EASTON GAZETTE.

"WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—'Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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THE PLEDGE REDEEMED.

A TRUE TALE.

Towards the close of the reign of Louis XIV., a plant of Mocha coffee, was brought to the king's garden, which very soon increased; and the genius of the government of that day thought that by transplating into their West India colonies this shrub, an immense source of riches might be opened to the country. The carrying out of this idea was intrusted to Chevalier Desclieux, who, provided with a young coffee plant, set out from Nantes thence to convey it to Martinique. Imbedded in its native mould, the priceless exile was placed in an oak-wood box, impenetrable to cold, and covered with a glass frame so formed as to catch the least ray of the sun and double its heat; in case the sun did not shine, a small aperture, hermetically sealed could admit heated air when it was thought proper to do so. We can imagine all the charges Desclieux received when he entered the ship in which he was to embark but he did not need them; he saw at a glance all the distinctions he would gain by the expedition, which would secure to his country an inexhaustible source of riches It was then, with a really patriotic feeling that he took the plant under his care, promising to devote himself to it as he would to his country, and to all the duties of his profession. And when the skiff, after having quitted the vessel, returned again to renew the charge, and to remind Desclieux once more that the plant must be watered every day & that copiously, he pledged his honour that, rather than fail in this, he would himself die of thirst.

The ship sailed: the crew was composed of about one hundred men, and of some passengers about to settle in the Antilles amongst whom was an amiable family, consisting of father, mother, and their only daughter Louisa, a beautiful and accomplished girl of eighteen. In a vessel where people are so much thrown together, meeting constantly for a length of time, destinied perhaps to share the same death, but little time is required to form an intimacy which often ripens into lasting friendship; and thus it proved in the case of the parents of Louisa and Desclieux.

Scarcely had they passed the light-house of Cordonan, glittering in the twilight of a lovely evening, when they were already friends. Already this fresh and delicate plant, interesting as an exile, as a flower transplanted from its own soil, as a child torn from its mother, became a mutual object of attraction. It was thus that Louisa pointed it out to her parents as it lay on the deck in its glass case, exposed to the midday sun. She charmed the tedium of her voyage in hourly watching the progress which she believed visible in the feeble offset. She had felt interested in it from the moment Desclieux had shown her all the glory he was to gain by it for France and then she had become attached to it; for it is a beautiful proof of the magnanimity of women—their love for all that is glorious. Even during the five days they had been at sea, the little coffee plant had evidently increased; two small leaves of a most delicate green had appeared; & every morning Louisa's first thought after prayer was the cherished plant; but she could not see it till Desclieux had left his room, for he always kept the sacred deposit with him. Every evening he watered it abundantly and then let hot air into the frame by means of the tube, as he had been directed; he kept it as close as possible to him at night that even during sleep he might administer heat to it. Never did bird brood over its young more fondly never did nurse cherish more tenderly the new-born babe.

As soon as Desclieux appeared on deck in the morning to lay his precious charge in the sun, Louisa immediately ran thither. She delighted to point out to her mother its growth during the night, a growth imperceptible to indifferent eyes; but she had become attached to it; and as the slightest emotions are visible to us in the features of those we love, though unperceived by strangers, so she discovered the least change even in the thickness of the stalk or the length of the leaves and Descheux, seeing the young girl thus attaching herself to what had been confided to him, and what he so cherished felt touched and grateful.

They met with a terrible assault when close to Madeira. It was about the middle of a dark night, though not stormy; the vessel was gliding noiselessly; and all on board were asleep except the officer on watch—and indeed he too perhaps slept, or he would have heard the noise of the keel cutting the waves as a bird's wing cuts the air, and he would have cried "Ship ahoy!" A ship was indeed quite close to Desclieux's vessel, and the token it gave of its vicinity was a cannonade which awoke up every one in a moment, both crew and passengers.

