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 FAREWELL OF THE SOLDIER.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I love thee, I love thee,
Far better than wine,
But the curse is above me;
Thou'lt never be mine!

As the blade wears the scabbard,
The billow the shore,
So sorrow doth fret me
For evermore.

Fair beauty, I leave thee,
To conquer my heart:
I'll see thee, I'll bless thee,
And then—depart.

Let me take, ere I vanish.
One look of thine eyes,—
One smile for remembrance,
For life soon flies!

—And now for the fortune,
That hangeth above,
And to bury in battle,
My dream of love!

A ROMANTIC AFFAIR.

The fashionable circles of Bath have been recently thrown into a state of the utmost excitement and consternation by the sudden, and for a time mysterious disappearance of a young lady, from beneath the roof of her guardian, who resides in the most aristocratic part of the beautiful city of King Bladud, not a hundred miles from the Royal Crescent. The young lady, with whose name and adventure rumor's hundred tongues have been so busy the last few days, is the grand-neice of a late eccentric inhabitant of the vicinity of Bath, who, at his decease, bequeathed to her a considerable portion of his enormous fortune, which he placed at her own unconditional disposal, after her arrival at the age of twenty-one. Like her well-known kinsman, the young lady was somewhat singular in her habits, and refined in her tastes, and as a matter of course, in a fortune-hunting place like the "Queen City of the West," the heiress attracted much attention. The immense funds at her disposal caused more than one needy peer and many a half-pay hero to vow eternal fidelity. Like Miss Burdett Coutts, she was pestered with lovers; but had her face and form been her only dowry, she might have been deemed a noble prize, for in the exclusive circles of the provincial *ton*, she was universally known to be the *Belle* of Bath. In the various coteries at the Pump-room, and the Assembly-rooms, she was set down for a future countess at the very least, and as to her forming an alliance with a plebian, that was altogether out of the question.

It was the usual habit of the young lady to take long walks on Widcombe-hill, and as she was of a romantic turn of mind, it was often her custom to dismiss her attendant and wander about for hours, botanizing, reading, or sketching, returning home by seven o'clock, the family dinner hour; consequently, an occasional protracted absence of many hours was never a source of alarm to her friends. On Tuesday morning last, immediately after breakfast, she summoned her maid, and informed her that she should require her attendance, as she intended riding some way into the country. About 11 o'clock, the young lady drove over the old bridge, and then suddenly changing her mind, or appearing to do so, alighted, discharged the coachman, and informed the Abigail that it was so fine she would take her accustomed long walk, and be home by dinner time; but that, as she had some letters to write, she would dine in her own room at eight precisely. The servant was also directed to call at a library for Mrs. Trollope's last new novel, "Father Eustace, a Tale of the Jesuits." The fair young creature then ascended Widcombe's breezy height; and the domestic returned to the Royal Crescent.

