EASTON GAZETTE.

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THOU HAST WOVEN THE SPELL.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

Thou hast woven the spell that hath bound me,
Through all the sad changes of years;
And the smiles that I wore when I found thee,
Have faded and melted in tears.
Like the poor wounded fawn from the mountain,
That seeks out the clear silver tide,
I have lingered in vain at the fountain
Of hope—with a shaft in my side.

Thou hast taught me that love's rosy fetters
A pang from the thorns may impart,
That the coinage of vows and of letters
Comes not from the mint of the heart.
Like the lone bird that flutters her pinion,
And warbles in bondage her strain,
I have struggled to fly thy dominion,
But find that the struggle is vain.

NAPOLEON'S PROPHECY

ON THE DESTINY OF EUROPE.

The following prophetic words of Napoleon are said to be from a suppressed portion of the Journal of Las Casas. His prophecy in relation to France, made at the same time, has been fulfilled; and the present commotion in all Europe seems to favor the following. Speaking to Las Casas, on the Island of St. Helena, he said:

"Never was a web more artfully woven over a nation than that horrible debt which envelopes the people of England. It has been the means of enriching the aristocracy beyond all former examples in any country; whilst it has, at the same time aroused as many fast and powerful friends to the government as there are individuals who receive interest for that money, so extravagantly squandered to crush liberty in other countries: but even that must have an end; some accidental spark will ignite the combustible mass and blow the whole system to the devil! If the mighty debt were due to foreigners, these cunning islanders would not bear the burden an hour but would on some pretext or other, break with their creditors and laugh at their credulity; but they owe the money to individuals among themselves, and are therefore likely to enjoy the pleasure of paying the interest for generations to come. France too has got a debt. Those Bourbons think to maintain themselves on my throne by borrowing largely of the present generation, in order to lay heavy taxes on the next, and all future ones. But I know the French too well to suppose that such a system can long be tolerated. I know that they have too much affection for their offspring to entail upon them a national debt like that of England, however artfully incurred. No, no! my subjects are too sharp-sighted to allow the property accumulated for their children to be mortgaged to pay the Russians and English for invading them, and for the restoration of the Vielle Cour de imbeciles, who now insult them They will, after a time, make comparisons between them and me; they will recollect that the expenses of my government were defrayed by imposts during the war—that my wars cost France nothing—that I left her not one fraction in debt—but that I enriched her territory. Such comparisons will not be favorable to the Bourbons. The French will cast them and their debt from their shoulders, as my Arabian would any stranger who should dare to mount him. Then, if my son be in existence, he will be seated on the throne amidst the acclamations of the people; if he be not, France will go back to a republic, for no other hand will dare to seize a sceptre it cannot wield. The Orleans branch, though amiable, are too weak have too much of the Bourbons, and will share the same fate, if they do not choose to live as simple citizens, under whatever change takes place."

Here the emperor paused for a few moments, then waving his hands, he exclaimed, in an animated tone, his dark eye beaming with the enthusiasm of inspiration—

"France once a republic, other countries will follow her example. Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes, and Russians, will all join in the crusade of liberty! They will arm against their sovereigns, who will be glad to make concession of some of their right in order to preserve a minor authority over them as subjects. They will grant them representative chambers, and style themselves constitutional kings, possessing a limited power. Thus the feudal system will receive its death blow, and like the thick mist on the ocean, it will dissipate at the first appearance of the sun of liberty; but things will not end there; the wheel of revolution will not stand still at this point; the impetus will be increased in a ten fold ratio, and the motion will be accelerated in proportion. When the people recover a part of their rights, as men they will become elevated with the victory they have achieved; and, having tasted the sweets of freedom, they will become clamorous for a larger portion. Thus will the state and principalities of Europe be in a continual turmoil and ferment, perhaps for some years—like the earth, heaving in all directions, previous to an earthquake. At length the combustible matter will have vent; a tremendous explosion will take place—the lava of England's bankruptcy will overspread the European world, overwhelming kings and aristocracies, but cementing the democratic interest as it flows. Trust me, Las Casas, that as from the vines planted in the soil which encrusts the sides of Ætna and Vesuvius, the most delicious wine is obtained, so shall the lava of which I speak prove to be the only soil in which the tree of liberty will take firm and permanent root. May it flourish for ages! You perhaps consider these sentiments strange and unusual; they are mine, however. I was a republican, but fate, and the opposition of Europe, made me an emperor!—I am now a spectator of the future."

