John Eaton

EASTON GAZETTE.

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PHYSIOGNOMIES AT PARIS.—*By an Amateur.*—A gaming house, vulgarly called by another name, was my elysium—not from a love of play, but from the luxury of watching the play of physiognomies. Like Van Scalpel, *I* rioted in witnessing the cuttings-up perpetrated in those dens of moral slaughter. I am not unvocationally cruel, by any means, but the swift mutations of the table, and the consequent mutilations of the purse, furnished me with "food for powder," by calling up continual myriads of mental spirits, fiendish and foul, from the "vasty deep" of that Proteus abyss—the human heart. What exquisite variations of passion were offered to my favorite study at every turn of the card & throw of the die! What a delightful choice of agonies had I to cull from, during the progress of my truly philanthropic pursuit in dissecting the miseries of the few for the advantage of the many!

'The gamester! care sits on his haggard brow,
And horrid thought; methinks *I* see him now
Suspense and frenzy rolling in his eye,
With trembling hand he throws the variant die;
Wife, child, fame, fortune, hang upon the cast;
He loses: keen repentance comes at last,
Too late; its rending pangs he cannot bear;
He dies—a self destroyer in despair!"

From the gaming house to the morgue it is but a single step. Alas, poor L—g—y! in the year 1818 he stept out of a three-pair-o'-stairs window; *I* saw him lying dead at the Morgue, extended on the damp cold stone, where many a similar victim of the demon-vice had been exhibited before him. In less than five years he had lost a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, crushed the heart of his young and fair wife, and stooped to borrow of his former menials, for the sake of indulging his incurable, propensity for play. When he first came to Paris he possessed one of the noblest physiognomies I had ever analysed; but months before his suicide it was impossible to look at his altered traits without disgust, and shuddering, and fear. What a host of victims passed before my professional eyes during the period *I* walked those hospitals, or rather those maisons of madmen, and incurables! I only recollect a single instance amongst my own countrymen, at least of one who had resolution enough to withdraw himself at the "eleventh hour," with the remaining fourth of his fortune in his pocket: and he was a gallant officer with a wooden leg He had entered the notorious Golgotha, a place of skulls, yclept Frascati, with a full and fell determination to recover all, or lose all—His whole pecuniary resources were desperately staked on a single chance; in turning the cards the odds were a hundred to one against him;—till, at length the very last card of the opposite column produced an equal number, by which he neither lost nor won. To snatch up his money from the fatal table—to rush out of the infamous den—and from thence to the retirement of his own room, was but the affair of a moment. He there took a solemn oath never again even to display his physiognomy in a *maison de jue*: he has kept his word and his money too. There is still vegetating here the shadow of an Englishman, who once was the pride of the Rue de la Paix, and is now confined in a sort of madhouse near Paris, from the effects of rouge et noir; I understand that his only amusement is still in pricking on paper ideal martingales. "Who's e'er been at Paris but must needs" have heard of S———. Within the last eighteen years he has paid booty to all the tables to the amount of five hundred thousand pounds sterling, ethical reader; and though they have played booty with him to such a prodigious amount, his propensical physiogomy is seldom absent from the inverted Waterloo of his wealth—Frascati, which insatiable whirlpool still sucks in a "pretty considerable portion" of his little annuity of fifteen hundred francs, or tenpennies, per annum. It is painful to see that tall venerable form curbed almost double, less by age than by the deteriorating results of PLAY. I might prolong the list to a painful extent. D—i—s, the son of a baronet, the gentleman *par excellence*, an officer of the King of England's palace, with a fortune of forty thousand pounds sterling, became a punter at rouge et noir, to which destructive infatuation he first lost his property then surreptiously sold the entire pecuniary resources of his aged mother & his sister; afterwards committed a forgery on a London banker, and only escaped from prison and an ignominious death, by a successful and expensive stratagem, to further which his injured relations stripped themselves bare of every thing.