The day passed on as usual, the dinner hour arrived, and as it was known that the young lady was to take her repast in her own apartment, her absence from the family-table excited no surprise. Seven o'clock chimed from the abbey-tower—the more adjacent bell of St. Michael's struck, successively, *eight*, *nine*, and *ten!* The maid grew fidgetty, and the dinner had grown cold—eleven o'clock, and no Miss ——. Midnight arrived, and the household were in extreme alarm—servants were dispatched hither and thither—the services of the police were put in requisition; and the morning dawned, but still no tidings of the lost one. An order for dragging the river and canal was just about to be issued, when the postman's rap was heard, and lo! a letter directed to her guardian, written in the young lady's well-known hand-writing, was delivered.—What that letter contained, cannot, of course, be known, as the utmost secresy has been observed by all parties concerned in the transaction. The following facts, however, have been whispered about Bath. It appears that sometime since the young lady had occasion to order a riding-habit of a fashionable tailor at Bath, who sent one of his most experienced cutters to the Royal Crescent. The tailor's emissary so well performed his task, that he not only measured the young lady, but ascertained the state of her affections.—The cunning Schneider, who is a good-looking fellow, failed not to follow up his unlooked-for chance of obtaining a handsome wife and a splendid fortune; and, at many a "botanizing" meeting on Widcombe hill, vows were exchanged, until at length the question was "popped," and the gentleman accepted. A favorite tenant of the young lady was obliging enough to keep their meetings at her house a secret, and from that convenient domicile, in the dead waste and middle of Tuesday night, the hero of the shears and his lady-love proceeded, by the mixed train, to Bristol, at which city they arrived just in time to find the night train preparing to start. They applied for tickets; but alas! while the clerk was giving change for a five-pound note, the signal was given, and away went the train! What was to be done? They could not remain on the platform lamenting; that was certain, for an Inspector ordered her to move on.—Securing a cab, the lady took up her residence for the night at one hotel, the gentleman honoring another with his patronage. The following morning, according to previous appointment, the parties met in College-green, and there concerted plans for their future proceedings. Delays were now dangerous; so they agreed to separate there, and to meet at the Exeter Railway terminus, Templegate, at three o'clock, that day; and from thence proceed in company to Exeter, there to tie the indissoluble knot; but at lovers' plans the electric telegraph laughs. Information had been sent to Bristol of the fugitives, for the tailor had left a note on his master's desk, informing him that he had declined business, and would not further trouble him with his services, he having made an engagement with a lady. Love, however, if bandaged, sometimes contrives to have a sly peep, and the young lady, while waiting on the platform for the train, caught sight of a Bath and some Bristol policemen in plain clothes, evidently on the watch for her and her inamorato.—"Here, my good woman," said she, to an orange-vender, "lend me your cloak, and I will give you a sovereign." The bargain was easily and quickly made, and the young lady, with a hood over her bonnet, and a shabby cloak on her beautiful shoulders, together with a basket on her arm, took her place in a third class carriage; her lover was equally adroit, for he contrived to exchange his hat and paletot for an old cap and a smock-frock. To conclude this romance of real life, it is only necessary to add, that Exeter was reached in safety, and the fugitives were married next day. After the ceremony, as they were on their way back to Bath, they saw, at the Taunton station, the young lady's guardian standing on the platform, waiting for the down train. They made themselves visible and the old gentleman, instead of going to Exeter, returned with the newly married pair to their home in Bath.—*English paper.*

DECISION OF AN AFRICAN JUDGE.

Alexander of Macedonia once went to a remote province of Africa, abounding in gold. The inhabitants met him, bearing dishes filled with apples and fruit of gold.

"Do you eat such fruit among you?" said Alexander. "I have not come to see your riches, but to learn your customs."

They then led him to the market-place, where the king was sitting in judgment:

A citizen then appeared before him, and said, "I bought of this man, O king, a sack full of chaff, and found a large amount of treasure in it. The chaff is mine, but not the gold; and this man will not take it back again. Decide accordingly, O king, for it is his."

And his opponent, also a citizen of the place, replied: "Do you fear to keep what is not your own, and I should not fear the like? I sold you the sack, and all that was in it; keep what's your own. Decide for him, O king."

The king asked the first whether he had a son. He answered, "Yes." He asked the second whether he had a daughter? and received "Yes" for an answer.—"Well," said the king, "you are both upright men; unite your children in marriage, and give them the treasure for a marriage gift. This is my decision."

Alexander was astonished when he heard this judgment.

"Have I decided unjustly," inquired the king of the distant country, "that you are so astonished?"

"By no means," replied Alexander; "but in my country the judgment would have been different."

"And how?" asked the African king.

"Both disputants," said Alexander, would lose their heads, and the treasure would fall to the king."

Then the king, striking his hands together, asked: "And does the sun shine upon you? and does Heaven send its rains upon you?"

"Yes," replied Alexander.

"Then it must be," continued the African king, "for the sake of the innocent beasts in your country; for, on such men the sun should neither shine nor the heavens send down rain."

FAMILIARS OF ROYALTY.

GEORGE IV. AND CANNON.

MR. CANNON's great musical taste and talent not unfrequently procured him the honor of accompanying his royal master on the piano-forte; on one occasion, at the termination of the piece, the prince inquired, "Well, Cannon, how did I sing that?

The latter continued to run over the keys, but without making any reply.

"I asked you, Mr. Cannon, how I sang that last song, and I wish for an honest answer," repeated the prince. Thus pointedly appealed to, Cannon, of course, could no longer remain silent.