THE FORTUNES OF LOUIS PHILLIPPE.

The London Times of 4th ult. contains the following eloquent and thrilling sketch of the sudden and startling romance of real life, so new in the Life and History of the Ex-King of France.

"This day fortnight, Louis Phillippe was the most prosperous, the most powerful, and accounted the ablest sovereign in the world. If the reader will just think of it, he will find that this wonderful man had attained the very acme of success, consideration and power. It is a work of time to enumerate the many circumstances of his splendid condition. His numerous, handsome, and dutiful children; the brilliant alliances—one of them recently concluded—which brought into one family interest the vast region from Antwerp to Cadiz; the near prospect of an event which would probably make his grandchild the sovereign, his son the regent of Spain; the great cross and drawback of his reign just removed,—Algeria pacified after eighteen years' war; his immense private fortune; his eleven or twelves palaces, unequalled for situation and magnificence, on all of which he had recently spent immense sums of money; his splendid army of four hundred thousand men, in the highest discipline and equipment; a minister of unequalled energy and genius, who had found out at last the secret of France; a metropolis fortified and armed to the teeth against all the world; the favorable advances recently made by those powers who had previously looked down on the royal *parvenu*; the well-balanced state of his foreign relations, and the firmly-grasped reins of the political car;—all these gifts of fortune, and more, if we had time to go on with the list, were heaped on one man in such profusion as really to pall the imagination. What crowned it all, was that Louis Phillippe was allowed the entire credit of his success. It was all the work of his own hands. He might stand like the ancient king on the walls and towers which he had drawn round his city, and contemplate the perfect work of beauty and policy which himself had made. The balance of Europe, the causes of peoples and kings, the issues of peace and of war, were in his hands. If there was an *amari aliquid* in this garden of roses and delights, twenty impregnable forts and a hundred thousand armed men were no insignificant watch upon a few disorderly subjects.—Solon himself would hardly have ventured to preach upon his envious text—*ante obitum nemo*—to so safe a man.

What we have described was a sober and solid reality. What we now come to, reads like the preposterous incidents of a nursery tale. A mob of artizans, boys, and some women, pours through the streets of Paris. They make for the palace. Eighty thousand infantry, cavalry and artillery, are dumbfounded and stupified! In a few minutes an elderly couple are seen bustling away from the hubbub; they are thrust into a hack-cab and driven out of the way. The mob rushes into the Senate, and proclaims a republican government—which exists, which is ruling the nation with great energy and judgment, and is already communicating with the representatives of foreign powers. But let us follow the princes. We say it without intending any disrespect, and only as relating the simple truth of the affair. No family of trampers was ever so summarily bundled out of the way as this illustrious group. The Queen, we are told, had run back to the bureau for some silver; but it seems it was not enough, as a hat was sent round for the royal couple at St. Cloud, and a small sum clubbed by the National Guard. At Dreux, they were left with a five-franc piece between them. Flying "when none pursueth," they get to Louis Phillippe's once celebrated chateau at Eu, where they are afraid to enter. So there they disappear into space. They were to be at Eu, and for a week; that is all that we know of them. Meanwhile, the rest had dropped in, one by one. They come like foreign birds dashed by a storm against a lighthouse. The Duke de Nemours and certain Saxe Coburgs come one day, knowing nothing of the rest. They parted in the crowd.