He is now a common porter in America. Ha—l—n, the once rich and prosperous printer, of U——, who proscribed as an outlaw-bankrupt, fled to Paris, with his amiable wife and interesting family. H——'s father-in-law, the celebrated engraver, H———, allowed the exiles a sufficient income to live respectably, but such was the frenzy of H—l—n for the gaming table, that he was miserable, when on festival days the houses were shut up, or the hours of play contracted After having abused the confidence of the venerable Madame la Baronne de R——, for a good round sum, and raising the wind from petty tradesmen, and all within gripe, he took French leave, & is still living, or rather starving, in America. The reverend author of the Lacon's eccentric and gaming habits are well known; and though he was lucky in regard to winning, yet his impure gains led to ruin and suicide. I shall only refer to his comportment in Paris. Colton arrived in this country from the United States, whither he had secretly fled to "hide his diminished head" from the pursuits of his creditors. His habits were of the most eccentrically irregular order, now he practised as a horse dealer, then figured as a wine-merchant; then again, as a picture dealer, in which last commerce, he ship-wrecked nearly all his hoarded gains. Gifted with a wonderful memory—always ready with an apt and ample store of anecdotes—full of classical and poetical talent, his supreme delight was to shine king of low company; avaricious, and distrustful of every body, he was often the dupe of his thirst of making money by loans to needy persons, either on effects or valueless bills, at an immense interest. Feeling himself "fallen from his high esteem" in public opinion, he too frequently had recourse to acts unworthy of his former station in life & his profession. The gaming tables were his daily haunts, & fortune seemed miraculously to favor him, as an exception to the general rule. He was introduced to that late extraordinary *original*, the Earl of Bridgewater, who after a brief period sent him a *petite* intimation that his absence would be more agreeable than his presence at his lordship's table. Colton immediately proceeded to the valetudinarian earl and by his happy intrepidity of speech, extracted an indemnity from the "old gentleman." The sum thus wrung from the astounded and reverend lord was one hundred pound sterling. The earl at first most reluctantly told his secretary to pay Mr. Colton two thousand francs "Keep your francs," said Colton, "*I* will have none of them. I insist upon one hundred pounds in British money. If your lordship has forgot the *sterling* habits of your native country, I still cherish them, and will not cede a single shilling of my demand." The amount required was handed over to the author of Lacon, by Mr. E. B———, the secretary, the Earl's English solicitor, Mr. S——— standing by in dumb amazement at Colton's hardy *coup-de maitre*. With this sum, the latter used to boast that he had run into five hundred thousand francs at gaming The fact is, that he was an immense winner by his desperate play, till he became the terror of all the tables. He used to visit Frascati, carrying a silk handkerchief stuffed with *billets de banqe* and risk the highest stakes with extraordinary luck, and this for many months. Messengers were continually despatched to the head quarters of the farmer general of the tables, to report the progress of the bold and badly dressed Englishman. One day, at 154, Colton had played more moderately than usual; he had nearly realized twenty eight thousand francs at rouge et noir; in passing through the roulette room, he looked at a printed card, threw down ten thousand francs, exclaiming "there goes for my dinner," which by the by, seldom exceeded the price of twenty five or thirty sous. He lost another, & another & another, similar stake, shared the same fate. 'This won't do,' exclaimed he with perfect *sang froid*, "I must not allow these French *fellows* to floor Lacon" Down went a double stake—the *croupier* raked it up. The determined gambler and his two hangers-on, playing for their patron, trippled the stake and lost; till, besides refunding his winning, Colton had diminished more than half the stock of his *foulard*. Great was the gaiety of the bankers, and a *courier extraordinaire* was despatched to M. Benezet, the Rothschild of the H———s, with a bulletin of the hitherto invincible Englishman's defeat. In the mean time, Lacon had rallied, and scarce had the joyful messenger announced the victory of the firm, when a second breathless, panting *estafette*, and pale as him who "Priam's curtains drew at the dead of night," rushed into the sanctum of the lord of chances, and told him that the tables had suddenly turned, that the diable d'Anglais had not only recovered all his losses, but won eighty five thousand francs of the bank's funds. Colton, after this exploit, went home, and, as usual, cooked his own dinner. His money was secured in a strong iron box, which was fixed in the floor of his lodgings in the Palais Royal; for he would not have deposited even five pounds with the bank of France. He generally carried loaded pistols, and always had a brace placed under his pillow at night. When the Duke of N——— was here, at Charles the Tenth's coronation, Colton said to his poor retainer, H———n, since dead, "The duke is on my ground and must pay me contribution money." He wrote a plaintive letter to his grace, who sent him an order on D—d—n, for twenty five Napoleons. Colton and his factotum went to the bank in the Rue de P———, to receive it. The former had just committed the extravagance of a new furnished up, second hand hat, and made himself, uncommonly for him, smart in the rest of his habiliments. Even in his usual shabby costume, he was generally decorated with diamond-rings and brooches of great value. On the present occasion he displayed those glittering and expensive ornaments to profusion; and, moreover, sported a gold repeater, with chain and seals of the most *striking* and costly kind. The banker D. received him into his private cabinet with the most obsequious official grace, bowed him and his humble friend to seats, and waited to hear his *brilliant* looking visitor's business. It was soon told, "Can it be possible—s-i-r? You are not *the* Mr. Colton s-i-r, mentioned in this his grace's order, s-i-r? The arrived petitions, s-i-r, can't be yours?" "Let's see," said C.; "yes, that's it, but there's a trifling mistake I find in the duke's note to you; in his grace's letter to me—('where is it H.?' 'At home, sir.')—the sum was stated as twenty five pounds English; however you can easily rectify that little error." Mr. D, thunderstruck at the consummate style of the "distressed, sick, and suffering clergyman," refused, however, to pay more than the amount written down in the duke's note; and, in spite of loud remonstrances, Colton was constrained to put up with only twenty-five Louis. At this time, our hero had more than fourteen thousand pounds sterling in his strong box, and pictures, for which he had laid out upwards of ninety thousand francs! The same original addressed a splendid letter, with a copy of sublimely flattering verses, to the Duchess of St A———, when at Paris, requesting in an off hand way, the loan of a bagatelle, viz. one hundred pounds sterling No answer being returned, the irritated parson poet addressed a second, not a second best, epistle to her grace, unsaying his preceding sayings and, as I have been told, threatening the duchess's life—that is, to write her grace's birth, parentage, education, &c, nothing more just, reader. It failed to produce a profitable effect; the nerves of her ladyship were firmer strung, and the strings of her silk purse tighter drawn than those of the superanuated old earl's. Colton prided himself as being a "knowing one," in the fullest sense of the term; still his suspiciousness, and avarice, and vanity, were rocks, on which he often split.—An artful follower—whom by-the-by, he treated like a starved dog—flattered him into the folly that he, Lacon, was an excellent connoisseur of paintings, which was as much out of his latitude as dancing to Voltaire. Colton, though a good poet, had not the slightest sensibility nor taste for the fine arts, nor was he able to appreciate them. But his vanity was tickled and desire of gain played upon.