"I think, sir," said he, in his quiet and peculiar tone, "I have heard your royal highness succeed better."

"Sale and Atwood," observed the latter, sharply, "tell me I sing that as well as any man in England."

"They, sir, may be better judges than I pretend to be," replied Cannon.

George IV. was too well bred, as well as too wise a man, to manifest open displeasure at the candor of his guest, but in the course of the evening, being solicited by the latter for a pinch of snuff, a favor which had been unhesitatingly accorded a hundred times before, he closed the box, placed it in Mr. Cannon's hand, and turned abruptly away. A gentleman in waiting quickly made his appearance, for the purpose of demanding back the article in question, and of intimating at the same time that it would be more satisfactory if its possessor forthwith withdrew from the apartment.

Cannon, at first, refused to restore what he chose to consider no other than a present.

"The *creetur* gave it me with his own hand," he urged; "if he wants it back let him come and say so himself."

It was represented, however, that the prince regarded its detention in a serious light, and was deeply offended at the want of respect which had led to it; the box was immediately returned without hesitation, and Mr. Cannon retired for the last time, from the precincts of Carlton House.

Sometime after this Cannon was instrumental in getting up an address from the Isle of Wight to the king on the occasion of Queen Caroline's trial. The monarch was kind to his old favorite, and proffered him assistance. Cannon resolutely declined, and gives a good lesson on *"the prudence of saying 'no' without a reason."*

Delighted at this seasonable exhibition of public approval, and not untouched, it may be, by the conduct of his former favorite, the king was all courtesy and condescension.

"You are not looking well," he observed at length.

"I am not so well, sire, as I have been," replied Cannon, with a smile.

"Well, well! I must send H——to prescribe for you," said the king; nor did this prove to be an idle compliment. In due time the physician of the household called, having it in command to tender to the invalid his professional assistance, and at the same time to intimate that he might expect to be admitted again to the royal parties. This honor Mr. Cannon bluntly and resolutely declined; on being pressed to give some explanation of his refusal, he merely answered:

"I have been early taught, when I want to say no and can say no, to say no—but never give a reason;" a maxim which he had learned from his early protector, Lord Thurlow, and a neglect of which, the latter used to boast, had enabled him to carry an important point with his late Majesty, George III.

Thus it was:—he had applied to that monarch on behalf of his brother for a certain post, and having somewhat unexpectedly met with a refusal, he bowed and was about to retire, when the monarch, wishing to soften his decision as far as possible, added, "Anything else I shall be happy to bestow upon your relative, but this unfortunately is an office never held but by a man of high rank and family."

"Then, sire," returned Lord Thurlow, "I must persist in my request—I ask it for the Lord High Chancellor of England."

The chancellor was firm, and the king was compelled to yield.

"He gave me his reasons," said the former, "and I beat him."

"With respect to Mr. Cannon, although he thought fit to decline giving any explanations at the time, he was not so reserved on all occasions.

"The *creetur*," he said, "has turned me out of his house once—he shall not have the opportunity of doing so again."

Whatever version of this interview reached the royal ear, one circumstance deserves to be recorded, as tending, in its degree, to invalidate those charges of selfishness and want of feeling which have been so lavishly directed against the illustrious personage allluded to.

Many years afterwards, when Cannon, who, though of inexpensive tastes, was utterly regardless of money, and almost ignorant of its value, and who generally carried all he received loose in his waist-coat pocket, giving it away to any one who seemed to need, was himself severely suffering from the effects of ill health and his improvident illiberality the king, who accidently heard of his melancholy condition, instantly made inquiries, with a view of presenting him with some piece of preferment that might have served as a permanent provision; but, ascertaining that his habits had become such as to render any advancement in his profession inexpedient, he, entirely unsolicited, forwarded him an hundred pounds from his privy purse.

Cannon's talents, never applied to any serious purpose, could not save him from neglect. He died forgotten and almost alone, and the tablet raised to his memory was erected, we are told, by a comparative stranger—we presume Mr. Barham himself.—*Ingoldsby Legends.*

A PIC NIC AT TAMPICO.

