches in circumference, by which means the calash can only be attached to the back part of the head, leaving the frizzes, forehead & face beautifully exposed."

'What do you mean?' said she,

'I am speaking of the improvement in that calash you are making, said I.

'Ha, ha, ha,' vociferated the little impertinent miss, 'this is the lining for a sleeve, you great ninny.'

'A lining for a sleeve!' exclaimed I, 'for heaven's sake let's see it.

I examined it, and by admeasurement found it to be thus:—The length of the rattan at the apperture, not the shoulder, was 20 inches; that at the lower aperture 18 inches that in the middle, or most bulbous part, 26 inches; the diameter of which may be ascertained is sufficiently near, by taking a 3d of each number How such an article may feel to the wearer I pretended not to guess; but I should think a gentleman walking with a lady and perceiving a bundle of rattans bringing up against his ribs at every step, would feel rather distant.—[Bed. Gaz.

From the Phila. Saturday Courier.

AN IRISH TRADITION.

In the course of my life, business has led me into various parts of the world; among others into Ireland During my tarry there, having a little leisure time, I concluded to take a short jaunt in the country, for the purpose of gratifying that most gormandizing of all organs, the eye.

In the course of my ride, being something fatigued, I called at a small decent-looking cabin to rest and refresh myself. Among the inmates was one aged man Father O'Donnelly, very talkative and sociable After talking sometime, he observed, that he saw Jack O'Lanthorn the preceding evening, and inquired if I was acquainted with his story. Having answered him in the negative, he proceeded to relate the following tradition, which I give as I received it, without being answerable for its credibility.

"In the days of the blessed St Patrick there lived in the northern parts of the country, a blacksmith, named Jack O'Lanthorn, much given to intemperance. His habitual drunkenness had made way with all and sundry of his goods and chattles, and likewise destroyed his credit. One morning after a debauch the over night, he was greatly perplexed how to come at a 'drop of comfort;' said he 'if I pawn any of my tools I shall be unable to pursue my calling and I have nothing besides.' While deeply engaged in cogitation, the Devil entered the shop and demanded the cause of his being disheartened and down cast. Jack shortly made him acquainted with his troubles and his inability to disengage himself from them.

"The Devil then offered to furnish him with money for seven years, if, at the end of the term he would give himself into his own power.—Upon these terms they shortly concluded a bargain, and the Devil left him. Before the expiration of the seven years, however, the holy St. Patrick having occasion to travel in that region called on Jack to have his horse shod. After shoeing the horse, he refused to receive any thing in payment; and the saint to reward him, offered to grant him any three requests which he might make. The first request was, that whoever took hold of his seldge-handle might be obliged to use the sledge until relieved by him, and the reason assigned was, that persons called in frequently to assist him, and tired themselves out before he had finished his work. The chair which he was accustomed to use, sometimes would not contain him; therefore his second request was, that whoever sat down in that chair should be deprived of the ability to rise without his leave He then observed that he often lost small change from the pocket of the breeches which he usually wore and desired that whatever he might put in that pocket could not get out until taken out by him. After granting these requests, the saint took his leave. At the end of the term agreed on the Devil appeared and claimed the fulfilment of the contract. Jack professed his readiness of accompanying him 'But,' said he, 'I am forging some trammels for a neighbouring woman and she will scold like beldam if I leave them unfinished take the sledge and strike a few blows for me" The Devil complied, and Jack went off to the house. After a time he returned and found the old fellow still smiting the anvil, blow after blow, without power to slack or discontinue his labors. He then offered to lengthened the lease of his life seven years more, on condition of being discharged; and upon these terms Jack liberated him.

"At the expiration of the second term he again returned for his victim. Jack desired him to sit down, and he would be ready in a few moments He sat down, and consequently finding himself again entrapped, he lengthened the term yet another seven years, and being dismissed, departed.

"When he called for him the third time, Jack begged the privilege of changing his clothes, which was granted by his majesty.—Getting on his old breeches, they started off in company. They had not travelled far before Jack said to his companion—'I am dry; and here is an old woman of my acquaintance who keeps whiskey: now you change yourself into a crown, and I will put you in my pocket, and we will go in and have some sport with the old woman.' Being metamorphosed Jack pocketed him and went along where some trip-hammers were at work, and desired the workmen to give his old breeches a hammering, as they were hard and stiff. They, willing to enjoy a little sport, clapped the breeches under a hammer, which making the poor Devil's situation rather unpleasant, caused him to stir himself within the pocket, which of course, gave to the breeches a strange and mysterious movement. Some of the workmen observed that the Devil was in the breeches, and placed them under the heaviest hammer. This soon caused the old fellow to roar out; he offered as a ransom for his liberty, to cancel his claim on Jack, and relieve him forever, without any condition.—Upon these terms he was suffered to depart.