He set up as an amateur, and connoisseur, and purchased a gallery of rubbish as *chef d'œuvres*, to the amount of many thousand pounds. His ultimate object was to sell them again to the picture-hunting nobility, at an immense profit. The upshot of the speculation was, that at the end of two or three years he was obliged to dispose of them at a loss of ninety per cent., by which they returned (unknown to him) to the very dealers from whom, through young R———, they had come into his possession. Of course, those worthy merchants, and Colton's quandam friend R———, realized under the rose, a pretty round sum from the great Lacon's gullibility. I must postpone many more, and more piquant anecdotes of the author of Lacon, and come at once to the self-willed catastrophe which closed his mortal career. He had long suffered under a distressing, though not irremediable complaint, for which he had never patience to undergo the indispensable operation. The malady increased—it became serious—dangerous. He went to Fontainebleau; sent for an English acquaintance, Mr. S., and, without divulging his dire intent, told him he must either die by the crisis of the complaint or risk dying under the operator's hands. He wrote his will, made Mr. S. acquainted with his wishes, and after chatting as usual, wished Mr. S. good night and retired to bed. It appears since, that about midnight he applied the fatal pistol to his head.

His remains were interred in the cemetery of Fontainebleau; and his friend, and Mr. S, have since publishid in Paris a posthumous work of the infortunate Lacon, entitled "Thoughts inverse." *I* occasionally saw him two days ere his departure from Fontainebleau. He had his little flagbasket in his hand, and was disputing in bad French the price of a chicken, with a stubborn old *marchande*. Here relinquished his fowl dispute with the fair, and as usual began to spout his last new production.—Amongst them I recollected the following eptaph, which he probably, never transcribd.

