

The Last Charge of Napoleon's Old Guard.

Napoleon's "Old Guard" gained by their many desperate instances of bravery an immortality in history, but their grand crowning act was their desperate charge at Waterloo, which has few parallels in ancient or modern warfare. They fought for their adored Emperor, and to retrieve the evil fortunes of the day, they fell, as though to do so would secure them immortal glory and eternal bliss in the world of spirits. The most graphic and stirring account of that last fearful and fatal struggle, that we have seen, is from a recently published French work. It reads like war itself—this is it:—

During the day the artillery of the Guard, under Drouet, maintained its old renown, and the Guard itself had frequently been used to restore the battle in various parts of the field, and always with success. The English were fast becoming exhausted, and in an hour more would doubtless have been forced into a disastrous defeat, but for the timely arrival of Blucher. But when they saw him, with 30,000 Prussians approaching, their courage revived, while Napoleon was filled with amazement. A beaten enemy was about to form a junction with the allies, while Grouchy who had been sent to keep them in check, was nowhere to be seen. Alas! what great plans a single inefficient commander can overthrow.

In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied force, and he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus throw himself between the two armies. For this purpose the imperial Guard was called up and divided into immense columns, which were to meet in the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, the bravest of the brave, and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part of the way down the slope, and halting for a few moments in the hollow, addressed them a few words. He told them that the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor, tried in so many fields. "Vive l'Empereur," answered him with a shout that was heard above the thunder of the artillery.

The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than the last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. The greatest military skill and energy the world possessed, had been taxed to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the turbulent field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of the battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith; now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now paling before his anxious eye. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column and the terrible suspense he endured when the smoke of the battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung out, "The Guard recoils! the Guard recoils!" make us for a moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

The Old Guard felt the presence of the immense responsibility, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the greatest trust committed to it. Nothing could be more imposing than its movements to the assault. It had never recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm, steady advance to the final charge.

For a moment the batteries stopped playing and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or a bugle note to cheer their steady courage, they moved in silence over the field. Their tread was like muffled thunder, while the dazzling helmets of the cuirassiers flashed long lines of light upon the dark and terrible mass that swept in one strong wave along. The stern Drouet was then amid his guns, and on every brow was written the unalterable resolution to conquer or die. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his falling comrade, passed unflinchingly on.

The horse that Ney rode sank under him, and scarcely had he mounted another, before it also sank to the earth, and so another and another, till five in succession had been shot under him. Then with his drawn sabre he marched sternly at the head of his column. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of iron upon that living mass. Up to the very muzzle they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their places, pushed on through the English lines. But, just as the victory seemed won, a file of soldiers who lay flat on the ground behind a ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very face. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that they staggered before it. Before the Guard had time to rally again and advance, a heavy column of infantry fell on its left flank in close and deadly volleys, causing it, in its unsettled state, to swerve to the right. At that instant a whole brigade of cavalry thundered on the right flank, and penetrated where cavalry had never gone before.

The intrepid Guard could have borne up against the unexpected fire from soldiers they did not see, and would have rolled back the

infantry that had boldly charged their left flank, but the cavalry finished the disorder into which they had been momentarily thrown, and broke the shaken ranks before they had time to reform, and the eagles of that hitherto invincible Guard were pushed backward over the slope. It was then the army, seized with despair, shrieked out, "The Guard recoils!" and turned and fled in wild dismay. To see the Guard in confusion was a sight they had never before beheld, and it froze every heart with terror.

For a long time they stood and let the cannon balls pass through their ranks, disdaining to turn their backs on their foe. Michael, at the head of those battalions, fought like a lion. To every command of the enemy to surrender, he replied, "The Guard dies—but never surrenders." And as with his last breath bequeathing this glorious motto to the Guard, he fell a witness to the truth. Death traversed those eight battalions with such rapid footsteps, that they soon dwindled away to two, which turned its hopeless daring on the overwhelming number that pressed their retiring footsteps.