"Although able to gull and cheat the Devil, death would not be denied. After a time he died. Having made his way to the gates of heaven he requested admittance. His name being demanded, he responded 'Jack O Lanthorn.' He was then informed that he must go where he had sold himself. He then started for another place, not exactly so agreeable, after groping his way through darkness, thick fogs and mist, and overcoming many other obstacles, he reached the gate, and stormed away sharply for admittance. The Devil, after obtaining his identity, and telling him that he had found it to be for his interest to have as little to do with him as possible, ordered him off; but he refused to depart, unless they would furnish him with a torch to enable him to see his way. To get rid of his importunities they gave him one, with which he has been roaming about ever since. Being a spirit, of course there is nothing visible, saving the torch; and this is the true origin of Jack O'Lanthorn, so often seen and wondered at."

Latest from Europe.

NEW YORK, May 22.

The Havre Packet, Havre, Capt. De Peyster, arrived in our port last evening, by which we received Paris papers to the 11th and the Havre Journal of the 12th of April. The most gloomy anticipations that we could have formed from the last accounts are more than realised by the intelligence conveyed by this arrival. Gloom and distress prevail in the once gay, but now miserable capital of France, and her lamentations are re-echoed by those from the surrounding districts. The details, as they are furnished by the official bulletin, and reprinted in the journals will be found in our columns which have never before been the herald of such disastrous news. The political intelligence is of little or no consequence; in fact public attention is too anxiously directed to the progress of the Indian scourge, to heed the circumstances and operations of Government.—*American Advocate.*

RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA.

Correspondence of the Journal of Havre.

PARIS, April 10.—Here the Cholera occupies almost exclusive attention. It continues its ravages with an intensity that surpasses even our worst fears.—Each day the official bulletin creates new apprehensions. It is with pain we witness the departure of those whose affairs do not chain them to the capital. Since yesterday noon, until this morning, we learn that the number of new cases admitted into the hospitals amounted to 1075 of which 455 proved fatal. If we add to the list those of the surrounding districts which are as numerous, and those which ought to be reckoned from 10 o'clock until noon, at the time when the Sanitary Committee close their lists, we should be justified in giving their total number at least 1300.

At Sevres, 2 cases of cholera; St. Cloud, 5 do. 5 deaths: St. Germains, 5 do. 4 do.: Argenteuil, 1 do.; Conflans, 5 do.; Rambouillet, 1 do. 1 do.; Verseilles, 19 do. 7 do.

The city of Paris has assumed a melancholy aspect for the last several days, for after nine o'clock at night, there is scarcely a person to be seen in the streets.

Monsieur Majendie, until this day, has been very successful in his practice, already 15 or 16 patients who had been severely attacked, have left the hospitals cured, and a great number remain with every prospect of recovery.

Since yesterday morning we have remarked in the streets the hackney coaches hung with black, which have been employed in the service of removing the dead; they have been used because the hearses were not sufficiently numerous; they take six coffins at a time.

The family coach of Marshal Launes was likewise employed in these melancholy funerals, on account of its being able to contain eleven bodies.

We learn that in addition to the Cholera, the Typhus Fever has appeared in the Hotel Dieu, and it is reported that it is raging at the Hospital of Gro Caillou.

The deaths of the following personages are announced:—

Baron Montvilles, Peer of France.
M. Musset Pathy, Chief of Division.
The Baron de Verange.
The Lady of Col. Chateau.
The Count de Coetlosquet, Peer of France.
Doctor Leroux, ancient Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.
Doctor Petit, Surgeon to the Hospital du Gros Caillon.

Also several other Doctors less known in Paris and the departments, amongst the latter many have been attacked in the Diligence when they were returning home and it is worthy of remark, that a considerable number of cases have occurred in those public vehicles, in consequence of the fatigue of the journey, which in deranging all their ordinary habits, expose them in an especial manner to the operation of the disease.