"Heedless of fame, I feared not blame,
Life's wayward path I tried;
Mankind I prized not, yet despised not,
But bravely lived and—died.'

He seldom spoke of his sufferings, and notwithstanding his elegiac mood the last time I beheld him, I perceived nothing in his physiognomy or manner indicative of the suicide he had made up in his mind to perpetrate.

THE PIRATES.—The Boston Centinel contains the following sensible remarks, in regard to the result of the late trial in that city:—

This whole transaction, from its inception to the final verdict of the jury has been one of the most extraordinary in the annals of crime. An American vessel is encountered by pirates, in the midst of the ocean, hundreds of miles from land, and for aught that the parties concerned knew to the contrary, as far from any other vessel. The American crew were driven below, beaten, menaced with instant death by fearful odds, armed at all points, against them; compelled to give up $20,000, and finally locked down below. A band of desperadoes ransack the vessel, seize upon the nautical instruments,—wantonly cut the sails and rigging, break the binnacle; destroy the compass—collect the most combustible materials at hand; apply the torch; leave the vessel in this deplorable condition; repair to their own piratical vessel, taking the boat of the American vessel, which they did not want—scuttle it in sight of the captain, looking from his cabin window, and then sailing away, with the manifest intention of burning up the vessel and the crew while locked down below! This is the plain statement of facts, as abundantly proved on the trial. In this awful condition, Providence interposed for their protection! By mere chance, a small scuttle is left by the pirates unsecured! One of the men gets out and releases all his companions from the most horrible of all deaths—immediate conflagration on the lonely ocean, far from friends and home. Probably in less than five minutes more, the vessel would have been enveloped in flames!—They came on deck and extinguished the spreading fire! Even at that tremendous crisis, these abused men were afraid to show themselves on deck, lest the demoniac pirate should return & consummate their deed by murdering them in cold blood! But their enemies thinking the Mexican past redemption, had departed probably in pursuit of another victim, then by chance in sight. They now attempt to repair their damages. But what a spectacle! Every thing in confusion—their rigging devastated and destroyed and they in the midst of the ocean without compass! Repairing their damages as well as they could, these worthy men abandoned their intended voyage, and with empty purses and heavy hearts shaped their course towards Salem.

But we have neither time nor room to do justice to this subject. The Mexican reaches home, the pirates bear off their plunder, relying for impunity on the probable destruction of their victim and all on board. Providence ordered otherwise. The tidings of the piracy was borne on the winds to the uttermost parts of the earth, and with a description of the piratical vessel. Months passed away, and the news reached Africa, and a British vessel cruising on that distant coast. The Panda was there and immediately suspected! The result is known. She was captured by the British vessel, the captain, mate and many of the crew taken prisoners, and after the lapse of nearly two years, they were brought to Salem, to be confronted by the very men they had robbed so long before, and considered dead and buried in the deep! What an astonishing train of events! The extravagant tales of fiction are realized! The offenders are brought to trial, and condemned to death, by the testimony of the very men whom they had robbed and consigned to death, and appeared in judgment against them, as it were in the minds of the prisoners, as if risen from the dead. Such scenes of guilt, are thus brought to light by the inscrutiable operations of a good Providence.

In the last number of that excellent publication, the *People's Magazine*, published every fortnight at the low rate of one dollar a year, there is an article headed "Burning green wood," which contains information that may be valuable to many of our readers at this season. It is a common opinion that a little green wood mixed with dry makes a fire hold out longer.—The green wood certainly burns longer than the dry; for a great deal of heat from the dry is taken up in evaporating the water or sap of the green. It is calculated that an average cord of green wood contains about one hundred and forty gallons—more than two hogsheads—of water. It is also ascertained that the heat required to evaporate this quantity of water, would raise thirteen hogsheads of water to a boiling temperature. Now, if two millions of families in the United States burn upon the average a cord of green wood each, in the compass of a year the loss of heat would be sufficient to boil more than twenty-seven million hogsheads of water; and if it takes a cord of good wood worth four dollars to raise one hundred hogsheads to boiling heat, the amount of the loss would be about a million of dollars.