It was a pirate vessel of Tunis, a poor chebeck but formidable in the night—a time that magnifies every fear—and formidable, too, from the desperate bravery of the banditti who manned her. Believing themselves assailed by superior forces, the ship's crew prepared for resistance as desperate as the attack. Better far to die than to be carried slaves to Africa! All the passengers were at prayer, distracted, trembling, or half dead. Louisa alone remainded calm for she was sustained by the thought that to her Desclieux had intrusted his precious charge. The fight commenced; the ship fired eight cannon on the chebeck; & it was time, for already the captain had boarded the French ship, but was immediately cut down by Desclieux's axe. A last discharge of gun's on each side, & the firing ceased. The pirate felt its inferiority, and retreated, while the conquerors continued their course.

Two hours of torturing suspense had passed since the terrible awakening, which but served to make the feeling of restored security the more delightful, and the remainder of the night was spent in relating the events of the rencoutre. Louisa's was not the least interesting; she had been regardless of danger during the combat, while watching over her charge; then she took it to Desclieux, who admired her the more—loved her the more; for courage always beautiful, has a still greater charm when displayed by a woman.

It was a lovely morning, the sun was unusually bright and warm, and Desclieux left on the deck, the glass frame half raised to admit the fresh air and reviving heat, while he with Lousia and her parents, sat near and enjoyed seeing it expand its pretty leaves, and as it were, smilingly greet the sun's rays which infused into it such genial warmth, and seeming to thank them for their care. But Desclieux's brow now kindled with higher thoughts. In this feeble offset he saw the little starry flowers then the perfumed berries, and the negroes gathering it abundantly, and then the ocean bearing vessels to France laden with its produce. All this he could see in the few small leaves scarcely above the ground. Enthusiastically did he tell these bright visions to Louisa, and as she kindled in her turn, the coffee plant became dearer to her, and she lavished as tender care upon it as she would upon a new-born brother. She seemed to have common sympathies with it, and if she felt that the heat might be too much for its slender stem, she drew over it little curtains of green silk which she had made expressly for it, just as the tender mother curtains the cradle of her infant. And then she read to Desclieux and her parents a long account of the coffee of Mocha, and pictured vividly to their imaginations the tree to grow out of the nursling whose infancy they watched over. Sometimes the conversation took a different turn, and the parents of Louisa spoke, as if to an old familiar friend, of their fortune, of their family interests, of their views for the establishment of their only daughter; and Desclieux in return imparted to them his plans. By degrees these communications led to projects of marriage between him and Louisa. It was no unpleasing thought to either, and the very day they crossed the line, a declaration was made, and an engagement formed, and it was agreed that their union should take place immediately on their return to France.

We may well think that Louisa became more attached than ever to the plant, now become a source of distinction in which she would one day share: imagine, then, her consternation when, one morning, she beheld it languishing. She said nothing, hoping, it might revive; but the next morning found its leaves still more withered.—She did not trust herself to speak of it to Desclieux, who also had but too plainly seen it. At last the thought occurred to him that, whilst in the intense heat of the tropics, the plant would require more water; he therefore poured on it almost his whole allowance. The effect was immediate in restoring its life and verdure, and Louisa was again happy. The ship was some hundred leagues from Martinique, when a violent tempest arose, apparently the last of a fearful hurricane which had raged through the Antilles. It was found that the ship had sprung a leak; the pumps were not sufficient; they were in immediate danger, and the necessity of lightening the vessel so urgent, that they were forced to throw overboard almost all the merchandise, a part of the ballast, and even several barrels of water. This last sacrifice was an appalling one; it was with a solemn feeling they made it, similar to that with which one hears the earth fall upon a coffin, or gives to the departed one the ocean for its tomb. Indeed these casks of water carried with them the lives of many individuals, who had now no escape from a cruel death by thirst. Desclieux, impressed like the others, with this idea, only thought of his precious coffee-plant. However, they were not far from port, and, with a favorable wind, might get in a few days; and in effect the tempest being over and the leak closed with great difficulty, a fresh breeze sprang up, and for a day and a night the ship sailed fast, and the stormy state of the atmosphere had produced on the coffee plant the usual effect. It might almost have said to have flourished the more in the tempest. Louisa and Desclieux contemplated it with a sweet joy, as at once the emblem and omen of domestic happiness amid the storms of life. But, alas! the wind suddenly lulled—not the least breath to fill the sails, not a wave broke against the motionless vessel: an awful calm succeeded! and what is more terrible upon this scene of continual agitation than a calm unwonted and too often fatal? The dead heat of the tropics was felt in all its power by the helpless voyagers; they languished, and fainted with continual thirst; and horrible to relate, the water was failing, for they had thrown so much overboard that they were limited to a very small allowance—a cupful at the very most.

