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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SWEET BE THY DREAMS.

BY MRS AMELIA WELBY.

Sweet be thy dreams when balmy sleep
Her soothing influence round the throws!
What if my faded eyes should weep?
Thine will be folded to repose.
I know thou wilt not dream of me;
Some lovlier one will haunt thy rest;
I care not what those dreams may be,
So they are sweet, and thou art blest.

Bright be thy hopes! why should one cloud
Of sorrow dim thy radiant eye?
Go! mingle with the gay and proud.
And learn to smile though I may sigh;
Go! climb the loftiest steep of fame,
And wreath a laurel round thy brow;
And when thou'st won a glorious name,
Low at the shrine of beauty bow.

Light be thy heart! why should'st thou keep
Sadness within its secret cells?
Let not thine eyes one tear drop weep,
Unless that tear of rapture tells.
Go! shed on all thy brightest beams;
I would, but must not, bid thee stay;
Sweet vision of my sweetest dreams!
In dream-like beauty pass away.

[Written for the Saturday Courier.]

PAUL BESANCON:

The man who obtained Substance by destroying his Shadow.

BY JACK BRENGLE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Paul Besancon was in sight of his native village. Three years before he had been drawn, under the Corsican conscription, to serve in the armies of Napoleon, and now was returning home with the same light heart in his breast which had played there in the days of his childhood. The young soldier was tired, for he had walked far since morning, and as he rested himself upon a stone on the hill-top, his fancy took a natural flight and visited the scene beneath.

"Well," said Paul to himself, "here I am again, though heaven knows who is to welcome me home. Little matter for that, perhaps, for my uniform, old as it is, and the four hundred francs in my pocket, will introduce me to the village girls at least; even if old acquaintance should fail. Poor Nanette! my sweet little cousin, you and I were left alone to each other, and if I could have stayed with you, that proud devil D'Hauteville would never have dared—the curse of the Holy Virgin be upon him! It must have been the fiend, that made him in my likeness, for dear little Nanette wrote that she should never have looked at him if he had not been my walking image. Creeping rather—the poor girl's death lies at his door, and by all the saints he shall die for it. Well, well, the time will come; live and enjoy till then, is my motto."

He leaped lightly from his seat, and with another look at the village, stepped towards the path that led through the forest. He suddenly stopped and rubbed his eyes.

"Is that the devil or myself yonder?—Diable! it is D'Hauteville."

Paul was right. In face and form the two seemed like twin-brothers—in everything, indeed, except the rich dress of the young noble and the tattered uniform which hung upon the conscript.

"*Mon camarade*," said Paul, confronting the other and bowing profoundly. "I am happy to meet you. There is a little affair between us which must be settled. You have a sword by your side, and I my trusty musket and bayonet. It is loaded with ball, as you will see, but in fair duello I throw away my advantage, and meet you on as equal terms as possible. There, Monsieur," he continued, as the contents of his musket were discharged into a tree, "now I am ready."

His tone was light, but there was a mocking, bitter strength in it, that confounded, and at the same time irritated D'Hauteville.

"Who are you, fool?"

"Do you remember Nanette?" replied Paul, calmly.

"Cur! I know you now. Stand from my path, and let me pass, or my sword shall teach you the difference between us."

"My bayonet, Monsieur, is almost as good a teacher. You will learn from it that it is a harder task to pierce a man's breast with your sword than to break a poor girl's heart with villainy."

D'Hauteville hesitated no longer, but drew his rapier, and furiously assailed the conscript. Paul's weapon was far inferior, but he was very skilful and practised in its use, and his cool agility gave him a decided advantage. His bayonet soon entered the other's breast, and bore him dying to the ground.

Paul left that spot but too well satisfied with his revenge. Yet he was a soldier, and had often bravely played his part in battle; and if there came any compunctions, he drove them away by thinking of the cause of the duel. He was suddenly roused from his revery by the voice of an old peasant.

"Hasten, friend, or you will be too late for the wedding."

"What wedding, *mon pere*?" replied Paul unconsciously pulling his cap down over his face. Such is conscience, which waits not for thought.