The farmer who brings into town a cord of green wood, has as heavy a load as another who should put on the top of dry white oak three quarters of a cord of seasoned pine, or one hogshead and two barrels of water.

A table is given in the article, from Brown's Sylva Americana, to show the relative quantity of charcoal, or real combustible matter, in the various kinds of fire wood. Shellbark hickory is taken as the standard, and set down as containing one hundred parts. In comparison with it, white oak contains eighty-one white ash seventy-seven; scrub oak seventy-three, red oak sixty-nine, black oak sixty-six.

BEEF AND PORK.

Mr. Niles:—Having ascertained by an experience of several years, that the following may be useful to many of your subscribers, who are fond of good eating, you are requested to give it an insertion in your paper.

CANVASS BACK.

Extract from the "Housewife's Manual"

POCOCK'S RECIPE FOR CURING BEEF AND PORK—After an experience of nearly half a century, it has been found that the Pocock *alias* Knickerbocker pickle for beef and pork, is the best that ever has been used in any country, in preparing winter provisions—hundreds of housekeepers can attest to its excellence. Some butchers last year prepared their pork according to the Pocock receipe, and readily sold their pork in market at an advance of one cent per pound, though in fact the difference in preparing the Pocock ought not to raise the price of the pork one quarter of a cent in the pound. If the farmers in this state would adopt this pickle, and indicate it by a brand, 'how put up,' their produce would command a preference in any market.

For Pork, Hams, Beef, &c.—Take 6 gallons of water; 9 pounds of salt, half coarse and half fine: 3 pounds of brown sugar; 1 quart Molasses; 3 ounces salt petre, 1 ounce potash. Put the above ingredients into a clean pot or kettle, and let it boil, being careful to take off all the scum as it comes to the surface. When the scum ceases to rise, take the liquor off and let it stand until it is cold. Then, having previously rubbed your meat with fine salt, pack it away in the vessel which you intend to keep it in, pour the liquor over it and let it stand.

The 'Genius of Liberty," a thorough bred Jackson paper of Western Pennsylvania, comes to us with the following endorsment—"*Please exchange or go to the d—l*" This 'Genius' must have a strange notion of 'Liberty,' if he would limit us to either of these alternatives.

It is our hope and purpose to keep out of bad company, as heretofore.—But if the evil day must come, and we shall be compelled to choose between the evil one and the Genius, we shall endeavour to make the selection with a due regard to their relative merits.

Balt. Pat.

Never too late.—A very long and tedious courtship of fifty years duration, was fortunately concluded in the early part of October last, between Samuel Cobb'n, a love sick swain aged 82 years, and the blooming bride, who, in the 80th year of her age, and the 50th of her probation, at length ventured to enter into the happy state of matrimony. The wedding, which is said to have been a right joyous one, was held at Hornsby Church in the presence of a numerous assemblage.

Singular Circumstance—Two juries, who were impanelled in two criminal cases, (Taylor and Ferris,) during the past week, and who could not agree on a verdict, being kept together as is customary attended Christ Church on Sunday last in custody of the Sheriff, and heard the valedictory address of DUCACHET. Probably this case is without a paralled.---*Norfolk Beacon.*

VERY LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE.

The packet ship Sheffield, at New York from Liverpool, brings advices as late as the 11th of November—From the several New York journals we make up the following interesting summary of intelligence:

The France Cabinet is broken up, and the Syanish Cabinet too. We take for convenience, from the London Spectator of 8th November, a condensed summary if these occurrences.

"The French Cabinet was completely broken up on Tuesday evening, November 4th, by the simultanious resignation of Thiers, Guizot, Human, De Rigny and Duchatel. These Ministers surprised the King by going to him in a body to resign, within a few hours after they had transacted business with him in the usual way, and without hinting at their intentions to retire, if indeed they had any, and the resolution was not a very sudden one. The only Ministers who remained in office were Persil, who was not at home when his late colleagues called upon him on their way to the Tuilleries but who it was supposed would resign in the course of the following day; and Jacod, who merely holds office as a matter of form, as one Minister is required to countersign the appointment of the new ones."