A Spanish Infanta, for whose hand all the world was competing only the year before last, scrambled out another way, through by-roads and back-doors; and—strange event—is likely to give Spain an English born sovereign, under Victoria's kindly auspices. No sooner, however, have the fugitives found a friendly asylum, than they are obliged to seek another roof. Other princes and princesses turn up here and there. A lady in waiting rejoins her mistress. A cabinet minister is found. The children and governess of another arrive: The *rencontres* and *reunions* are strange enough. A prince of the blood and an ex-prefect meet in disguise, and do not know one another. Very lately a youthful heir to the crown of France, and who had been actually acknowledged as reigning king by the deputies, is discovered at a channel island with his mother and brother. The two children had been almost lost in the mob on leaving the chamber, had been got somehow to Eu, with their mother, wearied and bearing muddy marks of rough travel. Thence, by heavy bribing, they had procured a passage to the first British rock. Thus are they driven and scattered by the besom of revolution. They arrive penniless, without a change of raiment, dejected and bewildered, telling one another their stories of many strange adventures, having each come a different journey, though starting at one point, and almost at one hour.

After many days' suspense, the King and Queen are heard of, on some private information, on the coast of Normandy, were they had been "on the run" from house to house, and content with humble hospitality, the King, we are told, in strange disguises. They still have a small retinue These half dozen invaders, without either arms or baggage, do not find it so easy to cross the channel. Stationing themselves at Honfleur, within twenty miles sail of Havre, they watch opportunity and the weather, which last delays their passage for several days. At length they get into a British steamer.

Having arrived at Newhaven, after a rough passage, they encounter fresh delays, as if to prove that England is not so easily surprised. Louis Philippe, who was to bridge the British Hellespont, crosses it with foreign aid, and lands in a pea-jacket borrowed from the English captain; he finds himself at home; the associations and the friends of his former exile greet him; a generation passes like a dream, and the aged monarch finds himself the Duke of Orleans, the banished son of old Egalite again."

NIAGARA FALLS—SINGULAR PHENOMENA.—A letter from Niagara Falls to the Buffalo Express dated March 30th, says:—"The Falls of Niagara can be compared to nothing but a mere milldam this morning. Last night at 11 o'clock, the factories fed from the waters of this majestic river were in full operation, and at 12 o' clock the water was shut off, the wheels suddenly ceased their evolutions, and everything was hushed into silence, except a faint roar of the maddened waters of the Niagara. To give some idea of the lowness of the water, Messrs. George Hamlin and Woodruff this morning, rode in a buggy one-third of the way across the river, from the head of Goat Island towards the Canada shore—the wheeling was excellent, the rock being as a floor. They drove outside of the island known as Allen's Island, and turned around—a thing which has never before occurred." Accounts dated April 3d say:—"The ice is packed for miles by a heavy south west wind, completely obstructing navigation. This immense dam of ice at the foot of Lake Erie probably accounts for the deficiency of water in the Niagara river at the Falls and below, which has been previously noticed."

"The Iris," published at Niagara Falls, gives some additional particulars of the remarkable phenomenon.

Table rock and some 200 yards more were left dry; islands and places where the foot of man never dared to tread have been visited, flags placed upon some, and mementoes brought away.

The thunder of the blasts was heard all day on a spot where never before stepped the foot of man—where heretofore the rushing waters forbade too near approach, they worked safely on dry land.

Rock which, at very low water, had sometimes touched the keel of the steamer Maid of the Mist, and for the removal of which the captain had made liberal offers, were blown to pieces, and removed with the same ease as though it had been on dry land.

The cause of this wonderful fall of the waters of Niagara can only be accounted for by supposing that the large fields of ice in the lower end of Lake Erie have moved down bodily; and form a sort of dam between Fort Erie and Buffalo. The water is still low, but gradually rising.