If men, notwithstanding their energies, sunk under the sufferings caused by the intense heat and burning thirst, what must have been the state of the poor little plant, which faded away before the eye! It had its allowance also, but it was not enough; and every morning and evening Desclieux gave it his, only for which it would have died. Louisa was astonished to see the feeble plant yet bearing up; but Desclieux carefully concealed from her the means he was using, lest she also would deprive herself of water for it, and that he did not wish; he preferred suffering alone; and a long sojourn in the hottest parts of Arabia, had in a great measure inured him to the climate, so that he did not feel it so much as others. The calm, was uninterrupted, the remainder of the water was nearly exhausted, their situation was become dreadful, and there was no hope, in their case, of any relief from another vessel, for all were alike becalmed; and it was sad to see the ocean without a sail in the horizon, or, if there was one, it too was motionless. Their ration of water was now reduced to one small liquor glass. One drop, only to moisten his lips and Desclieux poured the rest on the plant, now apparently dying.

'Alas! how you are changed!' said Louisa to him one day; 'how pale you have become. You are suffering: this heat is killing you.'

He knew it; but he had promised to water the plant, even though he himself was to die of thirst; and he was faithful to his word. One evening, when Louisa and her parents were questioning him, he thus answered in a feeble voice. 'You are right; I die of thirst, that my charge may live.—It is my duty; and saying these words, he laid his parched lips upon its withered leaves, as one would kiss the hand of an expiring friend, and continued, 'You have all promised to love me, if I do not live, be careful of this coffee-plant, which held out to us such brilliant prospects. I ask it of you as a favour, and bequeath to you the distinction I hoped to have gained by it.' At the moment they were distributing the scanty portion of water, and though he was perishing, he threw the whole of it upon the shrub—Louisa did the same. It was, as it were, a sacred bond between them—an indissoluble tie. I am convinced that many of my readers have frequently felt a lively and almost inexplicable pleasure in watering a flower dried up by the scorching sun, and, in seeing it revive, have felt as if benefited themselves. What pleasure, then, it must have given to Desclieux and Louisa to see their plant raise its sickly leaves once more!

At length the wind began to rise lightly and the vessel moved, though slowly.—Desclieux was ill—in a burning fever; but he continued to share with the plant his allowance of water; and Louisa added hers. It increased their happiness that it owed its recovery to their mutual self-denial; and it seemed as if their household life had begun in a common endurance of suffering.

The breeze still freshened; and when the vessel anchored in the port of St. Pierre, there was not a single drop of water on board. But the coffee-plant was saved; the colony enriched by it; Desclieux's pledge redeemed; and, three months after, Louisa was his wife.

Churning Butter.—Every good housewife knows that at times, for some peculiar causes, (most generally extra sourness or bitterness of the cream) much difficulty is experienced in making the cream into butter. A lady writer in the Indiana Farmer, recommends the following course in such cases:

I wish to inform my sister butter makers of the means I used, which so successfully. I churned, perhaps three hours to no purpose, and then tried to think of something I had read in the Indiana Farmer or some other periodical. I could not remember precisely, but recollected the reason stated was the cream being too sour. I then thought of soda, (pearlash I presume would do as well,) and dissolved a large teaspoonful in a pint of warm water, and, as I poured it in, churning at the same time, it in moment gradually formed into a beautiful lump of solid sweet butter.

The silent woman.—Madame Regnier, the wife of a law officer at Versailles, while talking in the presence of a numerous party, dropped some remarks which were out of place, though not very important Her husband reprimanded her before the whole company saying, "Silence, madam, you are a fool!" She lived twenty or thirty years afterwards, and never uttered a word even to her children! A pretended theft was committed in her presence, in the hope of taking her by surprise, but without effect, and nothing could induce her to speak. When her consent was requisite for the marriage of any of her children, she bowed her head, and signed the contract.

