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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ADVERTISEMENTS

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A JUMPING TOOTH ACHE.

Extract from 'The Life and Adventures of Dr. Dodimus Duckworth, A. N. Q.'

Dodimus, after seeing sundry exhibitions of his master's skill, began to be very anxious to try his own hand at a cast of practice. An opportunity was not long wanting; for one morning, as he was exercising the pestle in his master's absence, and longing for a chance of attempting something by his own ability, a man entered the shop with a handkerchief tied round his jaws and with a countenance more rueful than if he had lost all his relations.

'Is the doctor at home!' said he.

'No, sir.'

'Where is he?'

'He's gone over to Cricumpaw.'

'To Cricum dev!—I came within an inch of swearing. How soon will he be back.

'Why, I 'spose in the course of two or three hours if you can wait so long.'

'Two or three ages, you might as well say. I can't wait a minute.'

'Who's sick?'

'There aint nobody sick. But I'm as mad as I can live; I've got the jumping toothache; and I want the doctor to pull it.'

'I can do that myself,' said the student beginning to take the instruments from a drawer

'You!' said the man eyeing him suspiciously, 'did you ever pull a tooth?'

'Did I! I wonder if I haint now!' returned the student; in such a tone as to carry with it a conviction in the mind of the hearer, that he was expert in the business. Then desiring him to take a seat, he began to examine the offending tooth.

'Do you see it?' said the patient.

'I wonder if I don't!' said Dody.

'Oh, how it does jump!' exclaimed the patient, at the same time springing upon his feet and raving round the room like a bedlamite: 'I believe in my soul it'll jump out of my head'

'Shut your mouth then,' said the student, 'do, and keep it in till I get ready to pull it.' He seated the man once more, and desiring him to extend his jaws as wide as he could, he introduced a horse fleam by way of a gum lancet, and began to cut around the tooth

'What are you about there?' roared the patient, as well as he could articulate with the fleam in his mouth.

'I'm cutting the goom,' replied the student.

'You've got the wrong tooth,' roared the man; and seizing the hand of the operator, he wrenched it violently away: when springing up and spitting out the blood, he exclaimed—'You've cut my tongue half off!'

'Why did'nt you keep your head still then?' said Dody.

'Still! you blundering toad you; and let you pull the wrong tooth? The one I wish to have drawn is on the other side of the mouth, and in the upper jaw instead of the under one.'

'Yes; but I could feel it though.'

'Very well; how should you know which I was cutting? You could'nt see it, and I could.

'Feeling is nothing at all to be compared to seeing,' said the very scientific student. 'I could see what I was about while you was only feeling.'

'Well, one thing I know,' persisted the man, 'you've got the wrong tooth.'

'Very well,' returned Dody, 'just as you say: I'll pull any tooth you like; I aint at all particular about that.'

The patient was presently seated once more, and opening wide his jaws, designated with his finger the particular tooth he wished to have extracted.

'I see it,' said the student beginning again to flourish his horse fleam: 'I'll get the right one now, if there's any right to it' Then cutting freely around the tooth, he took the extracting instrument and began to make a demonstration of applying it, when the patient charged him anew to be sure and get the right tooth.

'Don't put yourself in a pucker,' replied the youth: 'don't you think I've pulled a tooth afore to-day?' Then applying the instrument, he began to twist; but presently resting on his oars, he asked if it hurt!

'Out with it,' said the man, angrily stammering with the instrument in his mouth.

'Very well, sir,' said Dody, and he began to twist once more; but stopping again, while the patient writhed with pain he inquired the second time, with singular humanity, if it did'nt hurt.

When the patient, ungrateful for all this attention to his feelings instead of replying merely, drew his fist, and taking the operator on the side of the head very nearly knocked him down. Then imitating the language of the student, he asked in turn, 'does that hurt?

Dody now raised his fist and was about to make a rejoinder in similar terms; but suddenly recollecting himself, he forebore to strike, saying it was his place to cure and not to kill, and that if the patient would allow him to apply the instrument once more, the tooth should come out pretty darned quick.