"Ah! you are a stranger, then. Why, the marriage of Armand D'Hauteville and the Lady Blanche. And, friend, they do tell strange stories of this same affair. Men say that the father of Lady Blanche, who is a stranger among us, and only arrived this afternoon, met the old Comte in foreign parts, and won of him at gambling more than he could easily pay, and so they patched up the debt between them by agreeing that their children should marry. One thing we all know. The young Comte has never seen his bride, and don't much like the matter, for report says she is a mere girl, but he was forced to consent. They have agreed to spend their honeymoon in Paris, and set off this very evening, as soon as the marriage is over. But I cannot wait longer, friend, for it is almost dark and the hour is close at hand. Come, will you go with me?"

"No," exclaimed Paul, abruptly, turning away from the garrulous old peasant.

"Well, Paul," said he to himself, "you have spoiled more than you reckoned.—'Tis a pity that they should wait so long for the bridegroom. Faith, 'twould be an idea, and why not? That picture of mine was made for more good than he has ever yet done, and once in his dress, I defy father or wife to detect me. They sail this evening, and have never met before. Nobody is here to welcome me, nor dare I stay after what has happened; and so, Paul, muster up bravely, and see how well the poor soldier can play the Comte's part."

The bridal party were waiting impatiently for the tardy bridegroom. Near the altar, stood the strange nobleman, with lowering brow, occasionally whispering a word to the bride, who hung upon his arm. A white dress gracefully enfolded her *petite* form, vying with a face, which yet, through an expression of anxiety and almost fear, was of rare lovelness. The old Comte D'Hauteville fretfully paced up and down the aisle, muttering to himself. At length a step broke the stillness, and the bridegroom entered.

"You are late, my son."

"Very true, sir," said Paul. "Earlier than I expected to be an hour since," soliloquized he, advancing to the altar, with a bold step.

A few moments more, and Paul Besancon was the lawful lord of the high-born and beautiful Lady Blanche. He felt an unexpected twinge of remorse, as he bent to salute his fair bride, and, for the first time thought of the wrong he had done her

"But she shall never have cause to repent it," he mentally resolved with another look. Foolish Paul!

"Come, Armand," said the old Comte, "the vessel is waiting. Are you ready?"

"I am," replied Paul, dutifully.

"Aboard, then, while the wind is fair. You will not be long in reaching Marseilles, and, Armand, let me hear from Paris soon. Here is a purse for your journey, with a draft on my banker enclosed. Adieu, my son. Love your wife, and forget all that led to this strange marriage."

"That is impossible—but adieu."

He mechanically received the purse, assisted his fair Blanche on board, and as the light vessel swiftly left the land, sat down to think. Within two hours he had killed a man—but that, he said, was in fair duel and for just cause—and had stolen the dead man's bride in marriage. For that he could only plead hasty thoughtlessness, and when excuses failed, he consoled himself with renewing his vow. Do not judge too hardly of Paul. He was thoughtless and had somewhat moulded his morals by the camp, but still a light and true heart was in him.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Two weeks passed away quickly in the delightful dissipation of Paris, and the five thousand francs which Paul found in the purse were dwindled to one. The draft on the banker, he had firmly resolved not to use. He found himself growing poor, and determined to seek some employment But what could the pretended Comte D'Hauteville do? There was no help for it, and Paul at last forced himself to reveal the whole truth to his wife.

One evening they sat together in a luxurious apartment of their hotel; Paul's fine form, clad in the most approved Parisian elegance, was half reclining upon a low *fauteuil*, while Blanche, the little fairy, flitted around him, now passing her fingers gently through his hair, now lavishing a timid caress: always with the smile of happiness upon her lips. She could not have been more than sixteen, and all her motions were rather the graceful glee of the girl, than the composed dignity of a woman. Very lovely—but particulars aside, it is enough that Paul's fastidious eye was satisfied with her beauty.

"Dear Blanche, do you really—"

She placed her fairy hand upon his mouth, whether to stop his usual question, or for him to kiss, Paul did not know, but he gallantly returned the salute which she pressed upon his forehead as an answer better than words.