"The Spanish Ministry is nearly in the same state of disorganization as the French. Martinez de la Rosa, who is suffering from a severe pulmonary complaint, has tendered his resignation to the Queen Regent; and Toreno has been commissioned to form a new administration. There seems, however, to be no hurry in making the new arrangements; probably because Martinez de la Rosa has agreed to continue in his present post until they shall be completed.

'The mixed Committee of Proceres and Procuradores on the Foreign Debt have agreed to report against the recognition of the Guebhard Loan; with the innocent salvo that there is nothing to prevent its future recognition, should the Cortes determine upon it.

'The immediate cause of the dissolution of the FrenchCabinet is stated to be the refusal of the King, though warmly urged to the measure by Marshal Gerard, to agree to act of indemnity towards the persons in prison for political offences. Finding the Monarch inexorable, Marshal Gerard resigned. His colleagues followed him after several days. Their resignations had not, however, been accepted at the latest date (6th Nov.) from Paris. Old *Soult* seems to be the prominent man to be again placed at the Head of the Council.

Among the rumors in Paris consequent upon the breaking up of the ministry, was one that the Chambers would be convoked a month sooner than before proposed. If so, they are now in session.

Cotton, it will be seen, had again risen 1-4d. per pound.

The papers announce the death of the only son of Price Frederick of *Holland*. He was of course heir presumptive of the crown of that Kingdom.

Lisbon dates were to the 25th of October, to which time tranquility continued to prevail. Count Napier had retired from the Portuguese service, laden with titles and dignities, and a handsome pension to sustain them.

The contest in Spain retains its previous chacteristic ferocity and insignificance. The General of Don Carlos had taken two Generals of the Queen's forces prisoners—and on the other hand, Mina having assumed the command of the royal army, the pretender found himself under the necessity of uniting with Zumalecarreguy for greater security. The King of Naples is said to have recognized Don Carlos as King of Spain.

ENGLAND.—The privy council, having investigated the circumstances of the fire at Westminster, have come to the conclusion that it was wholly the result of accident.

The Rev. Edward Irving had gone to Glasgow for the purpose of assisting in the formation of a church in that city, holding tenets similar to his own. He is, however, alarmingly ill of an alarming disorder—the pulmonary consumption: He will not probably long survive.

Considerable alarm has been excited in many districts of England, in consequence of multiplied acts of incendiarism.

AMERICAN STOCKS, Nov. 6—*U. S.* Bank Shares, £23a23 5; New York Fives, 105, Sixes, 114a115; Pennsylvania Fives, 102a103½ Ohio Sixes, 104a103½; Louisiana Barings, 102; Mississippi 103 1-2; do new 108

TURKEY.—Serious discord is said to have broken out in the districts of Naploise and Jerusalem, between the inhabitants and the Egyptian authorities. Excessive taxation is the alleged cause. Fifteen houses were burnt in London, Nov. 16th, causing a loss of three lives, and of property to the amount of £6000.

We are enabled to announce, which we do with great pleasure, that Government have consented to advance the sum of £250,000 for the completion of that magnificent undertaking, the Thames tunnel. The works will, we hear be immediately resumed under the direct superintendence of Mr Brunel.—*Globe.*

Conflagration.—The Berlin State Gazette of the 31st ult. contains, from Bayreuth, accounts of a fire which broke out at Wunsiedel, a town of Franconia, by which it was in a short time completely destroyed. More than 300 houses, with 150 barns, filled with agricultural products, became a prey to the flames.

Awful Catastrophe at Guernsey.—Through a groundless panic, which occurred at Ebenezer Chapel on the evening of the 26th Oct. the congregation, from a false alarm of fire, attempted to rush out, and seven persons lost their lives.

LONDON, Nov 8.—The Moniteur is still silent in regard to the Ministerial resignations, although it is quite certain that they were accepted by the King.—The other Ministerial papers say that Count Mole has received the King's commands to reconstruct the Cabinet. Count Mole had already had interviews with some of the Ministers who had resigned, & it was believed that Messrs. de Rigny, Thiers, Duchtel and Humann had consented to re-enter the Cabinet, and resume the direction of the same depart-

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