The patient acquiesced, but swore that if he stopped again to ask whether it hurt he would break this good-for-nothing numbskull for him.

'I meant it in a civil way,' returned the student 'and had no idea you'd be affronted about it. But I'll do the job to your liking now, I'll make the tooth hop like a parched pea: if I don't darn me!' With that he applied the instrument and giving a sudden and forcible wrench, out came two teeth. 'There,' said he, 'was'nt that done slick?

'Oh you've pulled my head off,' exclaimed the man springing upon his feet, applying his hand to his jaw, groaning, roaring, and raving, like a mad bull which had just shaken a mastiff from his nose.

'Well, 'twas done plagy slick, was'nt it,' said Dody, 'for the first one?' thus in his exultation, betrayed the ignorance which he had before had the cunning to conceal.

'The first one!' roared the man, with mingled rage and astonishment: 'did'nt you just tell me you had pulled many a one?'

'I wonder if I did!' returned the prudent youth.

'Yes, you did, said the patient. Then looking at the spoils of his mouth, which his pain had prevented his examining before, he broke out with a new rage. 'Confound your awkward soul! you've pulled two teeth instead of one?'

'Well, you need't be so mad about it,' returned the student cooly, 'I shant charge you for more than one.'

'Shan't charge! No, I guess you won't! would'nt had it pulled that sound tooth for a bright silver dollar. It's enough to loose a rotten one.'

'It's no loss to loose a rotten tooth though,' replied the student, 'and as to the sound one, that would have been rotten some time if I had'nt pulled it. I think it best to make a business of it when you're about it, and have a good number pulled at once. They come cheaper in that way.'

'You ought'nt to ask any thing for pulling either of these, seeing you've made such a fist at it.'

'Well I told you I should'nt charge you for more than one.'

'I'll be darned if I'll ever pay you for that.'

'It's no consarn of mine,' returned the student 'you may settle it with Dr. Whistlewind.'

The patient again bound up his jaws with the handkerchief, put the two extracted teeth in his pocket, to keep as a memorial of his sufferings and bidding the student good day, left the shop.

GOING AS FREIGHT.

An Irishman, whose funds were rather low, had footed it all the way to Wheeling and was still desirous to get as far as Portsmouth, thence to proceed by canal to a point not far distant from the latter place, where work was to be obtained. Having worn his toes through his boots, and the heels of a pair of old shoes quite low, he gave up the idea of using "shank's mare" any longer. There were plenty of steamboats puffing and blowing at the landing, and he became quite fascinated at the idea of such an easy mode of conveyance.

"Captain, dear," said he, stepping on board a beautiful craft—"Captain, dear, an what'll you charge to take me to Portsmouth?"

"Seven dollars, in the cabin."

"Siven dollars! arrah! siven dollars! Why captain, dear, I hav'n't the half of that sum."

"Oh, never mind that, Pat, I'll take you as a deck passenger for three dollars, if you'll half work your passage, that is, help the hands to wood the boat."

Pat mused some minutes on this proposition, and then put another question.

"And Captain, dear, what'll you take about a hundred and sixty pounds of freight for?"

"I'll charge you seventy five cents for that."

"Then, Captain, you see, I'm just the boy that weighs that—so you can enter me as freight, and I'll stow away snug enough somewhere below stairs."

A proposition so novel pleased the Captain highly, and calling one of the hands, he gave directions to have Pat carefully stowed away in the hold—and ordered the clerk to enter on the freight list—"*One Irishman weighing* 160 *pounds.*"

Pat kept snug until he reached Portsmouth, a distance of 356 miles—having shown himself but twice, and for only a few minutes at a time during the whole passage. There he paid his freight, of seventy five cents, honorably, and was next seen with his bundle, tramping it along the tow path of the canal for his desired destination.—[Baltimore Athenæum.

