EASTON GAZETTE.

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From the Adventures of Valentine Vox.

A VENTRILOQUIST AT THE PHRENOLOGYCAL LECTURE.

• • • • The place was crowded, and when the appointed time had passed without the appearance of the professor the audience began to manifest that respectable sort of impatience which develops itself in a gentle, timid tapping of sticks and umbrellas. The amount of intelligence displayed by the audience was truely striking; and as Valentine was able at a glance to perceive who were really phrenologists, and who really were not by the mode in which their hair was arranged—for the phrenologists wore theirs entirely off their fore heads, in order that every bump which could be seen might be seen, while the anti-individuals suffered theirs to hang roughly or if it would curl, to curl accordingly upon their latent brows—he became extremely interested in speculating upon the extent to which the advocates of the science would be prepared to go.—He had not however, speculated long when a movement was made upon the rostrum—a movement which was palpably indicative of something. Every eye was of course directed most anxiously towards the door, and when the professor, who performed part of a solemn procession, entered, the applause was exceedingly liberal and loud. The members of the committee then seated themselves at a most respectable distance on either side, and when the professor had recovered his self possession, he coughed slightly, gave several peculiar ahems! and then in sweet silvery tones said "Ladies and Gentlemen in speaking of the science of phrenology the first consideration which suggests itself is, whether the external developement of man's propensities and passions be the cause or the effect of those propensities and passions. Now, in order that I may idustrate clearly that such developement is the effect and not the cause, I propose to direct your attention to the peculiar organization of the heads of certain well known characters, whose skulls I have here. Now, continued the learned professor, taking up a very singular formed skull in both hands and looking at it intently—"this is the head of Tim Thornhill; the murderer!"

"The what?" cried Valentine dextrously pitching his voice into the skull.

The startled professor dropped it on the instant, and as it rolled with peculiar indignation upon the rostrum, the audience simultaneously burst into a convulsive roar of laughter.

The professor at first did not laugh.—By no means; he looked amazed, turned pale, very pale and slightly trembled as he stared at the rolling skull. But when he sufficiently recovered himself to know that all were laughing around him he certainly made a lamentable effort to join them. And this gave him courage, for he proceeded to pick up the object of amazement, but no sooner had he got his hands upon it again, than Valentine cried, "A murderer?" in a tone of great solemnity.

The professor again started back, but the laughter of the audience was neither so loud or so general as before, seeing that many had been struck with the idea that there was something supernatural about it.

"This is very strange, very strange—extraordinary!" said the professor, "very very extraordinary!"

"A murderer?" repeated Valentine, in a deeply reproachful tone which of course seemed to proceed from the relic of Tom Thornhill.

The audience laughed no more.—They did not even smile. They looked at each other with an expression of wonder, and felt that the skull was under some ghostly influence, while the professor, albeit, by no means prone to superstition, was utterly lost in amazement.

"Is it possible," thought he "that this skull can be inhabited by the spirit of Tim Thornhill? Is it possible that the spirit can have spoken?" He was not prepared to say that it was impossible, and the assumption of its not being impossible generated the consideration of its possibility, which added to the evidence of his own ears, at length reduced the thing to a certainty or something very like it. And this seemed to be the conclusion at which the members of the committee had arrived for they looked extremely grave and altogether at a loss to give expression to their feelings on the subject.

"Ladies and gentlemen, said the professor, after a very awful pause, during which it happened to strike him that he ought to say something. "I scarcely know how to address you. This occurrence is of so extraordinary a character, that I really don't know what to think. With a view to the promotion of science and ——".