ANOTHER LOWELL IN PROSPECT.—We are pleased to learn that the Potomac Manufacturing Company, at Weverton, Md, near Harper's Ferry, have progressed so far in their extensive improvements, as to be ready to build, and now advertise that they are prepared to receive proposals for the erection of their first factory. The immense water power of the Potomac has been fully developed by this Company, and there is enough of it to set in operation almost any number of mills that capital and enterprise may choose to erect.—Weverton is destined to become another Lowell. The best judges agree in saying that its manufacturing advantages are unsurpassed by any other location in the country.

AGRICULTURAL.

For the Easton Gazette.

NO I.

ORIGIN OF GUANO.

Having some leisure time at my disposal, I propose to occupy it in furnishing a series of articles for your paper, which may not prove uninteresting. As the subject of "Guano" is at present absorbing much of agricultural interest, it would not seem improper to submit a few remarks written some six years previous, when in the Pacific.

It has been denied by the most distinguished calculators of the day, both in England and elsewhere, that the material called Guano, found on the Chincia rocks, to be a deposite from birds. This opposition has been created from a consideration of the vast quantities to be found, and the fact of the smallness of the birds, being no larger than our common pigeon. It would appear at first view of the question, that the opinion thus entertained has strong argument for its support, and indeed it has numerous advocates.

It is an undeniable fact that this species of bird has always been held in great veneration by the Incas of Peru, its former sovereigns. When the Spaniards landed in that country in the year 1520, they found it governed by sovereigns called Incas, who were revered by their subjects, and were regarded as divinities. Much anterior to the conquest of Peru by Pizarro, the Indians had a just conception of of the value of this article as a manure, and in what mode it was originated. They did not allow these birds to be disturbed or destroyed, a fact which accounts for the millions that inhabit these rocks, and the custom then established by the Incas is still adhered to at the present day, but not so strictly. For three centuries past it has been much used by the Peruvians, but it did not attract the attention of foreigners until within a few years past.—The attention of a few individuals was directed to this subject, but not to an extent as to induce them to export in large quantities. Small portions were sent abroad for chemical analysis, but no special interest was taken until lately. In the specimens sent to England they were discovered to contain a large quantity of Muriate of Ammonia, which might pay well for the purposes of tanning. Accordingly a company was chartered for the purpose of negotiating a privilege with the Peruvian government to export the article. The Peruvian government was owing English subjects a large amount, to liquidate which an agreement was entered into permitting a monopoly of export for a certain definite period—the exact conditions I am ignorant of. Many of the small islands of Peru abound in this article, but that of the Chincia is the best. In three years the company exported upwards of thirty thousand tons—vessels chartered for the purpose in England received a freight of from twenty five to thirty dollars per ton, making the total amount of freight seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The price of a few of the first cargoes ranged from eighty to a hundred dollars per ton. It was purchased by farmers at this price, who were desirous of testing its qualities as a manure. Being ignorant of the nature and strength of this article, they used it too abundantly, and the result was a too rapid growth, the seed producing nothing, the virtue having been expended in the extraordinary growth and size. This circumstance tended to check the further sale for farming purposes, so that the demand for further importation was lessened The Muriate of Ammonia which was abstracted, served to keep up the price to a fair standard during this suspense. I am no farmer and have no practical knowledge about the business, but I examined the article before it was imported, and from its ingredients I felt certain it would prove eventually of great value when fully and fairly tested by the agricultural world.—It is in my opinion with the vegetable kingdom, the same as with the animal kingdom, viz: that poisons which would act beneficially in small quantities, become destructive in large. From the volatile character of the manure it would be best to spread it broadcast and plough it in, though this is not the system pursued by Peruvian farmers. They surround the grains of corn with it sparingly, a system which can easily be followed by them, their mode of planting being so different from ours. I have conversed freely with practical farmers in Peru upon the subject of guano, and they have assured me that it will increase the produce of poor land from three to four hundred per cent, but upon lands naturally rich the effect is nothing like so great. The stalk of corn will be thicker and higher, grain larger, with an increase of ears upon the stalk.