Last of all but a single battalion, the debris of "the column of granite," at Marengo, was left. Into this Napoleon flung himself. Cambronne, its brave commander, saw with terror the Emperor in its frail keeping. He was not struggling for victory, he was intent on showing how the Guard die. Approaching the Emperor, he cried out: "Retire! Do you not see that death has no need of you?" and closing mournfully, yet sternly, round the expiring eagles, those brave hearts bade Napoleon an eternal adieu, and flinging themselves on the enemy, were soon piled with the dead at their feet.

Many of the officers were seen to destroy themselves rather than suffer defeat. Thus greater even in its own defeat than any other corps of men in gaining a victory, the Old Guard passed from the stage, and the curtain dropped upon its strange career. It had fought its last battle.

Coating Iron with Zinc and Copper.

Sir Humphrey Davy first proposed the covering iron or copper with zinc, with a view of preserving it from rusting—the zinc, when in combination, being more attractive to the oxygen than the iron, and taking it, and thus preserving it untouched.

Small tools, or large ones rather, may be covered with zinc in various ways. The following method, as laid down in chemical works, is the most expeditious, though it is possible that if it be a cutting tool the temper may possibly be started:

Polish the iron by rubbing it with cream of tartar, and afterward with charcoal powder; this cleanses the iron and polishes it. It may be then washed in a solution of chloride of ammonium (sal ammoniac). Then dip it into a bath of melted zinc. It is then covered with a film of zinc and is "galvanized," as it is called. If you wish to cover it with a good coating of copper, have ready at the same time a bath of melted copper, and plunge the iron thus covered with zinc into the copper bath, retaining it there until it ceases to hiss, and on withdrawing it you will have it covered with copper. Any thickness of these coatings may be put on by repeating the process of dipping in the sal ammoniac bath, and then in zinc, and then in the copper.

A more simple way of covering light articles with a thin film of copper—which, by the way, will not be very durable, but which may be easily and cheaply repeated—is the following:

After having cleansed and polished the article as above directed, place the polished metal into a solution composed of one volume of muriatic acid and three of rain water, in which a few drops of a solution of sulphate of copper, and repeat until you think the coating will do.

A HEARTY LAUGH.—After all, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious thing a good laugh is! What a tonic! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or age, the grinders of forty or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking of idiocy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Button's transformation—under every circumstance, and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing. Like "a thing of beauty," it is a "joy for ever." There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting—except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laughter and one witness, there are forthwith two laughers. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic.

PASSING A DEFILE.—An English volunteer rifle captain, desiring to cross a field with his company, came to an opening in the fence large enough to admit two persons, but no more, to pass abreast. Unfortunately he could not remember the words of command which would have accomplished the difficult task of filing through, but his ingenuity did

not desert him, and, therefore he ordered a halt, and then said, "Gentlemen, you are dismissed for one minute, when you fall on 't'other side of the fence."

A Stocking Full of Bank Notes.

Some years ago—in the days of the thirty-shilling notes—a certain Irishman saved up the sum of eighty-seven pounds ten, in notes of the Bank of Ireland. As a sure means of securing this valuable property, he put it in the foot of an old stocking, and buried it in his garden, where bank note paper couldn't fail to keep dry, and to come out, when wanted, in the best preservation.

After leaving his treasure in this excellent place of deposit for some months, it occurred to the depositor to take a look at it, and see how it was getting on. He found the stocking-foot apparently full of the fragments of mildew and broken mushrooms. No other shadow of a shade of eighty-seven pounds ten!

In the midst of his despair, the man had the sense not to disturb the ashes of his property. He took the stocking-foot in his hand, posted off to the Bank in Dublin, entered it one morning as soon as it was opened and, staring at the clerk with a most extraordinary absence of all expression in his face, said—

"Ah, look at that, sir! Can you do anything for me?"

"What do you call this?" said the clerk. Eighty-six pounds ten, praise the Lord, as I'm a sinner! Ohone; there was a twenty as was paid to me by Mr. Phalin O'Dowd, sir, and a ten as was charged by Pat Reilly, and a five as was owned by Tim; and Ted Conner, says he to old Phillips—

"Well! Never mind old Phillips. You have done it, my friend!"

"Oh, Lord, sir, and its done it I have most complete! Oh, good luck to you, sir; can you do nothing for me?"