The prosperous and onward condition of Alleghany county and its principal town is thus referred to in a letter dated

CUMBERLAND, April 25, 1846.

The valley of the Potomac is now the fashionable route to the great west—judging from the crowd passing through here daily. Commencing here the ascent of the mountains, they embark on the Ohio boats with less time and fatigue than on the more northern routes. The increase of building and population continues here, with a demand for good artificers and tradesmen, and for the labor generally in the public behalf. It is not confined to the town. The county is teeming with an active, industrious population. The wildest valleys and mountain sides are spotted with new cottages and villages.—The coal mines and iron works, with large capital are calling for workmen, and every valley pours forth its treasures for the eastern market. At the Mount Savage Iron works there are more than fifty new buildings in the course of construction.—A new railroad to the mines and the enlarging depots mark its onward course. The railroad from Mount Savage to this place is about nine miles in length, with a descent of 6 or 700 feet in the valley of Jennings' run. The large furnaces, the mills, forges and foundries are surrounded by hundreds of new frame houses, and the curious traveller sees at Mount Savage every process of the manufacture of the ore from the mountain bed through the blast and puddling furnaces, the annealer and trip hammer, until it comes out at the rolling mill in the form of the finished Trail.—The mining of coal here supplies the necessary fuel for the works, and some coal is sent east.

But the rich mines of the Maryland Mining Company and the New York Company a few miles south, near Frostburg, show the thick veins of coal, and furnish the black diamonds in unrivalled excellence. These mines are immediately on the National road, eleven miles from Cumberland. The railroad constructed by the Maryland Mining Company is nine miles in length to its junction with the Mount Savage road with a descent in a valley of Braddock's run of about 135 feet per mile. This road after a very vigorous prosecution, is to be opened on the 9th of May next, when the President and Directors, with many interested in this and other neighboring mines, will be present.

The Approaching Exhibition of American Manufactures at Washington begins to attract attention, and we are glad to see that the *Virginia* papers are stirring up the citizens of the Old Dominion to send some of the products of their industry, that she too may be represented in the grand Convention of American Manufactures!

The Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, in connection with this movement, recalls the following the historical incident:

Many years since at one of the early exhibitions of the Franklin Institute, an elderly gentleman of dignified appearance, and remarkable simplicity of manners was seen moving slowly through the several rooms and examining articles of beauty and worth with great care. Here was a quantity of printed calicoes from Rhode Island, there samples of beautiful sheeting from Massachusetts, broad cloths of great delicacy, blankets, and other cotton and woollen fabrics having his applause. He looked at and admired the well finished cutlery, and rich silver ware that decked the central table. Every where his eye detected something to approve. It was pleasant too the interest which the venerable stranger manifested in all he saw. At length his eye caught a label on something laid almost out of view. He stepped rapidly forward took up the article, fitted the pendant paper, and read "Manufactured by ——— ———, Richmond, *Virginia*." A tear dropped from the eye of the venerable man, as he read the last word. It seemed to be a feeling of pride, and not of grief, that moved him.

"Who is that old gentleman?" asked a person who had observed his emotion.

"That," said the attendant, as he lifted his hat, "is Chief Justice Marshall.

Chief Justice Marshall was an American a whole American, and nothing but an American, but he loved old Virginia, and he felt proud to see her taking a step towards her true place in the cause of national independence.—*Rich. Whig.*

"I see in this world," said Bishop Newton, "two heaps—one of human happiness and one of misery: now, if I can take but the smallest bit from the second heap, and add to the first, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half penny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do *great* things but I will not neglect such little ones as this.

"GOOD NIGHT."—The sound is full of sweetness and tenderness. Why dost thou yet linger, departing one? Dost thou wish for another, and yet another good night? Is that word so grateful to thee!—Where, indeed, is the ear that loves it not—that does not wait to have it repeated more than once? Let us receive these beautiful words as one of the pledges of our fair inheritance: a temporal emblem of those breathings of eternal peace, which will gush forth from one bosom to another, as happy spirits meet and part in the city of our God.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF MEXICO, &c.

FROM THE BATTLE GROUND.

