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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A DEATH BED.

BY T. HOOD.

We watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro!

So silently we seemed to speak—
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out!

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died!

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eye-lids closed—she had
Another world than ours.

MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH Napoleon Bonaparte.

BY BON. A. DE COSTE.

"My dear husband, you must be out of your mind. It is possible that you wish to present that boy to the Emperor?"

"Yes, I tell you, I will."

"Napoleon will laugh at you."

"The Emperor is too kind to laugh at those who fight well, and who have boys. So, then, no more words my dear wife.—Dress up the little fellow in the best style; and you, my little boy, do not be afraid and try to remember well the sentence which your mother has taught you."

It was in the year 1813, some time after the battle of Dresden. The great conqueror had returned to France to claim more soldiers, and his country—to which all sacrifices were nothing, when glory was at stake—had given him a new army, which at the very first battle, showed itself worthy of its predecessors. When new regiments were formed all through France when a multitude of young countrymen were learning how to carry and load a musket, I also was growing up for the glory of Napoleon; but, alas! I was only five years old, and every day my father was cursing the folly he had committed by not having married twelve years sooner.

"What can I do with *that*?" he was accustomed to say looking at me. *That* is good for nothing. Five years old! confound it, if he was ten years older, he would make a good dragoon; and then by my side, sword in hand, he would march and fight the enemies of France—but only five years!"

My dear father gave a tremendous kick to his favorite dog, because I was not born twelve years sooner. Abraham's sacrifice was the most natural thing in his eyes.

On that very memorable day there was a grand review on the Place Carrousel.—Twelve hundred horsemen, commanded by my father, had arrived the day before at Paris from Versailles, to be inspected by the Emperor. Eight days previous I had received as a present a complete uniform of the brave and immortal Thirteenth Regiment of Dragoons. My father had formed the resolution to present me on that very morning to his beloved Emperor.—My mother had taught me for two hours a sentence to be repeated to the great man. At half past eight my nurse began to wash my face and hands, and soon after I was dressed up in my splendid uniform. My mother, though deeply devoted to the Imperial Government, was against my presentation; but how much she would have been afraid if she had known how I was going to be presented. At nine, precisely, the favorite trooper of my father came to announce that his horses were ready. Down stairs we went. I was delighted with the noise produced by my little sword on the stone steps; but when we arrived in the yard, what was my surprise, my joy, when I beheld a beautiful poney caparisoned exactly like the battle-horse of my father! In a moment I was in the saddle proud as a prince. From her window my mother saw me; she did know if she ought to cry or laugh. But we were gone!

Happy and contented, soon we arrived where the regiment was waiting for its Colonel. At the word "march," pronounced by the powerful voice of my father, we started for the Place Carrousel. Sword in hand, I was at the head of the regiment between my father and the Lieutenant Colonel. At the demand of the sentinels of the Castle, first of all I answered, "France Thirteenth Dragoons." After that we took our line.

At twelve the drums beat, the trumpets sounded. The Marechal Lobau, with that formidable voice which had made him surnamed the Stentor of the Army, was commanding the parade. The Emperor comes, his eye sparkles, his noble countenance beams with pleasure,—and as he gazes on those fine troops, he thinks he sees once more the bright sun of Austerlitz. For one moment he has forgotten the campaign of Russia. The review begins; it is made with the scrupulous exactness which is customary to the Emperor. But every soldier in his army knows what he requires. He has gone through all the ranks, "It is well," he says, "the infantry is beautiful."

He approaches me; my little heart beats violently. I endeavor to recall the phrase which my mother has taught me, but alas! it has escaped me. My confusion is increased by the anger of my father, who was swearing to make me remember my little speech. The great man is before our trumpeters. At the word "Attention!" spoken by my father, so great was my confusion that my sword would have fallen from my hands had it not been retained by my *dragonne*.

"Who is that soldier?"

"Sire, he is my son. Since his infancy you have provided for all his wants. He has desired to thank you himself. Alfred, speak, to his Majesty."