"And do you think you could really love me after all, if I were a mere soldier, and not the Comte D'Hauteville; if I were very poor and had deceived, to win you for my bride?"

"Now, Armand, you are asking such questions to get more answers like the last, but you cannot have them. You know, *mon cher*, that I could not help loving you whatever you were, but, Armand, if you had really deceived—"

She shook her little head playfully.

"Lady Blanche, I *have* deceived you.—Your affianced husband, Armand D'Hauteville, fell by my hand for just cause. I assumed his name and place: I married you, and now can sustain the deception no longer. Can you forgive me? But hear me farther."

Her face grew pale at his first words, and she buried it in her hands during his brief confession. Once she glanced at him as if he was jesting, but truth was written on his countenance—the truth that came from his lips.

"Pray, Monsieur, what is your name?"

Paul's gravity and humiliation gave way in a hearty burst of laughter.

"Pardon me, but really it is such an odd question for a wife to ask her husband.—My name, however, is Paul Besancon."

"I was about to answer the remainder of your question, Monsier Besancon, when you interrupted me. It is this." She waved her hand contemptuously toward the door.

Paul departed, feeling uncommonly foolish and particularly miserable. A Frenchman in distress can do but two things—go to the Opera, or visit La Morgue via the Seine. Paul went to the Opera.

Thinking of anything but the place he was in, he blundered full into a private box, and fastened his eyes immediately upon the stage. A little old gentleman, who had been sitting there alone; rose up angrily at his entrance, but seeing Paul's strange mood, or perhaps prepossessed by his fine appearance, he quietly resumed his seat and occupation. This was a criticism upon the music and actors in a half audible tone, all the while taking prodigious quantities of snuff. His appearance was benevolent, not lessened at all by the keen sagacity of his full gray eye, and if Paul had listened, he might have heard more just criticism, and detected more quick energy in seizing on salient points, than he had ever found before. Not a word passed between them. Paul divided his attention between the stage and a large post opposite, but the old gentlemen occasionally turned around and surveyed his young companion, always ending the searching look with a satisfied nod and a kind twinkle of the eye. This pantomime was suddenly interrupted. A short, stout man closely muffled to the face, entered the box and impatiently nodded to the old gentleman. The latter started up to go, and Paul after him, apologizing for his rude ness.

Just as he was leaving the Opera House a man brushed past him and stealthily followed in the footsteps of the two others. Paul began to be excited. Here was a promising adventure. He watched the spy closely for several squares, until they reached an obscure quarter, just before entering Rue St. Germaine. Here the man left the track of his prey and hastened down a dark bye-street, Paul following with redoubled diligence: conjecturing it to be his intention to meet the others at some lonely corner. He was right. The man stopped a moment behind a large post, and when they came within a few feet, drew a blunderbuss from his cloak dropped upon one knee and took deliberate aim. Paul instantly leaped upon him and bore him to the ground. The blunderbuss was discharged in the shock and lodged half a dozen bullets in the post before them.—The man struggled vainly for a moment and then lay quiet as the others came up, and the three secured him in silence.—Holding up the weapon, the muffled stranger turned to his companion.

"A narrow escape, M. Bonvoir. Bring the young man to me at nine to-morrow. Reconsider your determination before that time, if possible, Monsieur." adding to Paul, "what is your name?"

Paul was a little astonished to hear the stranger address his preserver in such a manner, but the other spoke as one accustomed to a reply, and he answered him.

"Your title?

"A soldier"

"Parblue! this is strange for a man of your appearance, but 'tis enough. Come to me to-morrow. As for you, bending down to the assassin; "I have seen you before."

"You have tyrant?"

"And shall never again!" said he, with a bitter sneer. "Ha! here are the *gend'armes* at last. Messieurs, is this the manner you watch the streets of Paris? Report yourselves under the arrest to the Minister of Police."

"Who are you?" exclaimed the enraged officer, "who dares to speak thus to a Lieutenant of police?"

"Napoleon," said the other, sternly, and walked swiftly away.

CHAPTER THIRD.