The New York Sun contains the following description of Mexico, from Matamoras to the Halls of the Montezumas, which cannot but prove interesting at the present time:

"The U. S. army is posted on the left bank of the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras, at a distance of 90 miles from the coast by the circuitous channel of the river, but only 30 or 40 miles by the route to Point Isabel, a harbor on the coast of Texas, about ten miles north of the Rio Grande. The latter river the boundary between Texas and Mexico, as claimed by the United States. Mexico contends that the river Nueces is the boundary, and that river *was* the boundary of the former State of Texas before the revolution. But Texas claimed to the Rio Grande, as the people of that district joined her in defending the Mexican Constitution of 1824, and in the war of independence which they waged so successfully against the despots of Mexico. From Matamoras to the city of Mexico there is a good road, with five or ten military posts along the route.

"An American army of fifty thousand men, crossing the Rio Grande at Matamoras, could readily march through the country to the city of Mexico. Yucatan, on the south, is already in arms against the military despots governing at the Capitol; and the people of Vera Cruz and other States of Central Mexico, are clamorous for the recall of Santa Anna, (who is now in Cuba,) and the restoration of the Republic. The facilities for intercourse with our army, and with the Mexican people, are favorable to the rapid execution of military operations. From Galveston to Point Isabel is 320 miles by water. New Orleans to Point Isabel 802 miles. New Orleans to Vera Cruz 1500 miles. Yucatan to the city of Mexico 900 miles. The population of the city of Mexico is about 180,000. High mountains rise in the distance on all sides of the city, but the location, although under the Tropic of Cancer is remarkable for its salubrity, and in summer the extreme heat is less severe than in New York or Phifadelphia.

The city is approached by excellent roads which branch out in every direction, and on which are transported the silver ores and bullion from an hundred of the richest mines in the world. The magnificence of the principal edifices—some being furnished with gold and silver ornaments valued at many millions, and containing rich treasurers hid away by the avaricious—has excited the admiration of all travellers. Yet, with all her riches, Mexico is poor.—Her people are kept in ignorance by the tyranny of a few, and their wealth is carried off to other lands, to swell the gains of trade and commerce, which they are not permitted to enjoy. The poor Mexican crawls listlessly over neglected silver mines, lost in the contemplation of his own abject condition. The iron hand of despotism is upon him!

Castle of Juan de Ulua.—The N. York Courier gives the following facts, in order that an opinion may be formed as to the probable result of an assault upon Vera Cruz. Certainly nothing can be done until a much larger force is concentrated there than is at present in the vicinity.

The fortress of San Juan de Ulua would resist a very heavy attack—one certainly much more serious than that of the French to which it yielded a few years since. The French squadron then consisted of 3 large frigates and 4 bomb vessels: the former anchored but little over point-blank distance from the eastern face of the castle, and the bomb vessels but little further. There were mortars in the castle, but none in use and not more than seventeen guns could be brought to bear on a single ship, and, on the whole squadron, only twenty six, some of which were carronades.

"Of the french vessels, the *Cyclops* had two mortars, and in two hours she threw one hundred and eighty shells. The others did their share. One of the bombs lodged in the magazine, which was blown up, and about two hundred men destroyed. After six hours' fighting the Mexicans yielded. Since that time the fortress has been thoroughly repaired; a new water-battery has been added; thirty-two and forty-two pounders have been mounted in place of the twelves and eighteens; from twelve to twenty heavy mortars have been introduced, with several Paixhan eight inch guns, and every thing is in the very best condition to resist an attack."

Newspaper Printing at Sea.—The ship Rainbow, which recently arrived at this port from China, was absent only six months and a half; being the quickest voyage on record. When she left this port, the Chaplain of the Floating Church accompanied her to sea, and when outside of Sandy Hook, prayers were offered that all might be guarded from danger, & from evils to which those are exposed who go down to the sea in ships. Two amiable, intelligent and right minded young ladies (says the New York Evangelist;) beguiled the tedium of the passage by *editing a weekly paper which was printed in the forecastle and distributed throughout the ship.* The Sabbath was strictly observed on the voyage in and out, and on the homeward passage a handsome sum raised for religious purposes. The Floating Chapel and its excellent and pious clergyman not being forgotten.