My poor speech was a hundred miles from my memory. My eyes were fixed on the countenance of Napoleon, who was looking at me kindly.

"Boy, dost thou love thy father?"

For a moment I was composed, and I cried out with enthusiasm, raising myself in my stirrups:

"Vive l'Empereur and the Thirteenth Dragoons! Death to the Russians and to all enemies of France!"

The Emperor smiled; he could understand how devoted were his soldiers, by hearing such an exclamation from one of his children.

"He ought to be ten years older" said the Emperor, "he would have made the campaign."

He passed on, and when my father, who had accompained him to the left side of the regiment, was going back to his post, the Emperor said to him: "To-morrow you may send your little dragoon to the military school of St. Cyr. Berthier will despatch you the commission."

We passed on before the Emperor, who bowed to us with that grace which was personal to him when he was satisfied,—My dear mother though I had forgotten the compliment she had taught me, had heard my new phrase, for she had glided almost in the midst of our horses.

In the evening an aid-de-camp brought my commission as pupil of St. Cyr. On the following day my father was on his way to gather new laurels, but alas! I never saw him since.—*Charleston, (S. C.) News.*

ENCOUNTER WITH ROBBERS IN CALIFORNIA

The hunter (though rarely) has been set upon by robbers for the sake of the pack of furs he was carrying on his back to some of the seaport towns on the coast to dispose of; but, as the fur hunters are generally on foot, and, from habit of watching about for either hostile Indians or wild animals, they are always on their guard, and as the robbers well know that they are, to a man, riflemen who seldom miss their mark, they avoid them. During my rambles in the wilds and fastnesses of California I became acquainted with many of them, some from the back settlements of the United States, others from Canada.

I have hunted for months with them, and witnessed some conflicts between them and wild animals, in which the utmost daring and recklessness was exhibited by the hunter. These are not the men that robbers like to encounter, but I have said they sometimes take a fancy to the valuable pack of furs which, if they find any facility of obtaining, they make the attempt. It is the very climax of cruelty to plunder those poor fellows of packs which were procured only by outlaying for months in the depths of the forest and wilds of the county, and not unfrequently in the hunting grounds of a tribe of hostile Indians.

I once hunted for three months in company with a hunter well known in California. In idea he was wild and imaginative in the extreme; but, in his acts of daring, &c., the most cool and philosophic fellow I ever knew. A commercianto, or merchant, at St. Francisco, on whose veracity I know from experience I can depend, told me the following story of this man, which will at once illustrate his general character:

This hunter was, some months before I had fallen in with him, making the best of his way down the valley of the Tule Lakes from the interior, with a heavy pack of furs on his back, his never-erring rifle in his hand, and his two dogs by his side. He was joined at the northermost end of the valley by the merchant I have spoken of, who was armed only with his sword and pistols. They had scarcely cleared the valley when a party of robbers galloped out before them. There were four whites fully armed, and two Indians with the lassos coiled up in their right hands "ready for a throw."

The hunter told the merchant, who was on horseback, to dismount instantly "and to cover." Fortunately for them, there was a good deal of thicket, and trunks of large trees that had fallen, were strewed about in a very desirable manner. Behind these logs the merchant and the hunter quickly took up their position, and as they were in the act of doing so, two or three shots were fired after them without effect. The hunter coolly untied the pack of furs from his back and laid them beside him.—"It's my opinion, merchant," said he, "that them varmint there wants either your saddle-bags, or my pack, but I reckon they'll get neither." So he took up his rifle, fired, and the foremost Indian, lasso in hand, rolled off his horse. Another discharge from the rifle and the second Indian fell, whilst in the act of throwing his lasso at the head and shoulders of the hunter as he raised himself from behind the log to fire. "Now," said the hunter, as he re-loaded, lying on his back to avoid the shots of the robbers, "that's what I call the best of the schrimmage, to get them brown thieves with their lasso out of the way first. See them rascally whites now jumping over the logs to charge us in our cover."