M. Bonvoir broke the stupified silence:

"Arrest this wretch for attempting the Emperor's life. Come, my young friend, let us depart. Your appearance has prepossessed me highly in your favor," continued he kindly, "and besides, you have saved my life. Can I be of any service? I may not be unable to assist you, and your manner this evening told me that you were unhappy."

Paul immediately opened his whole heart and told him all.

"'Tis a strange business, said his new friend—"fortune favored you seemingly against her will, and now your own act has deprived you of everything. But be not discouraged. I began life very poor earned a little, laid it out in a daring investment, won, and repeated the risk till I retired three years ago with a fortune of two millions francs. Courage. Your boldnes to-night has put you in the way of success unless I judge Napoleon wrongly. But you are still sad my friend. Let us go into this establishment for a little time and drive away your depression.—After that you must sup with me."

It was a gaming house, but Paul cared nothing for that. He was wretched and had lite to lose.

For few moments he looked on quietly, and then suddenly turned to the old banker.

"What is the most hazardous game played here?"

"Ah! so you are determined to try Fortune again. I advise you to keep away."

"I cannot," said Paul gloomily; "everything is to be gained."

"There is a game, then, where you may win thirty-two times the amount of your stake, but the chances are fearfully against the player."

"I care nothing for that. I put down one thousand francs," added he, to the banker of the establishment.

"Not all you have?" remonstrated his friend.

"I am playing your own game. I win or lose every thing."

A moment passed, and the banker raised his head in astonishment.

"You have won Monsieur."

"I stak thirty three thousand francs," said Paul.

"This is mere madness," urged his friend.

"We cannot admit the stake, Monsieur. 'T would ruine than break the bank if you won. Twenty-five thousand is all we can allow. We will take that," said the banker, in a cool, confident tone.

Paul nodded. The banker trembled as he took the money——he turned the wheel and sprang to his feet.

"You have lost, Monsieur!"

"You have won, Paul. Look again, sir," said the old gentlemen.

"A thousand pardons, Monsieur. I was wrong by one point—you have won again Here are the eight hundred thousand francs, Monsieur. The bank has still six thousand left. Will you play again?"

"Not for small amounts," said Paul, coolly. "Let us go."

He walked into the street, the possessor of eight hundred and thirty three thousand francs.

"After this, I shall always believe in an especial Fortune," exclaimed his friend.—"No sooner are you ruined, than you rise again over the maddest risk. Your luck is perfectly astounding. But, my dear fellow, what will you do with all this money?"

"Would that it might buy a title," replied Paul, naively.

"Ah! thinking of Lady Blanche. Well, well, be bold and you will win her again." He mused a moment. "Perhaps I can tell you of a way to lay out your money to advantage. Listen. You wondered, probably, at my strange company to night. The Emperor is in pressing need of a loan of one million francs. He cannot obtain this of the bankers, except at ruinous sacrifice, for since the defeat at Leipzig, and the allies' near approach to Paris, the government of course can command but very little credit. I had formerly served him with money, and he came to me this evening—unattended—to ask of me a loan, because the occasion was urgent, and he knew that I had solemnly resolved in leaving business, never to hazard any of my property more. I feared Fortune more than you seem to do. He strove to shake my resolution, but in vain. I could not break a vow for even him. He heads the army to-morrow afternoon, and cannot go without this money, or a large part at least. If you loan him eight hundred thousand francs, you will save him from great sacrifice, and command his gratitude. Will you do it?"

"I will," said Paul.

"But I must tell you that it is very hazardous. You will probably never receive it again, though he may repay you in another way. Yet I who know his circumstances and yours still advise the loan. What say you?"

"I will do it," said Paul firmly.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

It was an hour of torturing suspense to Paul the next morning, when his friend left him in an antechamber of the palace, and went forward with the money into the Emperor's presence. At last he re-appeared, and conducted Paul within, merely whispering, with a benevolent smile, "I have told him your whole story."

Napoleon lifted his head from a map as they entered.