I have stated that thirty thousand tons have been exported to England, but this large amount has made but little impression upon what was originally upon these islands. This fact is advanced in support of its not being manure; but after digging down upwards of a hundred feet, bones, feathers, and even eggs, of this species of bird have been found. This proof is all convincing, and must put to rest all opposition as to its being the deposite from birds. It only remains to satisfy the minds of men as to whether the quantity of guano could possibly arise from the accumulation of bird deposite. This I think may be satisfactorily shown, when we reflect how numerous these birds are.—Those who have been in the port of Callao have no doubt observed with astonishment the Bucharoon passage completely closed in by these birds. This passage separates the main land from the Island of St. Lorenzo, and is a quarter of a mile wide—and it is here that these birds find schools of small fish to feed upon.

Suppose then, for example sake, that 1,000,000 of birds have inhabited these islands for the space of one thousand years, and that each bird is capable of depositing upwards of an ounce per day, which is putting the amount at a small average,—it will amount to 2 1-2 lbs. per month, making 30 lbs. per year.

No. of birds,	1,000,000
Am't of deposite per year, lbs.	30
Am't of lbs. per year	30,000,000
No. of years,	1,000
Total no. of lbs.	30,000,000,000

Being the amount of bird deposite for the space of one thousand years.

Now 1,000,000 lbs. will make 500 tons in weight. Multiply this by 30,000, and it will give 15,000,000, the total number of tons.

Suppose the company send out 300 vessels capable of carrying cargoes of 500 tons each, it would take a hundred years to remove the whole of it.

But put the number of birds at	500,000
No. of lbs. per year,	30
Total no. of lbs. per year,	15,000,000
No. of years,	300
Total,	4,500,000,000

No. of lbs. for three hundred years. This will make 2,250,000 tons—which it would take 300 vessels, carrying cargoes of 600 tons each, upwards of twelve years to remove. There is much more than this amount of guano on the Island of Chincia.

I have been informed by captains of merchant vessels who have visited these islands of guano, that upon approaching them the air is darkened by the flight of these birds, so great were their number, and several minutes would elapse before the islands could be seen.

MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Mrs. Adams was born in England on the 11th of February 1775. She was the daughter of Joshua Johnson, a Maryland gentleman, who went from America to London, where he became eminent as a merchant. During the war he left England for France, where he acted as the commercial agent of this country, and returned upon the ratification of the treaty of peace. Mr. Adams found his future wife in London, when acting under a commission conferred upon him by General Washington in 1794; for exchanging the ratifications made under the treaty of November of that year. Mrs. A. was married at All Hallows Church London, on the 26th June, and followed her husband to Prussia, where Mr. A. was presented as the first American Minister from the United States. Mrs. Adams conferred honor upon the country at a time when the United States was just recognized as an equal among the nations of the earth. Her next theatre of service was in Washington; and after this again, the court of St Petersburg, and this from 1809 to 1814, the most exciting, and perhaps the most revolutionary period in the history of Europe, and embracing a part of that interesting period of our own history when the country was at war with England.—Mr. Adams resided longer at St. Petersburg than any of our American Ministers, excepting Mr. Middleton; and his lady was left there for a brief period, while her husband was called to another field of service. Mrs. A. came alone from St. Petersburg to Paris, after the treaty of peace had been signed by Mr. A. at Ghent. She was at Paris during the most remarkable period of Napoleon's supremacy, and passed the world wide "hundred days" at the French metropolis, in the midst of the whirl of excitement incident to the struggle between the Bourbons and the Revolutionists. After a short residence in France, followed by a longer one with her parents in the neighborhood of London, Mrs. Adams came to Washington in 1817, where her husband had been called as the principal member of Mr Monroe's Cabinet. Eight years as Secretary of State, four in the White House, and fifty-one the companion of her distinguished husband, Mrs. Adams has seen more of court life, and that in every variety, from the boastful os entation of royalty, to the simplicity of our own republican habits, than perhaps any living woman.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

POWER OF MUSIC.