They were fast advancing, when the rifle again spoke out, and the foremost fell; they still came on to within about thirty yards, another fell, and the remaining two made desperate charge up close to the log. The hunter, from long practice, was dexterous in reloading his gun. "Now, merchant," said he, "is the time for your popguns," meaning the pistols, "and don't be at all nervous. Keep a steady hand, and drop either man or horse. A man of them shan't escape."

The two remaining robbers were now up with the log, and fired each a pistol shot at the hunter, which he escaped by dodging behind a tree close to, from which he fired with effect. As only one robber was left, he wheeled round his horse with the intention of galloping off, when the pistol bullets of the merchant shot the horse from under him. "Well done merchant said the hunter, "you've stopped that fellow's gallop." As soon as the robber could disentangle himself from the fallen horse, he took to his heels and ran down a sloping ground as fast as he could The hunter drew his tomahawk from his belt and gave chase after him. As he was more of an equestrian than a pedestrian, the nimbleness of the hunter shortened the distance between them, and the last of the robbers fell.

Thus perished this dangerous gang of six by the single hand of this brave hunter and, as the "commercianto" informed me, he acted as coolly and deliberately as if he were shooting tame bullocks for the market. The affair was rather advantageous to the hunter, for, on searching the saddle-bags and pockets of the robbers, he pulled forth some doubloons, and a few dollar, with other valuables they had, no doubt, a short time previously taken from some traveller; the saddle bags, arms and accountrements of the four white men were packed up, and made fast on the saddles of the two horses, the hunter mounted a third, the merchant mounted, another, his horse being shot, and thus they left the scene of action, the bodies of the robbers to the wolves who were howling about them, and entered St. Franciso in triumph.—*Coulter's Adventures.*

THE THIRTY THOUSAND POUND NOTE —An extraordinary affair happened about the year 1740. One of the Directors of the Bank of England, a very rich man had occasion for £30,000, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought. To facilitate the matter he carried the sum with him to the Bank and obtained for it a Bank note. On his return home, he was suddenly called out upon particular business; he threw the note carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back a few minutes afterwards to lock it up, it was not to be found. No one had entered the room; he could not, therefore, suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The Director went to acquaint his colleagues with the misfortune that had happened to him; and as he was known to be a perfectly honorable man, he was readily believed. It was only about four and twenty hours from the time he had deposited his money; they thought, therefore, it would be hard to refuse his request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill, if it ever should be found, or pay the money himself if it should be presented by any stranger. About thirty years afterwards (the Director having been dead and his heirs in possession of his fortune,) an unknown person presented the lost bill at the Bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which that bill was annulled; he would not listen to it; he maintained that it had come to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer; and the thirty thousand pounds were paid him. The heirs of the Director would not listen to any demands of restitution, and the Bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect having purchased the Director's house, had taken it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the Bank. —*Francis' History of Bank of England.*

FEMALE LYNCH LAW.—Last week a novel scene, which attracted considerable attention, was enacted in one hop-gardens at the Elms Farm, in the neighboring parish of Iden, Sussex. It appears that on the day previous a man from Woodchurch Kent, who was engaged in the hop-picking on the farm, had beaten his wife in the way that some parents punish their children. A number of women (also from Woodchurch) who were picking at another farm in the parish, having heard of the treatment that one of their own sex had been subjected to, determined upon inflicting summary punishment on the offender. They accordingly provided themselves with bunches of stinging-nettles and hop-bines, and proceeded *en masse* to the garden where the culprit was at work, pulling poles. Having by a *ruse* dispossessed him of his bill (used in cutting away the bines,) they at once commenced their work of castigation, by a process well known to schoolboys as 'birching,' and having at length satisfied their notions of justice, they released the culprit, who having suffered, not from the 'stings, and arrows of outrageous fortune,' but from the equally smarting and more tangible effects of nettle and hop-bines, gladly availed himself of the opportunity to retire, looking as happy as if he had stumbled into a wasps' nest.—*Woman's Vindication.*

A HOGGISH CONVEYANCE.—A farmer of St. Albans, Vermont, recently made a grand entree into that place, mounted on a small car drawn by four large hogs.—He entered the town at a brisk trot, amidst the acclamations of hundreds who were soon drawn together to witness this uncommon spectacle. After making the tour of the market place three or four times, he went into the wool-pack yard, had his swinish cattle unharnessed and taken into a stable together, where they were regaled with a trough full of beans and wash.—They remained about two hours, while he despatched his business as usual at the market when they were put to and drove home again, multitudes cheering him. This man, it is said, has only had these animals under training six months. A gentleman on the spot offered him $240 for the concern as it stood, but it was indignantly refused.