"I WISH I WAS A PIG."—Among the dry, quaint and philosophical scenes with which Mr. Neal's recent volume of "Charcoal Sketches" abounds, we think this soliloquy of a loafer, who had been sleigh riding and got "spilt," is inimitable. "It's man's natur," I believe, and we can't help it, no how, as fur me, I wish I was a pig; there's some sense in being a pig wot's fat, pigs don't have to speculate and bust; pigs never go a sleighing, quarrel with their daddies in law wot was to be, get into sprees, and make tarnal fools of themselves. Pigs is decent behaved people and good citizens, though they ain't got no wote. And then they haven't got no clothes to put on of cold mornings when they get up; they don't have to be darnin' and patchin their own pants; they don't wear no old hat on their heads, nor have to ask people for'em; cold wittles is plenty for pigs. My eyes! if I was a jolly fat pig belonging to respectable people, it would be tantamount to nothin' with me who was president. Who ever see'd one pig settin' on a cold curbstone a rubbin' another pig's head wot got chucked out of a sleigh? Pigs has too much sense to go a ridin' if so be they as can help it. I wish I was one, and out of this scrape.—It's true, pigs has their trouble as well as humans; constables ketches 'em, dogs bites 'em, and pigs is done over suckers as men, but pigs never runs their noses in scrapes, coaxin' themselves to believe its fun, as we do. I never seen a pig go the whole hog in my life, 'sept upon rum cherries."

A SHORT SERMON.—'A word spoken in season, how good it is," and never, perhaps, was this proverb more fully verified than by the opportunity improved, as all opportunities should be, by the late Rev. Rowland Hill. He was once walking in Cheapside, on a Sabbath afternoon, when he overheard a conversation between two young men of gay appearance who were closely behind him.—"Where shall we go to this evening?" asked one of them. "Wherever we can have a bit of fun," replied the other. "Then let us go to *Old Rowley's* chapel said his companion, "there will be some fun there." It was accordingly agreed upon; and while the worthy Divine was reading the lesson in the evening, his eye discerned in the gallery near him the very two persons whom he had beheld in the street but a few hours before; and the following words of his text were taken from Psalms ix. 17. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God." For a moment the Minister paused, and then looking them both full in the face, and pointing to them with all the dignity of his calling repeated to them the awful denunciation of scripture, adding at the same time, "There's FUN for ye, my boys!"

From the Mobile Examiner.

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON.

The Tuscaloosa papers announce the death of James Robinson, familiarly known as 'Horse-Shoe Robinson,' and the hero of Kennedy's exciting novel of the same name. He was one of the most ardent of the humble heroes of the revolution, and his astonishing bravery in all sorts of peril, was the universal theme of those who knew him. A friend at our side had frequently visited the veteran, within two or three years back. He describes the old man as cheerful and as enthusiastic at the mention of the glorious deeds of the revolution, as when in youth he met the enemy arm to arm in the plains and swamps of South Carolina. He loved to recite the deeds of his early days, and his memory was a complete store-house of the heroic gallantries of the partisan leaders of the south.

The old man, we believe lived in South Carolina, at the time Kennedy was searching for his book. The latter, of course frequently applied to Robinson for the events of his chequered life. Whether he refused to gratify the anxious novel-maker, we do not know. Certain it is, however, that he disliked Kennedy; and seemed to be very careless of being made the hero of a story, or that his hair breadth escapes should become the subject of wonder among the patrons of circulating libraries.

Robinson was a man of the firmest integrity, and although perfectly ignorant of the rudiments of the simplest education, he was highly esteemed by the better informed persons whom curiosity led to seek his acquaintance. The papers of Tuscaloosa eulogise his social character, and state that he lived for fifty years in the greatest happiness with his recently deceased wife.

Irish Equity.—A couple from the Green Island, Pat and Nancy, had settled on the Mississippi, and in course of time, (to use the language of the region,) had 'acquired six children and nine negroes.' Pat had a mind to better his fortunes, and to go unencumbered higher up the river; and therefore explained his plans to Nancy, finishing with, 'And so, my darling,' I'll lave you; but I'd do my best by you, I'll lave you the six dear, nate pretty little children, and I'll take the nine nasty dirty negroes.'—*Miss Martineau.*

The French correspondent of the New York American—Robert Walsh, Esq.—in one of his late letters from Paris, makes the following relation in reference to the quadrupeds of that country:

I know not by what association of ideas the French quadrupeds present themselves to my mind, but it occurs to me to pay them a just tribute. They are beyond all that I have seen of their kind, in *behaviour*, in sagacity and docility. Neither in Paris, where horses are countless, nor in any other part of the kingdom have I witnessed more than two or three instances of refractoriness.—They are full of spirit and vigor, yet perfectly tractable in any situation. They seem quite able, without the aid of a driver, to take the right course, to thread the narrow streets, and dodge the thick coming vehicles of every sort. They neigh, snort, squeal and paw incessantly, when stopped, in the public coaches, yet do not move forward without orders. Few of them, comparatively, in those coaches, are geldings; but they are equally submissive.

Having engaged a seat at St. Germain en Laye in a *Velocifere* with four broad-breasted, round-backed fiery-eyed Normans, I was induced by their horrid noise and restless stamping, as they stood at the door of the inn, to ask the driver, who was walking at a little distance and cracking his whip in unison, if his steeds were not unruly and very troublesome? Sir, said he but they are French and they are tired of waiting.—*Monsieur ils sont Francaise, et ils s'ennuyent a rein faire.*) They prove perfect. The best of our drivers, with the best of our horses, would find it at first a most arduous and perilous task to get along in the streets in Paris at any pace, and still more, as the cabrioleis and private equipages are whirled. Accidents are much less frequent than might be expected. This is owing, too, in good part, to the rigor of the Police regulations.—However, the driver of the public vehicles, or their owners may be insured at regular offices against all damages for injury to things or persons.

Paris has been called the hell of horses. No where else are such burdens imposed on the animal. From six to ten or twelve passengers are commonly seen in the one-horse public conveyances between the capital and the neighboring towns to the distance of five or more leagues. They go night and day, are fed of rough and cruel treatment. I should be accused of more than exageration if I were to tell you of the loads which I have seen imposed in every form. Mecklenburg furnishes Paris with a large *quota* of sturdy horses, employed chiefly for the carriages of two or four wheels, drawn by one. As the Grand Duke is now mollified and has graciously forgiven the Princess *Herene*, his Plenipotentiary at Paris might succeed in a negociation for a decrease of the high duty on this import.

Peculiar excellence is attributed to the cross of the Mecklenburg and Norman breeds. The Normans of large size are preferred for heavy draught, and for this purpose the Swiss also are in much repute. Paris possesses a considerable number of English horses, as you may suppose, and that is now, more than ever, on the increase. The King's stables have just been replenished from England. It is the fashion with the French quality, as well as the Britons, to employ them in their equipages and under the saddle. They do not bear long exposure to the Paris weather, especially the night air. Their price is very high, varying for a pair from five to twelve thousand francs. The Parisians in general are far from being graceful riders.—The number of female equestrians is much smaller than might be expected, yet what a field for exercise is the *Bois de Bologne.*

Carriage horses here are not matched as often or as strictly by color, as by size, gait, strength, and general beauty.—Notwithstanding the multitude of various breeds, including the American, the Arabian, and Italian, the very handsome are rare. The French troopers of every discription are exceedingly well mounted for both service and show. The reports and debates of the Chambers at that last and present session on the veterinary establishment and national studs, the stock for the army, &c., comprise a great many curious particulars which I have margined for future digestion. When the canals and rail roads are completed, the question of draught animals will have quite another aspect in France.