A little incident, showing the power of music on the human soul, occurred in the street, on Tuesday last, while a funeral procession was passing. A man some forty years of age, whose tottering and bloated frame gave evident tokens of a long course of wretched inebriety, stood leaning against a post and gazing upon the sad and melancholy spectacle before him. The solemn procession, the crape-trimmed banner, the beating of the muffled drum, and the funeral dirge, played with touching effect by the band, was too much for the hardened man, his soul melted within him, and as he thought of the approach of his own miserable end, the tears fell in streams almost from his eyes. The funeral scene reached that poor man's heart and God grant the impression made on his feelings may wean him from his and restore him once more to society and his friends.—Manchester Messenger.

THE HYPOCRITE.

He shows well, and says well, and himself is the worst thing he hath. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbor's disease, the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, the poppy in a corn field, an ill-tempered candle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home; and worse when an angel than when a devil.—*Bishop Hale.*

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

Some years ago a young lady, who was going into a northern country, took a seat in the stage-coach. For many miles, she rode alone, but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind: she had been engaged as governess for the grand children of an earl, and was now travelling to his seat. At mid day, the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed and sat down also. The young lady rose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said, "Here is an out side passenger." The stranger bowed saying, "I beg your pardon, madam, I can go into another room," and immediately retired. The coach soon afterwards resumed its course, and the passengers their place. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was no such prompt attention as she expected.—All eyes seemed directed towards the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned; and was answered. "As soon as we have attended to his lordship, we will come to you." A few words of explanation ensued, and to her dismay, she found that the outside passenger, with whom she thought it beneath her to dine was not only a nobleman but that very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology she sent for her non-appearing that evening was more than pretence. The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture speaks of the going down of the sun. "We must not allow the night to pass thus," said he to the countess; "you must send for her, and we must talk to her before bed time." He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow the grandchildren to be taught such notions, refused to accept an apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong, and when the right impression appeared to be produced, gave her his hand.

A GOOD ONE.

On a certain occasion there was a promiscuous crowd discussing the chances of success of the several aspirants for Presidential honors. One would have it that Harry of the West will this time carry off the Presidential prize, sure; another, that old Zac will make a Buena Vista affair of it—defeat the enemy, deserters from his own ranks, and all; a third hinted at the chances of James K. Polk. Everything turns up for his luck, so might the treaty of peace. A Millerite, who up to that time seemed in a state of silent abstraction, in a tone of prophetic piety, remarked:

"Trouble not yourselves about such mundane matters, gentlemen: gird not on the political armor: don your robes of ascension, and be prepared for the time which is to end all time when it cometh; for I tell you, yea, I tell the world, that before the 4th of March, 1849, there will be but one President, and he will be the President of Presidents—the King of Kings!"

"Look here, stranger," says an unsophisticated Kentuckian who was present, and who, although he took no part in the discussion, paid marked attention to its progress, "you say some feller is to be President, sartin, though he aint yet got a single nomination, nor haint been abused in the papers. Well, perhaps you know more nor a feller like me, from old Greensburg, but I tell you what it is, I have two hundred and fifty dollars in this here purse (pulling out a leather wallet), and I'll wager the whole with you, that *he don't get the vote of old Kentuck no how he can fix it!*"

A GENTLEMAN GROOM

"Why did you leave your last place?" said a gentleman to his groom, who presented himself for the service of his cab: "did Captain R. discharge you?"

"No."

"Was he a bad master?"

"On the contrary, a very good one—gave good wages, plenty of liveries, and as much help in the stable as one could want."

"Then why leave his service?"

"To say the truth, sir, I found it very disagreeable in the winter time at Melton. Captain R. did not belong to the right club, or live in the first set; and then he was so very dull in the tilbury, I really could not stand it."

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