From the Army.

1 DAY LATER FROM POINT ISABEL.

Conflict between Texan Rangers and the Mexican Troops—General Taylor Surrounded—Later from Mexico.

WASHINGTON, May 16, P. M. 1846.

Messrs. A. S. Abel & Co.—The mail boat is just in, and brings an Extra from the N. O. Bulletin, May 9.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

By the arrival of the schr. Ellen & Clara Captain Griffin, from the Brazos St. Iago, accounts from Point Isabel to the morning of the 29th ult. have been received.

The fact, however, that communication had not been had for three days between Point Isabel and the camp of Gen. Taylor, is alone sufficient to keep anxiety on tip toe.

We learn from the Capt. G. and Dr. Briggs a passenger, who has been several months with the army, and Capt. Walker, formerly of the Texan revenue service, who has been stationed between Point Isabel and General Taylor's camp with a company of twenty four Texan Rangers, found several of the teams which had started from the Point for the camp were returning and reported that the Mexicans were on the road.

He started from his camp on the 28th with his whole force to reconnoitre; and if possible open a communication with Gen. Taylor. He had proceeded as far as about mid way between Point Isabel and the camp, when an overwhelming Mexican force appeared very suddenly. A portion of his troops were raw recruits. He instructed them to keep on his right, and gave orders to the whole to retire under cover of a *chapperal* in view. But his raw troops, panic stricken scattered in confusion.

The Mexicans advancing with overwhelming numbers, he was compelled to retire. He was followed until a mile of Point Isabel, where he arrived with only two of his men. Six others subsequently came on.

Capt. W. estimates the number of Mexicans he encountered at 1500, and he supposes that at least thirty fell during the 15 minutes he engaged them.

This force is supposed to be a portion of that which had at last accounts crossed the Rio Grande some 20 or 25 miles above Matamoras, and which is estimated at 3000 men. It is believed that they had taken a circuitous route on the eastern side of General Taylor's camp.

The post is very strongly defended, thanks to the exertions of Majors Monroe and Saunders. With 500 men to defend the post, it is believed it can be made good against 3,000 Mexicans. There are now about 3,000 Mexicans on the American side of the Rio Grande. One half above and one half below Gen. Taylor's camp.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

From the Picayune of the 9th inst.

The greatest apprehension now felt for the American position is that the Mexicans may erect fortifications which command Brassos Santiago. The natural formation of the ground is mostly favorable for such a purpose. The men would be effectually protected from any naval force by the natural embankments, and the positions could only be carried by actual storming of the works.

The brig Josephine, Capt. Robinson arrived yesterday from Very Cruz; had sailed thence on the 26th, three days later than previous advices. The sloop of war John Adams, the only vessel of the United States lying at Sacraficos when the Josephine left; the squadron not then having returned to its anchorage.

The Royal Mail steamer Tweed arrived at Vera Cruz from the Tampico on the 24th ult., but the papers say not a word as to the state of things in the latter city.

The latest advices received at Very Cruz from Matamoras, were to the 15th ult., ult., immediately after the arrival of General Ampudia.

His notice to Gen. Taylor to retire behind the Nueces was known, and the Vera Cruz people expected to hear of hostilities. We have heard it reported that the British Consul saw the letter from Ampudia to Gen. Taylor before it was sent, and that he approved of the same.

From the New Orleans Tropic May 6.

MEXICAN STEAMERS MONTEZUMA AND GUADALOUPE—IMPOTANT.

We noticed some two weeks since that we believed the announcement of the sale of the two Mexican war-steamers a *sham* and that they would appear, in case of hostilities with Mexico as *privateers*.—We are still of this opinion, and we have a fear that the harbor of Havana will contain our worst enemies. A United States 74 should be stationed off the mouth of harbor, to watch with great care, what comes out of it.

It will be recollected that in 1836, the Mexican armed brig Montezuma lay off the Sabine and captured the American schooner *Julius Cæsar*, and others, filled with emigrants bound for Texas and carried them into Metamoras. The vessel conveying soldiers from our city to the seat of war, should be provided with two or three pieces of heavy artillery. They might be *intercepted* by the way.

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