"Ha!—ha!—ha!"—cried Valentine, in a Osmithian tone, and at moderate intervals, throwing his voice behind the professor, who started, but dare not look around. "Ha!—he!—he!"—he repeated, making the voice appear to proceed from a much greater distance, and while the chairman, the professor, and the gentlemen of the committee had scarcely the power to breath, the skulls on the table seemed to enjoy the thing exceedingly for they really, in the imagination of all present, appeared to be grinning more decidedly than ever. There is nothing in nature that startles men more than a noise for which they cannot account. However strongly strung may be their nerves; however slight may be the sound which they hear, if they can not account for that sound, it at once chills their blood, and in spite of them sets their imagination on the rack. If the voice which apparently proceeded from that skull had reached the ear of a man when alone, the effect would have been infinitely more striking, inasmuch as if pious, he would have looked to that protection for which we all think of looking when no other aid is near, while, if impious, he with the greatest possible promptitude would have exclaimed,—Why the devil's in the skull, and run away. As in this case, however there were nearly four hundred intellectual persons present, they stuck to each other for and during the awful silence which, for sometime prevailed, the more reflecting began to reason themselves over the shock thus: "Why, what have we to fear? We never injured Tim Thornhill. He might have been a very ill-used man, but we never ill-used him, he might have been innocent of the crime for which he suffered, but we did not cause him to suffer. His spirit therefore can not be angry with us, unless indeed it be a very unreasonable spirit. What then have we to fear?"

By virtue of this profound course of reasoning many recovered their self-possession, and as Valentine remained silent to enjoy the effect he had produced, he had time to reflect upon that moral weakness of which we are peculiarly the victims.

"It is probable," thought he, "that there are in this assembly many strong minded men—men whom nothing on earth tangible could appal, who could fight lions undismayed, and who have courage to endure the most intense physical torture without a groan, yet see how the slightest sound alarms them—they can stand unmoved while the mighty thunder roars; yet let them hear a whisper for which they cannot account, and their blood runs cold and their hearts sink within them."

There are, however, some individuals in the world, who, as soon as the shock has subsided, begin to ridicule that which alarmed them, and one of them happened to be the chairman of the committee. He had been startled by the sound perhaps more than any other man present; but when he could hear it no longer, he no longer feared it, and therefore commenced laughing and pinching those gentlemen who sat near him, and tried to bring the whole affair in contempt. This course of proceeding was not, however, relished by those gentlemen much, for although they very naturally shrunk back when he pinched them, they preserved a solemnity of aspect which was under the circumstances highly correct. He then approached the professor and labored to convince him that it was after all nothing, and did certainly succeed in relaxing the rigidity of that gentleman's features.

"Pick up that skull!,' cried Valentine, who was anxious to see what he could do with it; and the chairman adjusted his cravat looked magnanimous, and picked up the skull!—Valentine was silent, the professor was silent, and the audience was silent, while the chairman held the skull in his hand, and examined it minutely. He felt that his courage had excited admiration, and was prompted by this feeling to show off a little more. He therefore turned the skull over and over again, and after placing his grinning jaws to his ear very boldly, he tossed it up as if it had been a mere ball, and caught it again with considerable skill.

This had the effect of restoring the audience to something bearing the resemblance of good humor. A smile seemed to be anxious to develope itself upon their features, and although it was more than half suppressed, the valiant chairman grew bolder and bolder, and being determined to throw contempt upon their fears, he rolled the skull from one point to another, put his finger between its huge teeth, and really treated it altogether with unparalleled indignity.

"What is the matter with you, eh?" said he playfully patting the skull; "What ails you? Are you not well, Mr. Thornhill? Bear me, I am exceedingly sorry you have been disturbed."

The audience now began to laugh heartily again, and to believe what they had wished all along to believe, that they were very grossly mistaken. But just as they were about to be ashamed of themselves by having suffered the sounds which they had heard to alarm them, the chairman rattled the skull of Tom Thornhill against that of an eminent philanthrophist so violently, that Valentine, in a deep hollow tone, which appeared to proceed from behind the committe, who were joking with great freedom and spirit cried "Forbear!"

The effect was electrical. The members of the committee were on their legs in an instant: the chairman dropped the skull, and stood trembling with due energy; the professor turned pale; opening his mouth and held his breath, while the audience were if possible more amazed than before, "Bless me!" cried one 'what on earth can it mean?' "Good heaven!" cried another, "it must be a spirit." 'The place is haunted,' cried a third. 'Let's go! said a fourth; and let's go" said at once about fifty female echoes.