"I don't know what's to be done with such a mess as this. Tell me, first of all, what you put in the stocking, you unfortunate blunderer."

Oh, sir, yes, and tell you true, as if it was the last word I had to spake intirely, and the Lord be good to you and Ted Conner says he to old Phillips, regardin the five as was owen by Tim, and not includen of the tin which was changed by Pat Reilly—

"You didn't put Pat Reilly or old Phillips into the stocking, did you?"

"Is it Pat or old Phillips as was ever the valey of eighty-six pounds tin, lost and gone, and includen the five as was owen by Tim, and Ted Conner—"

"Then tell me what you did put in the stocking, and let me take it down. And then hold your tongue, if you can, and go your way, and come back to-morrow."

The particulars of the notes were taken, without any reference to old Phillips who could not, however, by any means, be kept out of the story, and the man departed. When he was gone, the stocking-foot was shown to the chief engraver of the notes, who said that if anybody could settle the business, his son could. And he proposed that the particulars of the notes should not be communicated to his son, who was then employed in his department of the Bank, but should be put away under lock and key, and if his son's ingenuity should enable him to discover from these ashes what notes had really been put in the stocking, and the two lists should tally, the man should be paid the lost amount. To this prudent proposal the Bank of Ireland readily assented, being extremely anxious that the man should not be a loser, but, of course, deeming it essential to be protected from imposition.

The son readily undertook the delicate commission proposed to him. He detached the fragments from the stocking with the utmost care, on the point of a penknife; laid the whole gently in a basin of warm water; and presently saw them, to his delight, begin to unfold and expand like flowers. By and by, he began to "tease" them with a camel's hair pencil and the penknife, got the various morsels separate before him, and began to piece them together. The first piece laid down was faintly recognizable by a practiced eye as a bit of the left hand bottom corner of a twenty pound; then came a bit of a five; then of a ten, then more bits of a twenty; then more bits of a five and ten; then another left-hand bottom corner of a twenty—so there were two twenties! and so on until, to the admiration and astonishment of the whole Bank, he noted down the exact amount deposited in the stocking, and the exact notes of which it had been composed. Upon this, as he wished to see and divert himself with the man on his return—he provided himself with a bundle of corresponding new, clean, rustling notes and awaited his arrival.

He came exactly as before, with the same blank, staring face, and the same inquiry, "can you do anything for me, sir?"

"Well," said our friend, "I don't know.—Maybe I can do something, but I have taken a great deal of pains, and lost a great deal of time, and I want to know what you mean to give me?"

"Is it give, sir?" Then, is there anything I wouldn't give for my eighty-six pound tin, sir; and its murderin I am by old Phillips."

"Never mind him. There were two twenties, were there not?"

"Oh! holy mother, sir, there was! Two most illigant twenties! and Ted Conner—and Phalin—which Reilly—"

He faltered and stopped, as our friend, with much ostentatious rustling of the crisp paper, produced a new twenty, and then the other twenty, and then a ten, and then a five, and so forth. Meanwhile, the man, occasionally murmuring an exclamation of surprise, or a

protestation of gratitude, but gradually becoming vague and remote in the latter as the notes reappeared, looked on, staring, evidently inclined to believe that they were the real lost notes, reproduced in that state by some chemical process. At last they were all told out, and in his pocket as he still stood staring and muttering—"Oh, holy mother, only to think of it! Sir, it's bound to you forever that I am!"—but more vaguely and remotely now than before.

"Well," said our friend, "what do you propose to give me for this?"

After staring and rubbing his chin for some time longer, he replied with the unexpected question:

"Do you like bacon?"

"Very much," said our friend.

"Thin it's a side as I'll bring your honor to-morrow morning, and a bucket of new milk—and old Phillips—"

"Come," said our friend, glancing at a notable shilleagh the man had under his arm, "let me undeceive you. I don't want anything of you, and I am very glad you have got your money back. But I suppose you'd stand by me, now, if I wanted a boy to help me in any little skirmish?"