"Mons. Besancon, I have to thank you for two very important services; one to myself, another to my country. Napoleon rewards the preserver of his life with a Cross of the Legion of Honor; the Emperor confers upon the patriot, who cannot forget France in her hour of need, the title of Baron Besancon, the first of his family—may he not be the last. Go and reconcile yourself to the Lady Blanche, and in any difficulty concerning your marriage, come to me as a fellow Corsican and friend. You will find your patent of nobility at the herald's office."

He waved his hand, and Paul, with a low, grateful bow, retreated as fast as his confused amazement would allow him.—He walked right onward, without heeding the presence of M. Bonvoir, who chuckled slightly as he saw the direction of his steps and then followed closely behind him.

When he arrived at the hotel, Paul came to a dead stop. He hardly dared to enter and stood fidgeting there until a voice whispered in his ear, "Be bold!"—he rushed nervously up the stairs, and entered his wife's room with that kind of courage which desperation gives to the fearful. His bravery half vanished with the opening of the door, and all quite oozed out as he caught a single glimpse of the injured, insulted Blanche, at the farther end of the room,—and there he stood like a detected robber, with downcast head, before that young girl. Then came her quick step across the carpet, and Paul's heart trembled. Then came her white arms around his neck—the single word "husband" in his ear, and Paul in amazement lifted his head, opened his eyes, compressed his lips without a shudder upon her upturned mouth, and suddenly opened them with a slight explosive sound. What an improved electro-magnetic telegraph is that pantomime—telling every thing quick as sensation, by breaking the wires and bringing the magnets together!

"Dear Paul, last night you left me with proud words upon my lips. But forgive me, for you had said strange things to me. How could I rest when you did not return, and I knew your words were real?—But, Paul, I was true when I said that my love could not change through every thing and if you will forgive my hasty pride, I will share your poverty and be always your faithful wife. Dear Paul, shall it not be so?"

"Yes my sweet little Blanche, if *you* can forgive the cruel wrongs I have done you But, thank Heaven, you wed me again, not as I was at first. Since last night I have gained a title befitting you, a Cross of the Legion of Honor; and what is more than all, I have fairly regained my wife."

"And immense wealth besides," said little M. Bonvoir from the door, taking huge pinches of snuff in joyous agitation. "Paul, when I advised that loan, it was with the hope that it might gain a title, but I knew it would be all lost, and so—not a word from you—I shall make you take eight hundred thousand francs in payment of the robbery and for interest thereon from date, you shall be heir to the childless old man, who has found in you a son to love. Your way now is clear before you. But I must make a condition or two: you shall forswear gambling forever and live with me. You have now learned two lessons in life, that Fortune must be wooed hard to be won, and that he who would gain much, must be bold, and dare all. Learn one more: when she is won, be content, and tempt her no farther. And so, Paul, with your leave and her's, I'll salute the Lady Blanche."

AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer, Dec. 1845.

BOMMER'S MANURE METHOD.

The public is respectfully referred to the following among other testimonials which will be placed before them, in favor of this Method of making Manure.

Copy of a letter from the Hon. Judge E. F. Chambers of Md.

"Mr. Gouliart requests me to state the result of my experience with the Bommer manure:—

The heap constructed last March was made from very indifferent materials, chiefly from cornstalks which had remained in the field uncut during the Winter, yet it produced as decided an effect upon the corn crop to which it was applied as the best barn yard or even stable manure which was used. I was of course altogether satisfied with the result, and have had a more extensive heap made last fall, which I directed to be applied in smaller quantity than manure from the barn yard or stable, in the belief of its superior strength. Time has not elapsed to develop its effects, but my faith is unimpaired. The advantage of having at all times a compost heap into which all sorts of vegetable or animal materials may be advantageously placed, and the entire destruction of all noxious weed-seed, will of course present themselves to every practical farmer. I can only say that I regard it as a most desirable system of preparing all such materials for the most effectual operation with convenience and despatch.

From the Albany Cultivator.

BOMMER'S MANURE METHOD.