CHART OF HEALTH.—*Love*—A complaint of the heart, growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain. It generally attacks persons of both sexes, between the ages of fifteen and thirty; some have been known to have it at the age of sixty. *Symptoms*—Absence of mind; giving things wrong names, calling fondness for poetry and music, gazing on the moon and stars, toothache, loss of appetite, neglect of business, loathing for all things, save one; blood-shot eyes and consequent dark circles, effects of wrong heart burn, pulse high; stupidity, eloquent eyes, sleeplessness, and all that sort of thing. At times imagination bright, bowers of roses, winged cupids and battered peas; then again oceans of despair, racks tortures, and hair triggered pistols. *Cure*—Get married.

SUCH IS WAR.—After the fury of the battle was over (says Captain Merrill of Batavia, N. Y. in a letter to his brother) I saw a camp woman, of the infantry, who came upon the field to look for her husband. Almost frantic with despair she ran from one to another to inquire after him, but getting no information she immediately went to search for him among the slain. Passing from body to body she at length found him—dead. Kneeling over his corpse she endeavored to raise it, but finding life extinct she gave utterance to shrieks and lamentations truly touching to hear. Her all had fallen. She continued to remain on the field (under fire of the enemy,) until his lifeless body was carried off, which she followed in the deepest grief.

☞ It was suggested some time ago that Mr. Polk was determined to drive the Mexicans into the Pacific ocean. From his evident anxiety for peace about these times, it is pretty clear that either the Mexicans or the Americans have driven HIM *into the pacific.—Louisville Journal.*

HOW TO PREPARE MINCE-MEAT.—Take stoned raisins, currants, sugar, and suet, of each 2 lbs.; Sultana raisins, boiled beef, (lean and tender,) of each 1 lb; sour or tart apples 4 lbs.; the juice of two lemons; the rind of one lemon chopped fine; mixed spice 1-4 lb.; candied citron and lemon peel, of each 2 oz.; brandy 1 gill; and chop the whole very fine. The preparation may be varied by adding other spice or flavoring, and the addition of eggs or the substitution of chopped fowl or veal, for beef, according to fancy or convenience.

LIME WATER FOR HENS.—During the last season, Mr. Joseph Wilcox, of this town, having occasion to administer lime water to a sick horse, inadvertently left a pail of the preparation in his barn, which remained there for some months, serving as a favorite drink for his hens. He soon afterwards found that the laying of his hens was increased to a considerable extent.—Becoming convinced of the [to him new] discovery, he has during the present season kept his hens constantly supplied with lime water placed in troughs within their convenient access, and the result has been an increase in eggs of some four-fold as compared with previous experience. He is willing to share the benefit of the experiment with his neighbors, if they chose to try it; and hence this publication. The newness of the discovery—though it may not be new to all—is claimed only as applicable to the mode of imparting the lime in this case—its use in another form for the same purpose having been previously understood by many.—*Wayne Sentinel.*

MEXICAN NEWS.

Late from the City of Mexico.

Arrival of Distinguished Officers—Two hundred Wounded Soldiers—Downfall of the Padre Jarauta—Assemblage of the Mexican Congress—A Communication received from Mr. Trist—Santa Anna non est.—The Peace Prospects—Train Preparing for Gen. Butler—Reception of Distinguished Officers at New Orleans, &c.

The New Orleans Picayune, of the 24th, announces the arrival of the steamer Alabama, which left Vera Cruz on the 18th of November, bringing dates from the capital to the 8th ult. The news is full a week later, and both interesting and important.