Dogs and *cats*, in and about the capital, are equally well disciplined. Grimalkin watches a bowl of cream for the *mistress*, and abstains from a mouse unless permitted or invited to indulge her instinct. She obeys orders like the dog. The stoical latitude and mien which we have seen the cats preserve, when alone in the shops, in the midst of temptations that would prove too powerful in our country, have repeatedly excited our attention and laughter. The Angola cat commands an exorbitant price, *chiefly according to the length and breadth of its tail*, for the work table (*Chiffoniere,*) or fire-side. The *canine* species is decidedly the most favored here of the animal creation. In the neighborhood of Paris, mastiffs are used for draught, often in Paris, particularly in the small market carts. *Its sont*, like the horse, *perfaitement dresses*, of perfect training. But the more diminutive kinds—all especially that can serve or pass for lap dogs, (*babichons*) are incredibly prized and diffused. To possess them is the delight and ambition of the dames of every degree.—Your Lady of the higher pretensions, exhibits her pet in her saloon and reception chamber, and invariably from one of the windows or sides of her caleche when she takes her airing. The men of fashion often show theirs, of different races and sizes, in their curricles, &c. When the spouse of the bourgeois goes to the promenade of the Boulevards or the Tuileries, the corpulent or the lean husband, *le gros rejoui ou pauvre fluet*, the domestic friend *ami de la maison*, or the young cousin, *Alford* or *Alphonse* lugs and fondless the inestimable pug, or leads him by a string. This mode of companionship is common with the women, and preferred by the British dowagers and spinsters.—The amusement which the Parisians find in the gambols of these pets, can be paralleled only by that which the motley visiters of the Garden of Plants, manifest at those of the populous colony of monkeys in the vast cage open to them from the several adjacent cells.

The prices of the breeds of *Bleinheim* and *Charles 2d*, the Italian grayhound, the small spaniel, &c., equal those of the good ordinary horses. An English resident known to me, gave last year, 50 guineas for a tiny 'Stuart.' Dog-hospitals and doctors, the most commodious and spacious kennels, factors, trainers and shearers, abound. A foreign gentleman of my acquaintance purchased, last winter, a lap-dog, certainly not an Adonis, for seven hundred francs. As he was about to step into his carriage with his family, full dressed for a soiree, a maid servant brought them the dismal intelligence that Cupid seemed to be grevious-ly ill.

The party returned forthwith to their drawing room, where the dog was giving signs of a heavy indigestion. The ladies could not bear to leave him in that state; they relinquished the soiree, and the gentleman employed the carriage for two hours in pursuing the physician of chief celebrity for this branch of a fashionable household. When the eminent practioner arrived, Cupid was so far convalescent that *tisane* and rest were alone proscribed. I throw out this anecdimen of the common mania. The cutting, shearing and purifying, make quite a large and lucrative profession, who receive the animals in their own quarters, or operate *a domicile* at the dwellings of the fortunate owners.

A considerable portion of the *mignons* are the ugliest curs that can be imagined; of exterior and temper like one inimitably described by Washington Irving, in his Bracebridge Hall. Instead of exterminating thousands, as you at New York do, each summer, you should freight vessels with them for French ports, as a speculation in the metropolis. Jason's golden fleece was not a better cargo, than might be a well assorted canine venture—suitably ugly and shaggy.

From the Balt. American, of May 23.

PLAN OF A NATIONAL BANK.

Our Washington correspondent's letter, published yesterday, made mention of the presentation to the U. S. Senate, by Mr. Clay, of a petition asking for the establishment of a Bank of the United States. The remarks made by Mr. Clay in presenting the petition are thus reported in the National Intelligencer, and will be read with great interest:

Mr. Clay of Kentucky, rose and stated that he wished to present a petition confided to his care, signed by a number of persons, praying for the establishment of a Bank of the United States. It was similar to several other petitions which had been presented to the Senate, or to the House, during the present session, praying for the same object. They afford evidence of a deep and returning conviction, among the People, of the utility of such an institution.

Whilst I am up, (continued Mr. Clay,) with the permission of the Senate, I I beg leave to submit a few observations upon this subject. There is a reason to believe that much honest misconception and some misrepresentation prevails in regard to it, which I wish to correct. It had been supposed that those who are desirous of seeing a Bank of the United States established are anxious that a charter should be granted to an existing State institution, which has an eminent individual at its head, and that this was the sole object of all their exertions. Now I wish, for one, to say, that I have no such purpose in view. I entertain for that gentleman very high respect, I believe him uncommonly able, profoundly skilled in finance, and truly patriotic. There is but one other person, connected with the banking institutions of the country, in whose administration of a Bank of the United States I should have equal confidence with Mr. Biddle, and that is Albert Gallatin, who I am glad to learn, at an advanced age, retains, in full vigor, the faculties of his extraordinary mind. There may be other citizens equally competent with those two gentlemen, but I do not know them, or am not acquainted with their particular qualifications.