They were standing by a window on the top story of the Bank, commanding a court-yard where a sentry was on duty. To our friend's amazement, the man dashed out of the room without speaking one word, suddenly appeared in the court yard, performed a war dance round this astonished soldier—who was a modest young recruit—made the shilleagh flutter like a wooden butterfly, round his musket, round his bayonet, round his head, round his body, round his arms, inside and outside his legs, advancing and retired rattled it all round him like a firelock, looked up at the window, cried out with a high leap in the air, "Whooroo! Thry me!"—vanished—and never was beheld at the Bank again from that time forth.

—There are about 30 species of tobacco, all possessing nearly the same properties. It is said the plant was first found in Yucatan. It was taken to Spain, and from there to Portugal. From Portugal it was carried to different European kingdoms. Snuff-taking commenced in Paris, Catherine de Medicis, whose name has an unpleasant history, from its connection with the massacre of Protestants, being its first patron. Soon after the settlement of this country it became an important article of commerce, and one hundred and twenty pounds was the stipend paid for a wife by some of the early settlers of Virginia.

Save your Paper Rags.

The inhabitants of Utah are requested to gather up and save their worn out wagon covers, and every description of cotton and linen rags for paper making, and deliver them, from time to time, to the Bishops of the several Wards, or the 'News' and 'Mountaineer' Offices or their agents, for which, when clean, they will be allowed five cents a pound. The rags can be sufficiently cleansed in pure water, without soap.

It is expected that, in a few months, all who wish can receive paper in exchange for rags.

9-17 EDWARD HUNTER, Presiding Bishop.

Hall's Sarsaparilla Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potass is prepared from the finest red Jamaica Sarsaparilla and English Iodide of Potass—admirable as a restorative and purifier of the blood. It cleanses the system of all morbid and impure matter—removes pimples, boils and eruptions from the skin—cures rheumatism and pains of all kinds—All who can afford should use it, as it tends to give them strength and prolong life. Sold by Druggists generally, at \$1.00 per bottle.

R. HALL & CO.,
Proprietors, Wholesale Druggists, 143 and 145
8-6m. Clay street San Francisco.

General Notices.

FARM FOR SALE.

WE HAVE a good farm consisting of 40 acres of good farming land, and twenty acres of grass land, with springs of good water. Also, three lots and two houses in the Fort.

J. & W. JONES,

29-4 North Willow Creek.

GET OUT OF THE GROUND!!!

THE GRAND EXCUSE ANNIHILATED.
B. SNOW & CO.

BE leave to inform the public their CIRCULAR SAW MILL at Fort Ephraim is now ready for operation, and there are a plenty of logs in the mountains adjacent. Any and all who are desirous of living above ground till the proper time for burial, can be accommodated with sawing in double quick time, at short notice. All kinds of stock and produce taken for lumber or sawing.

BERNARD SNOW,
GEORGE SIDWELL.

FORT EPHRAIM, July 11, 1860. 19-3m

FARMINGTON CARDING MACHINE.
STILL running and doing good work. We have a room fitted up expressly for carding and can card in cold weather. Be sure that your wool is clean before it is greased, as grease sticks to dirt and does not benefit the wool. Put the grease on equal; otherwise bring it and let us put it on for you.

Parties who wish can deliver their wool and receive their rolls at my residence. WM. H. WALKER.
P.S. Rolls for sale at residence, 16th Ward, G. S. L. City. 23-17 W. H. W.

NOTICE TO DAVIS COUNTY.

I HAVE been intrusted by the County Court of Davis county, to receive on Taxes due that county, Wheat at TWO DOLLARS per bushel.
On and after Monday next, Sep. 24th, I shall be prepared to receive at Farmington the amounts due. I will buy a limited quantity of Wheat at ONE DOLLAR per bushel on Territorial Tax.

ARTHUR STAYNER,
Assessor and Collector.

STRAWBERRIES! STRAWBERRIES!!

At the Gardens and Nurseries of C. H. Oliphant, a lot of plants of that celebrated Strawberry, the Hooker, for sale by the subscriber.

These are plants raised by myself from the pioneer importation made by me last season, and combine as many good qualities as any Strawberry now cultivated, being hardy (as they stood the frosts of last winter unharmed) very large, productive, and of excellent flavor; they will be sold reasonable for good pay.