There was a rush towards the door. The whole of the ladies departed, and none remained behind but really strong minded men, who had been induced to do so in consequence of Valentine having shouted surely two hundred of us are a match for one ghost!"

This, however, was an excessively wicked observation. It was felt to be so generally, although it had the effect of inducing them to stop; for however impious might be the notion that a ghost, if it felt disposed to attack them, could not beat them all into fits, they felt it was probable one might appear, and that in the society of two hundred men, they should rather like to see it. They therefore looked for its appearance with considerable anxiety, while the members of the committee were expressing their amazement in decidedly cabalistic terms:

"What's to be done, gentlemen?" at length said the professor; "whats to be done?"

Those gentlemen raised their eyes to the ceiling and shook their heads solemly. The chairman looked very mysterious. He shuffled and figitted, and pursed his thick lips, and scratched his head violently—in fact, his appearance altogether was nothing at all like what it was when he playfully patted the skull of Tim Thornhill.

At length one of his colleagues—a scraggy individual, whose nose was quite blue and round as a ball—rose to observe that he had always maintained through thick and thin, right and left, that every effect must have a regular legitimate cause; that although it would sometimes occur that when the cause was absent, the effect would be so in that particular instance and that he would therefore suggest that if the sounds which they had heard did proceed from that skull it were perfectly probable that if the skull was removed, the sounds would go quickly with it.

This was hailed as an excellent suggestion. They all marvelled how they could have been so stupid as not to have thought of it before. They felt that of course it was likely—that nothing in fact could be in reality more likely than the removal of the skull would have precisely the same result; they were certain that it would, they were never so certain of any thing in their lives—the question was who would remove it? The professor did not appear anxious to do so—the chairman did not seem to like the job at all; the gentleman by whom the suggestion had been made, thought naturally enough that he had done his share towards it, and his colleagues as naturally imagined that by urging the expediency of acting upon that suggestion, they had done quite as much as they could under the circumstances be reasonably expected to do.

At length the chairman was struck very forcibly with a bright & novel thought. The porter was in the hall. He might have heard something about the extraordinary occurrence from those who had departed, but it was held to be very unlikely, seeing that he was not only an Irishman, but a very sound sleeper.—The porter was therefore sent for at once, and he came. He seemed rather confused as he bowed most respectfully, first to the professor, and secondly to the chairman, thirdly to the gentlemen of the committee and fourthly to the audience; for as it was clearly his first appearance on any stage he felt very awkward and looked very droll.

'Murphy,' said the chairman, 'pick up that skull and take it into the hall.'

'It's the skull yer mane, sorr? Yes, sorr,' said Murphy, and he opened his shoulders precisely as if he had been about to remove some remarkable heavy weight; but he had no sooner got it fairly up, than Valentine, sending his voice very clearly into it, cried 'Beware!'

'*Murther!*' cried Murphy, droping the skull, and raising his hands with his fingers stretched as widely as possible apart. He appeared not to have sufficient breath to give utterance to another word, but standing in that attitude with his mouth wide open, he stared at the skull with an expression of horror.

'Well, sir! well?" said the chairman, after a pause. 'What's the matter? Take it up sir, this moment.'

Murphy stared at the chairman, then at the professor, then at the audience, and then at the skull. He had no wish to be disobedient, although he feared to obey. He therefore kicked the skull a little; then shrank from it a little, then examined it a little—and then kicked it again.

'Do you hear sir?' shouted the chairman.

'Yes, sorr!' cried Murphy; who trembled with great freedom—

'It's alive sorr! taint dead!'

'Nonsense!' cried the chairman, 'away with it at once!'

'What in the devil will I do,' said Murphy, whining in a most melancholy tone.

'Do you hear, sir? Take it below instantly.'