Messrs. Gaylord & Tucker:—Being a subscriber and constant reader of your valuable agricultural publication, I frequently find there articles on "Bommer's Method of making manure." As these articles are chiefly from the pens of Agriculturists who have followed this method with entire success, it affords me unfeigned pleasure to be able on my own behalf, also to bear testimony to the value of this method, and through the medium of your paper, to make the results of my experiments and operations known to my fellow citizens.—This I do both for the sake of bringing before the public the great advantages derived from using the method spoken of, and the beflefits insured me by its application, and at the same time in order to render a deserved tribute to the truth.

On purchasing Bommer's method last spring, I immediately prepared a heap in the presence of a few neighbors. I followed strictly the direction laid down in Bommer's book. After the lapse of a fortnight, the heap was opened in the presence of the number of farmers, and our astonishment cannot be conceived, on seeing the metamorphosis which had taken place, as we found all those weedy and stramonious materials of which the heap had been constructed, reduced to a rich black manure, having an amoniac smell, much more pungent than the best stable manure. Beholding so surprising a result, the farmers present formed themselves into a public meeting, and in that capacity nominated a committee from their midst, who were charged with the preparation of a report of what we had seen, to be sent to the agricultural press.

I plowed in this manure into one-half of a field intended for potatoes, and in order to institute a comparison of effects, I put the same quantity of my best stable manure into the other half of the field. The effect on the soil was very nearly the same with both these kinds of manure; but the vegetation on that part of the field which had been furnished with Bommer's Manure, was more luxurious, and the foliage of a deeper verdure, which I attribute to the richness of the saline matter which it contains; and which alone preserved the humidity of the soil during the severe drought of this last season. It is proper to remark also, that in the composition of the "Bommer's Manure," I employed simply such doses of the ingredients as were absolutely necessary to insure success in the operation of making it, and if I had increased these quantities, there is not the least doubt that the result of the Bommer Manure would have been very far superior to that of any horse manure.

Perfectly satisfied with my experiment and its results, I have put up fixtures near my barn-yard for the purpose of preparing large quantities of this manure; and within the last two months I have made three heaps which have yielded me between 200 and 300 loads of excellent manure. The last heap was composed entirely of 100 loads of sedge grass, nearly dry, with which I mixed 40 loads of swampy matter, such as exists on my farm. All my outlay in purchasing ingredients to form the lye for three heaps, was about $25 00, and in disbursing this trifling sum, I made a lot of manure, which I would not dispose of for $250 00.

I shall prepare other heaps of manure before the winter sets in, and those who may be desirous to see me at work, and assure themselves of the truth of what I have said, need only call at my farm, and judge for themselves.

The benefit which I derive from using this method are not inconsiderable. Before becoming acquainted with it, I purchased every year from three to five hundred dollars worth of manure, which I needed over and above that of my own farm yard, for the 200 acres which I have.—Now I do not purchase one penny's worth, and I can make double the quantity if I choose. I have the advantage of producing my manure in the sowing and planting season.—I can make it more or less strong, more or less fermented, so as to suit the soil and the kind of crop for which I want it; I spread and plow it in while it is perfectly fresh and consequently in all its strength. These are some of the results experienced by me in using Bommer's method of manuring land.

GERRET KOUWENHOVEN.
Flatlands, Long Island.

Cure for Rheumatism.—General D. was more distinguished for his gallantry in the field, than for the care he lavished upon personal cleanliness; complaining upon a certain occasion to the late Chief Justice Bushe of the suffering he endured from Rheumatism, that learned and humorous judge undertook to prescribe a remedy.

"You must desire your servant," he said to the general, "to place every morning by your bedside a tub three parts filled with warm water. You will then get into the tub, and having previously provided yourself with a pound of yellow soap, you must rub your whole body with it, immersing yourself occasionally in the water, and at the end of a quarter of an hour, the process concludes by wiping yourself dry with towels, and scrubbing your person with a flesh brush."

"Why," said the general, after a few minutes' reflection upon what he had just heard, "this seems to me to be neither more nor less than washing yourself?"

"Well," rejoined the judge, "it is open to that objection."

☞Mr. Timothy," said a learned lady who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer, that is filled with *nothing* in the upper story." "Divine Almira," meekly replied her adorer, "in thanking you for this flattering compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely."

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