Among the passengers in the Alabama, are Major Gen. Quitman, General Shields, Colonels Hardy, Garland, Andrews, Morgan, Ramsay, and Burnett; Major Dykeman; Lieuts Porter and Sweney, of the New York Volunteers; Passed Midshipman Rogers, and George Wilkins Kendall, and numerous other gallant officers.

Major General Quitman leaves Mexico under orders from Gen. Scott, to the effect that this much distinguished and efficient officer should proceed to the United States and report personally or by letter to the War Department. Since his promotion he has had no permanent assignment of a division, and the object of his return is to seek from the government an appointment that will speedily restore him to active service.

Gen. Shields returns to seek health and a recovery from his wounds. Colonel Harney comes to recruit. Garland, Morgan, Burnet, Potten, and others, are ordered to join Bragg's Battery immediately.

No less than 210 sick and disabled soldiers came on board the Alabama—three died on the passage; one, Richard McManus, 2d Pennsylvania volunteers, was buried at sea.

The great train, numbering 600, which left Mexico on the 1st of November, arrived at Vera Cruz on the 15th ult., without molestation, save a few shots.

Gen. Lane was at Puebla at the latest the haunts of guerillas. He had met with but little annoyance since the affairs at Huamantla and Atlisco. A Mexican courier had been captured with letters from Atlisco, Orizaba and Tehuracon. Among them were documents from Santa Anna, in which he says he had just matured plans for attacking Perote, when he received orders from the Supreme Government to turn over the command of the army.

The "Monitour Republicano," published at the capital on the 4th November, says that a sufficient number of members had arrived at Queretaro, on the first of that month, to form a quorum for the transaction of business.

Later letters, direct from Queretaro, announce that Congress had adjourned on the second of November. Senor Don Jose Maria Godey, deputy from Guanajuato, was elected President of Congress, and Senor Don Jose Maria Hernandez, from Durango, Vice President.

A letter from an English gentleman, dated at the capital on the 8th November, states that although much confidence was felt in the acting President and Vice President, as well as in Congress, who are disposed to peace, it was much feared that Complidado, of Guadalaxara, will be elected President ad interim of the Republic, instead of Herrera or Pena y Pena.

The health of Gen. Herrera is precarious, but improving. Some say that Ellriga will receive a majority of the votes for President ad interim. Others are divided between Herrera, Almonte, Complidado, and Gonsales Rosia.

It was reported at Vera Cruz that Gen. Lane had another brush with Gen. Rea, near Puebla, and routed him entirely.

All was quiet at Perote when the train from the Capital came through.

Gen. Patterson was at Jalapa, suffering somewhat with a severe cold, but was recovering.

Gen. Cushing's command was three miles beyond Gen. Patterson's, and his entire force was in the vicinity of three thousand men.

Colonel Jack Hays left Vera Cruz for Puebla on the 13th, escorting Major Polk and Mr. Smythe, bearer of despatches to Gen. Scott and Mr. Trist.

The report at Vera Cruz that the Padre Jarauta had sent a peace commissioner to General Patterson, is confirmed. It is said that Jarauta has gone towards Queretaro, completely broken up.

General Butler and staff arrived at Vera Cruz on the 17th, and were received with all due honors. From two to three thousand troops, who had sailed about the same time from New Orleans, had arrived there also during the 17th and 18th, and Gen. Butler would, in a fortnight, move forward towards the capital with 6,000 men, including what had been left behind of a former division.

General Quitman's division at the capital had been incorporated with the divisions of Twiggs and Worth, as also the Pennsylvania and New York volunteers with the former.

Nothing positive had been received as to the whereabouts of Santa Anna. Many believed him to be secreted near Vera Cruz, waiting an opportunity to depart in the British steamer for Havana.

The Arco Iris, of the 10th, states that he had arrived at Orizaba with fifteen hundred ragged followers, but it gives no hint as to his future movements.

Com. Perry was to sail the day after the sailing of the Alabama, for Alvarado, Tabasco, Laguayra and Campeachy.