The terror is at its height in the first circles of Paris, and indeed so great as to induce the strongest minds hitherto anti-contagionists, to doubt the subject. One fact which confirms the assertion is the absence of the friends of the deceased at the funeral obsequies; at that of M. de Chamvelin in particular, who boasted of a large circle of friends, not more than 20 persons attended his funeral.

The soldiers, likewise who formed escorts at the funerals of some of the personages we have named, fulfilled their duty with evident repugnance.

In the midst of our alarm it is with some satisfaction that we refer to some cases, where the disease has assumed a mild aspect. That at the hospital of Val de Grace, in upwards of 100 cases admitted last evening, not more than four died..

Official Bulletin.—The number of cases of Cholera has increased this day, but the physicians are almost unanimously of opinion that the malignity of the disease is sensibly diminished. There have been many deaths, but principally of those persons who have been attacked several days ago. In fact, the Cholera has first seized individuals who were predisposed to the disease.

New cases.		Deaths.	
Men 633,	women 486	Men 253,	women 132
Total, 1020		Total, 385	
Grand total, 4923		Grand total, 1879	

The Chamber of Deputies had commenced, and would probably pass the vote respecting the 2d part of the budget, and likewise enter into the inquiry relative to the defalcation of Mr Kesner.

M D'Argout, is entrusted with the department of the Interior, during the illness of Casimir Perier.

It is believed to be the intention of the President of the Council to call into the Cabinet M. Guizot, confining to him for the present the port folio of public instruction, which M. de Montalivet is desirous of resigning for the acceptance of the management of the civil list.

The report of the recall of M. Talleyrand is prevalent, in order that he may take the provisional charge of the government, at a time when the foreign affairs are in such a state of suspense.

A bulletin has been circulated, that the president of the Council is better this morning, and that his condition inspires his physicians with the most promising hopes of recovery. It will be, however, some time ere he can resume the duties of his office, and the knowledge of this circumstance has given birth to a thousand rumours respecting the stability of his ministry.

The Havre Journal says, "we are authorised to make known to the inhabitants of this city, that proper measures are taken by the municipal authority, in case of the invasion of the Cholera. All the physicians have been some days engaged in preparing the hospital for the poor cholera patients who either would not or could not remain at home; covered conveyances are spread in divers points of the city to serve for their removal. Medicines will be furnished by the Apothecaries at the public expense."

Passage of the Reform Bill on the second reading Exchange of Ratifications by Prussia and Austria.

The Josephine, Captain Britton, from Belfast, arrived at New York on the evening of the 24th, bringing Belfast papers to the 24th April, and London dates to the 21st. We have taken the intelligence brought by her, principally from the New York Commercial Advertiser, which says,—We are indebted to Captain B. for the important news of the passage of the Reform Bill, on its second reading in the Lords, by a majority of nine; the exchange of ratifications for the settlement of the Dutch and Belgian dispute, by Prussia and Austria; and for the still more agreeable news of the rapid disappearance of the Cholera in London.

The question on the Reform Bill was taken on the morning of the 14th. The division is given below, together with a sketch of Earl Grey's speech, which was also the conclusion of the debate.—The inference from the language of the Premier is, that should the further passage of the bill be impeded, he will create a sufficient number of Peers to carry it upon his own terms.

LONDON, April 19.—We have at length the gratification of announcing that the Austrian and Prussian Plenipotentiaries have exchanged ratifications with the British and French Plenipotentiaries. They met at the Foreign Office at a late hour yesterday evening, and at 10 o'clock this important act took place.

The Russian Plenipotentiary was anxious to prevent the exchange taking place until it could be done simultaneously with Russia; But Lord Palmerston and Prince Talleyrand were firm, and the instructions to Baron Wessenburg and Baron Bullow left them no discretionary power. We understand that Count Orloff urged the delay, of even a single day, in the hourly expectation of receiving orders to ratify from his Court.

To the second reading of the Reform Bill we may chiefly attribute this event. The invocation to the "Nine" was not in vain.

A letter from the Hague, dated March 12 says:—"The final declaration of his Majesty has been transmitted to the London Conference; he has resigned the sovereignty of Belgium & has acknowledged King Leopold." The London Courier of April 19, attributes the event to the second reading of the reform Bill aided by the prudence, energy and skill of the British and French Plenipotentiaries.

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