The correspondent of the *Spirit of the Times*, gives a graphic and agreeable account of a pic-nic at Tampico, which the American officers arranged for the gratification of the "dark eyed senoras" of that town:

Let me give you a slight sketch of a delightful pic-nic which came off here on the fourth inst. I must premise that the party was given by some officers as a slight return for the pleasure they had experienced at the delightful party given them by the amiable lady of the German Consul It was deemed extremely doubtful whether the Mexican ladies could be prevailed upon to join us. A gentleman well acquainted with them, kindly took the matter in hand and reported that he believed the affair perfectly practible. It was decided that it should be a steamboat excursion up the Panuco. The U. S. steamer Mary Summers kindly placed at their disposal, and everything that possibly could be desired was placed on board of her by the energy and taste of the accomplished Captain M———, of the first artillery.—Just consider the neat little steamboat lying at the Wharf steam up, and tastefully decorated with flags.

At three o'clock the ladies and their gentlemen friends commenced assembling. In a very short time we had twenty five ladies—with one exception they were either foreigners or Mexicans and all ladies. The band of the 2nd artillery accompanied us. Great anxiety was expressed about the arrival of Gen. S. who was one of the principal persons in getting up the affair; it was his popularity combined with his friendly relation with all the principal families, which induced so many to honor us. The hour arrived—but no Gen. S. Some little anxiety was manifested by our fair friends—the boat was detained. At last, much to our regret apologies had to be made, and we took our departure.

The company had assembled on the hurricane deck—a crowd had collected on the wharf—and as we shoved off, the band struck up a lively air. I then had time to look around me and take a peep at our fair and trusting visitors. Delicacy forbids that I should individualize, but there was one darkeyed Senora, with true Mexican complexion, who attracted universal attention. Her soft, drooping black-eye, fine contour of features, and stately form, were the subject of admiration. Our interest in her was increased when we were told that she was destined to early widowhood. Her husband, poor fellow, was fast dying with consumption. But few of the ladies could talk English, and I was thefore afraid the affair would go off stiffly.

Before we had gone five miles, partners were called for quadrille. The ice was broken; the magic of happiness which ever hangs over the movements of the dance immediately communicated itself to our fair guests. Eyes that were dull now sparkled—the timid were assured—and all seemed to say, "we have come for amusement, and whether with enemies or friends we are determined to have it.' The graceful waltz took the place of the quadrille. I sat in the stern of the boat and contemplated the scene it was one that could not but be viewed with the greatest interest. Here we were in the enemy's country—the fair Mexicans confiding in our honor, were unhesitatingly trusting themselves in the waltz with officers commanding troops opposed to their countrymen. A lady expressed herself to me, "that when it was proposed she had not the remotest idea that it would come off." This pleasant re-union cannot but have a happy effect socially and politically; it brings us together and it is only by association that we can be known;—they will see that we are not the "barbarians," as represented, but like themselves are gay and light hearted, and can dance to the merry castanet."

Stately and rapidly moved the steamer—the graceful and happy couples whirled away in the waltz—the music stole softly over the broad and placid river, and the deep green woods re-echoed sounds of happiness. I was lost in the quiet tranquil beauty of the scene—was reflecting how soon these graceful arms which now supported beauty, those manly forms might "bite the dust," when my dream was disturbed by the cry of the "brickyard!" Sure enough there it was, in the elbow of the river. We had sailed 22 miles, scarcely without being aware of it.

We soon reached there, and the boat was fastened at the landing. It had been arranged we should sail to the brick-yard and there complete the frolic by dancing at the house of the hospitable owner, who by the way was an American. Just as we were going on shore, a canoe shoved out from the landing, and was paddled up the stream. Seated in it under a cover of raw hides, was a mother and two beautiful girls. They had left the city in the morning and were on their way to some village of the Panuco. All exclaimed—"Stop them, and have them join in the festivities! Every effort was made, but without success.