The American Star, of the 3d, published at the Capital, states that the Congress of Queretaro had received a communication from Mr. Trist, but the character of its contents had not transpired.

The papers from the Mexican capital contain a long communication from Senor Otero, a distinguished member of Congress, invoking public opinion to induce Congress to declare that Government shall make no peace by which any territory, but Texas, shall be alienated from the Mexican republic.

The steamer Galveston sailed from Vera Cruz on the 15th., to touch at Tampico, and the New Orleans and Gen. Butler were to sail on the 15th. Major Gaines and others would arrive at New Orleans in these vessels.

RETURN OF DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS. —We learn from the New Orleans Picayune of the 25th ultimo, of the arrival there from Vera Cruz of Genera's Quitman, Shields, and other distinguished officers, fresh from the glorious fields won by Gen. Scott and his brave troops. Their coming was welcomed by the booming of cannon, and altogether they met with a most enthusiastic reception and demonstration of popular regard.

The committee of arrangements are appointed to receive Gen. Taylor as he ascends the river.

GEN. PILLOW AND HIS DESPATCHES. —The correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from the City of Mexico under date of Oct. 5, says that at that time Gen. Scott had not prepared his official despatches, having experienced great embarrassment in doing so, from the "wild, extravagant and untrue statements made by Gen. Pillow in his reports." The letter says the reports made by Gen. P., upon the battles of Contreras and Chapultepec, were both returned to him by Gen. Scott, with instructions to correct them, and, the letter writer adds, "if I am not misinformed with a severity of language, that would in the army burn with shame."

THE LAKE STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

The Buffalo papers of Monday remove all doubt of the correctness of the Telegraphic despatch which announced the destruction of the propeller Phœnix, on Lake Michigan, by fire, and show that the destruction of life was greater than at first reported. The persons on board numbered in all 270, and *only thirty were saved*. Most of the passengers were emigrants from Holland. The fire broke out in the hold, and when it had been subdued there, made its appearance between decks, having been communicated from the boilers. The steamer was insured for $12,000; and it is estimated that her cargo was worth not less than $80,000 or $100,000; much of which, it is thought, was insured in New York.

The Buffalo Commercial, describing the fearful calamity, says:

"A rush was made for the small boat, which would have rendered it entirely useless, but Mr. David Blish, of Southport,—a gentleman whose name should henceforth be had in perpetual remembrance among those who navigate the lakes,—drove the crowd away, and, having taken Captain Sweet, the commander of the propeller, from his berth, where he lay sick, and directed as many to follow as the boat could safely carry, the boat left for the shore, Mr. Blish voluntarily remaining behind.

"The propeller Delaware hove in sight about the time that the small boat left, but was unable to arrive in time to save those on board from destruction. Before the Delaware reached the spot, the burning vessel had sunk, and all on board were either burned or drowned, with the exception of two, who were picked up. Mr. Blish perished among the rest. This is a greater destruction of life than has ever occurred at one time upon these lakes."

THE FLOOD AT RICHMOND.—We have endeavored, but in vain, to gather much reliable information as to the damage done by the late terrible fresh in James river.—There seems to be no doubt that some of the farms above have lost much corn, swept off from the low-grounds. We hear of splendid bridges carried away, and other serious disasters, but the intelligence is not very direct. As to the canal, all accounts agree that several heavy breaches have been produced; but we are glad to learn that, though the whole line has not been heard from, yet, as far as the intelligence extends, the Dams and Locks have not been seriously injured. In the fresh of 1842, when much of the masonary was injured, and the dam at Joshua's Falls especially damaged, the expenses of repairs did not exceed $40,000. There is reason to hope that the cost of repaires will not be as large as was apprehended. The injury between this city and Maiden's Adventure Falls, it is supposed, can be repaired in about two weeks. Fears are entertained that navigation will not be resumed for many weeks. The company expect to hear from all their agents in a few days, when, for the benefit of all interested the extent of damage will be made known.—*Richmond Enq.*

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