Murphy again approached it, then rubbed himself all over; then tucked up his sleeves to gain time, & then touched it again with his foot, while he shook his head doubtfully, and eyed it with great fierceness.

"Now then!" cried the chairman and Murphy again stooped, and then put out his hand within a yard of the skull, and drew near to it gradually; inch by inch, but the moment he was about to place his hand again upon it, Valentine cried, "Beware!"

"*Och!*" cried Murphy, striking an attitude of terror, in which, with his eyes fixed firmly upon the skull, he shrank to the very back of the rostrum.

The chairman and the professor, here held a consultation of which the result was an announcement that the lecture must of necessity be postponed. "What we have this night heard," said the professor, "is so mysterious—so strange, that I cannot really trust myself to speak on the subject. It is however a mystery which I trust we shall be able to solve by——

"Bury me!" interrupted Valentine.—"Let me rest in peace, and seek no more"

The professor did not finish the speech he had commenced: but bowing to the audience, he left the stage followed by the chairman and the gentlemen of the committee. Murphy could not of course take the precedence of any of them; he therefore, with his eyes fixed upon the skull, backed out as closely to the last man as possible, but before he had made his exit an idea seemed to strike him and that too with horror—that when all had departed, he was the man who would have to extinguish the lights!

"ONLY HALF A DOLLAR."

We dined with our friend Tomson the other day.—It was the first time we had been to see him since he quit his large house in Walnut Street and moved to his present small one. Every thing looked comfortable enough about his new dwelling, except Mrs. Tomson, and she declared there was not room to turn round in such a little hole. Tomson however has borne his reverses with admirable fortitude and good humor, considering how immensely rich he was, or was supposed to be which is the same thing, a few years ago. Misery loves company and it is one thing to fail or curtail now-a-days, when nearly all one's neighbors are doing the same thing; but it was quite another thing four years ago, when all the world rode a high horse. To return to our friend Tomson,—his lands, his loans, and his stocks have turned out to have no more substance than the father of Glenn's Saponaceous Compound. His fourteen sections in Indiana and Illinois are from some cause or other,—remoteness from a market, prevalence of milk sickness in the neighborhood, or something of that kind—worth less than the original government price. The Hug a mug and Derry Down Rail Road Loan, and the stock of the Flipflap Bank, in which he was interested to the amount of forty-eight thousand dollars, are now quoted so low that he considers them worth little or nothing.

But as Thomson remarked when he sat down to dinner, "every thing has so depreciated in value that no man can tell what he is worth," & so we place no positive estimate upon his property. We have said that his house is comfortable and so it is. He has persuaded Mrs Tomson to part with a few of the most splendid articles of her furniture, purchased within the last five years, because Mrs. T. has the good taste to see that they do not become her present contracted establishment. As we were dining, the conversation was partly about the change in Tomson's style of living. We have always been very intimate, and he tells us all about his affairs: "I have told Mrs. Tomson," said he in the course of the talk, "at least one hundred times within the last month that I find our expenditures must not exceed $2,500 dollars a year." "I will vouch for your having said so a thousand times," rejoined our hostess. "I hear nothing but retrenchment, economy and reform! The cry is as loud and frequent in this house as it used to be a among the Harrison men before the election." Then Mrs. T. addressed herself to us particularly—"Why, sir, would you believe it, I asked Mr. Tomson to order a quart of ice cream. He knew you would dine with us—but no—it would cost eighty-seven and a half cents—and so he must economize, and now we have no ice-cream!" After the delivery of this speech, Tomson took out his pocket book and made a memorandum in it.

The conversation turned. We remarked that the streets had not looked very nice recently, and ventured to suggest that the new city administration had not yet got warm enough in their places to take a peep out of the windows and see in what a dirty condition are the thoroughfares. To this remark Mrs. Tomson assented, and added that for her part she regretted nothing so much as the giving up of her carriage. "Indeed" she added, "I hate cabs, but this morning I was out shopping, and the streets were so uncleanly, that I got into a cab in Second street, and rode home." "Were you tired, my dear, so that you could not walk?" asked Tomson. "No, but I did'nt want to walk, and the cab was only twenty-five cents." Tomson took out his pocket book and made another memorandum in it.