But it is not for any existing State bank, of any particular individual at its head, that I am contending.—I believe the establishment of a Bank of the United States is required by the common good of the whole country; and although I might be willing, if it were practicable, to adopt an existing bank as the basis of such an institution, under all circumstances, I think it most expedient that a *new* bank, with power to establish branches, be created and chartered under the authority of Congress. My friends (as far as I know their opinions) and I am not particularly attached to this or that existing bank, but to principles, to the thing itself, to the institution, to a well organized Bank of the United States, under the salutary operation of which the business of the country had so greatly prospered, and we had every reason to hope would again revive and prosper. And, presuming upon the indulgence of the Senate, I will now take the liberty to suggest, for public consideration, some of those suitable conditions and restrictions under which it appears to me, that it would be desirable to establish a new bank.

1. The capital not to be extravagantly large, but, at the same time, amply sufficient to enable it to perform the needful financial duties for the Government; to supply a general currency of uniform value throughout the Union; and to facilitate, as nigh as practicable, the equalization of domestic exchange. I suppose that about fifty millions would answer all those purposes. The stock might be divided between the General Government, the States, according to their federal population, and individual subscribers. The portion assigned to the latter to be distributed at auction or by private subscription.

2. The corporation, in the spirit of a resolution recently adopted by the General Assembly of the State, one of whose Senators I have the honor to be, to receive such an organization as to blend, in fair proportions, public and private control, and combining public and private interests. And, in order to exclude the possibility of the exercise of all foreign influence, non-resident foreigners to be prohibited not only from any share in the administration of the corporation, but from holding, directly or indirectly, any portion of its stock. Although I do not myself think this latter restriction necessary, or unobjectionable to honest prejudices, sincerely entertained, and which no practical statesman ought entirely to disregard. The bank would thus be, in its origin, and continue, throughout its whole existence, a genuine American institution.

3. An adequate portion of the capital to be set apart in productive stocks, and placed in permanent security, beyond the reach of the corporation, (with the exception of the accruing profits on those stocks,) sufficient to pay promptly, in any contingency, the amount of all such paper, under whatever form, that the bank shall put forth as a part of the general circulation. The bill or note holders, in other words, the mass of the community, ought to be protected against the possibility of the failure or the suspension of the bank. The supply of the circulating medium of a country is that faculty of a bank, the propriety of the exercise of which may be most controverted. The dealings with a bank, of those who obtain discounts, or make deposites, are voluntary and mutually advantageous, and they are comparatively few in number. But the reception of what is issued and used as a part of the circulating medium of the country is scarcely a voluntary act, and thousands take it who have no other concern whatever with the bank. The many ought to be guarded and secured by the care of the legislative authority; the vigilance of the few will secure them against loss. I think this provision is a desideratum in our American banking, and the credit of first embodying it in a legislative act is due to the State of New York.

4. Perfect publicity as to the state of the bank at all times, including, besides the usual heads of information, the names of every debtor to the Bank, whether as drawer, endorser, or surety, periodically exhibited, and open to public inspection; or, if that should be found inconvenient, the right to be secured to any citizen to ascertain at the bank the nature and extent of the responsibility of any of its customers. There is no necessity to throw any veil of secrecy around the ordinary transactions of a bank. Publicity will increase responsibility, repress favoritism, insure the negotiation of good paper, and, when individual insolvency unfortunately occurs, will deprive the bank of undue advantages now enjoyed by banks practically in the distribution of the effects of the insolvent.

5. A limitation of the dividends so as not to authorize more than — per cent. to be struck. This will check undue expansions in the circulating medium, and restrain improper extension of business in the administration of the bank.

6. A prospective reduction in the rate of interest, so as to restrict the bank to six per cent. simply, or if practicable, to only five per cent. Banks now receive at the rate of near 6¾ per cent. by demanding the interest in advance, and by charging for an additional day.—The reduction may be effected by forbearing to

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