We all disembarked and promenaded around the gentleman's garden, and then betook ourselves to the house; it was quite capacious. With M.'s usual energy and management, a room was soon prepared for our dancing; our empty bottles served as candle sticks.—Having had the precaution to bring a box of candles, the room was brilliantly illuminated. By this time, we were on the best kind of terms with all, and the dance commenced with renewed glee. Few quadrilles were danced—they are devoted to the waltz and the centre dance, which is a happy combination of the two; the figures of the latter dance are beautiful; even the polka was danced. For the first time in five years, I waltzed the whole evening. There is no such thing as an appropriation or monopoly of a belle. During the waltz if a gentleman wished to waltz with any particular lady, he signifies his wish, and her partner immediately resigns her. You waltz with her two or three times round and then return her to her partner. It is a most delightful and most sensible custom, and if only introduced in the States, might be conducive to much more sociability and kindness of feeling, and prune off a little of that selfishness which causes the monopoly of a belle by a few, to the exclusion of many and probably more ardent admirers.

At So'clock a most excellent supper was set on board the boat, to which the ladies were ushered by a march. Sociability, happiness, and confidence reigned throughout and amidst the exhilaration of champagne we returned to the dance. Whether bright eyes were really brighter, and fair forms fairer, I know not; but yet they seemed so, as with renewed joy the dance was commenced.

Amid a happy dance the steamboat bell tolled the hour of return we embarked upon the placid river, and to the sound of music glided rapidly to the city. The moon, most unfortunately had been obscured, but she deigned one smile on us, as if in approbation of the scene. We landed at the wharf, with the band playing at 12 o'clock and our fair guests retired to their homes, apparantly gratified with their trip. It is to be hoped no matter where the fortunes of war carry us that the memory of the Brick Yard Nic, given by the American Officers to the Ladies of Tampico, will ever be fresh.

So much for pic nics.

PICTURE OF NAPOLEON'S LEVEE WHEN FIRST CONSUL.

(From Madame D'Arblay's Diary.)

At length the two human hedges were finally formed, the door of the audience-chamber was thrown wide open with a commanding crash, and a vivacious officer, sentinel, or I know not what, nimbly descended the three steps into our apartment, and placing himself at the side of the door, with one hand spread as high as possible above his head, and the other extended horizontally, called out, in a loud and authoritative voice, "Le Premier Consul!"

You will easily believe nothing more was necessary to obtain attention. Not a soul either spoke or stirred as he and his suit passed along, which was so quickly, that, had I not been placed so near the door, and had not all around me faciliated my standing foremost, and being least crowd-obstructed, I could hardly have seen him. As it was, I had a view so near, tho' so brief, of his face, as to be very much struck by it. It is of a deeply impressive cast, pale, even to sallowness, while, not only melancholy, and meditation are strongly marked, with so much character, nay, genius, and so penetrating seriousness, or rather sadness, as powerfully to sink into an observer's mind. Yet, though the busts and medallions I have seen are, in general, such good resemblances that I think I should have known him untold, he has by no means the look to be expected from Bonaparte, but rather that of a profoundly studious and contemplative man, who "o'er books consumes," not only the "midnight oil" but his own daily strength, "and wastes the puny body to decay" by abstruse speculation and theoretic plans, or rather visions, ingenious, but not practicable. But the look of the commander who leads his own army, who fights his own battles, who conquers every difficulty by personal exertion, who executes all he plans, who performs even all he suggests, whose ambition is of the most enterprising, and whose bravery is of the most daring cast;—this; which is the look to be expected from his situation, and the exploits which have led to it, the spectator watches for in vain.—The plainness, also, of his dress, so conspicuously contrasted by the finery of all around him, conspires forcibly with his countenance, so "sicklied o'er with the pale hue of thought" to give him far more the air of a student than a warrior.

Bonaparte, mounting a beautiful and spirited white horse, closely encircled by his glittering aides-de-camp, and accompained by his general, rode round the ranks, holding his bridle indifferently in either hand, and seeming utterly careless of the prancing, rearing, or other freaks of his horse, inasmuch as to strike some who were near me with a notion of his being a bad horseman. I am the last to be judge upon this subject; but, as a remarker, he only appeared to me a man who knew so well he could manage the animal when he pleased, that he did not deem it worth his while to keep constantly in order what he knew, if urged or provoked, he could subdue in a moment.

Precisely opposite to the window at which I was placed the chief consul stationed himself after making his round, and thence he presented some swords of honor, spreading out one arm with an air and mien which changed his look from that of scholastic severity to one that was highly military and commanding. Just as the consular band with their brazen drums as well as trumpets, marched, facing the first consul, the sun broke suddenly out from the clouds which had obscured it all the morning; and the effect was so abrupt and so dazzling, that I could not help observing it to my friend the wife of *m'ami*, who, eyeing me with great surprise, not unmixed with the compassion of contempt, said, "Est-ce que vous ne savez pas cela, Madame? Des que les Premier Consul vient a la parade, le soleil vient aussi! Il a beau pleuvoir tout le matin; c'est egal, il n'a qu'a paroitre, et tout de suite il fait beau." I apologized for my ignorance, but doubt whether it was forgiven.

CATCHING A RUNAWAY.

A day or two since, says the Baltimore Sun, as an omnibus from Ellicott's Mills was coming to the city, the driver, soon after starting on his trip, observed a colored man, with a bundle over his shoulder, upon the road, and acting in a manner calculated to excite his suspicion. On coming up with him, the omnibus was stopped and the compliments of the day interchanged; upon inquiry, however, relative to the freedom of the colored man, his answers were so vague and unsatisfactory that the driver was soon convinced that he was a runaway, and accordingly took him upon the seat, in spite of some remonstrance upon the part of the negro against the operation. Upon arriving in the city the prize was taken to the office of Justice Wright, when suddenly the negro proved to be a quite smart, intelligent chap; produced his free papers, on the first suggestion, named a number of gentlemen in the city who, he alleged knew him well; said he had been out to the Mills to see his friends, and he was really very much obliged to the gentleman of the omnibus for his ride home. But the omnibus was not to be thrown off so, and accordingly demanded his three levies.

"No, no," said the negro; "you made me ride for your own gratification and I shall refuse to pay for my own."

The case was a plain one, and the omnibus backed out, a little worse for the enterprise.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—Speaking of the mother of Leopold de Meyer in Vienna, Mrs. Bennet says, in a recent letter:—"I found her a very amiable and splendid looking old lady. She was exceedingly delighted to see any one from the United States, and who had heard her son play; for it seems that he is his mother's favorite. When I described his triumphs in America, the applause he received whether he went, and the *eclat* he created all over the country, her eyes filled with tears of joy, and she embraced me. She was attended by her grand-daughter, a very pretty young girl, of fourteen or fifteen years of age, who is in Vienna for her education—having been sent there from Turkey, where her father is physician, I believe, to the Sultan."

GEN. URREA A TENNESSEAN!—We have heard a singular story to the effect that the renowned Mexican chief who has recently so far *out run* Gen. Taylor, is a native of this State! It is said that his real name is *Ury*, and that he was born and "raised" to near manhood, in Middle Tennessee—Summer or Smith county, we think.—He was a wild, roving, devil-may-care sort of fellow, and about twenty or twenty-five years since strayed off from the paternal roof and went to Mexico. The story is so far probable as this:—that it is known to some of our citizens that there was one of the young *Urys*, of the character described, who did, about the time mentioned, go to Mexico, from whence he has never returned. It may be long residence there has raised him to high rank in the army, and that he is in truth identical with the officer referred to. The change of name would be slight, and the story itself is not at all improbable. The *Urys*, of this State are, we believe, a highly respectable family.—*Memphis Enquirer.*

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.

Fold a clean towel three or four times, and spread the gloves on it quite smooth; then dip a piece of clean flannel into some new milk, and rub on to it plenty of brown soap; with this rub the gloves downwards, holding the top of the glove firmly with the left hand. When the gloves, if they be white, look of a dingy yellow, though clean; or if colored, when they appear dark and spoiled, lay them to dry, and they will soon look almost equal to new. They will be soft, glossy and elastic. By adopting this economical method of restoring soiled gloves, ladies will be induced to purchase the best article, as the better the quality of the gloves, the nearer will they approach their pristine delicacy by this process.

☞ A drunken laborer, recovering from a dangerous illness, was asked whether he had not been afraid of meeting his God. 'No,' he replied; 'I was only afeerd o' t'other chap.'

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