"You were out my dear shopping this morning, you say." What did you buy? enquired Tomson. "Nothing at all. I saw fifty things I wanted, but I knew you would begin a lecture about economy the instant you should see them." "Well I admire your self denial in buying nothing." "Nothing!—Oh no. I bought this little pink plush cravat for myself—the cheapest thing I ever saw. They ask a dollar and a quarter in Chesnut street for the same article, and what do you think I gave for it?" "Well," replied Tomson, "have you not a pink silk one, and do you need this new one?' 'Not positively, but then it was only three-quarters of a dollar.' Tomson took out his pocket book and made another memorandum in it.

'Well,' Mrs. Tomson said we "you have certainly not given your husband cause to lecture you to-day on retrenchment, economy and reform, if three-quarters of a dollar is the amount of all your shopping.' 'Stop,' exclaimed the lady.' 'I have not shown you one purchase I made,—cheaper than the plush cravat. Do you see this pair of Mitts? What do you think I gave for them?'—We could not guess, but Mr. Tomson asked of what use they were. "Oh, none at all,' answered his wife, but they are so pretty, and so very cheap. I gave only half a dollar for them!' Tomson took out his pocket book and made another memorandum it.

Tomson! what are you writing in that book,' we asked inquisitively. "Well, I will show you,' said he, and then placed the book in our hands, where we read in pencil, the following entries,

October 25.

Credit J. T for Ice Cream not bought	87½cents
Charge Mrs. T. for Cab hire when she could walk,	only 25cents
Charge Mrs. T. for pink plush cravat not wanted,	only 75cents
Charge Mrs. T. for mitts not wanted,	only 50cents
	$1.50cents

After we had examined these, during which time Mr. and Mrs. Tomson sat silent, he took the book, wrote something more in it, and then returned it to us, with this calculation:

$1.50

Multiplied by 365, the number of days in the year.

750
900
450

$547.50.—Five hundred and forty-seven dollars and fifty cents a year.

'You see,' said Tomson, "ONLY twenty five cents; ONLY seventy five cents, ONLY half a dollar, is at the rate of more than five hundred dollars a year out of my pocket,—more than one fifth of the sum that I am able, as an honest man, to spend,—and all for things not wanted!'

It was time for us to go when Mr. Tomson had concluded this remark, so we left him and the imprudent Mrs. T. But we remembered the last item in the pocket book against,—"only half a dollar,' and we thought if all our friends in these hard times, would only remember how a few cents a day make a hundred dollars a year, they would look well at it before they would spend *only half a dollar.—Phil. Nat. Gaz.*

To the Editors of the New York Express—the same paper my old friend Mr. Dwight printed a spell ago.

WASHINGTON, 25th October, 1841.

Mr. Editor,—We have have got every thing now considerably slick'd up—the frontier deviltry pretty much quieted—and the Simenoles thrash'd out of their swamps—all the good laws of the last session put in harness and matters generally in train to work well—and the Government Mill working as smooth as it is possible, and as Capt. Tyler wanted a little rest and quiet he has gone down to Virginny, for there is no more chance to get it here than on the top of a locomotive—for folks from all parts of creation keep calling in to see and shake hands with the Capting, each one thinking now that Congress aint here it is a good chance, and so each one adds to the crowd, and wonders why so many folks are found at the White House at this *dull* season—making a pump handle of the capting's arm and some on 'm trying to pump something out on him—but the Capting is as cute as he is civil, and instead of letting folks pump him, he manages to let them pump themselves, and kindly advises them to put their notions down in writing; and when a man gets on that tack you know he is very likely to shell himself down to a corn cob. "This is a pretty good way Major," says he one day, "to get a right notion of things, for there are a great many of our fellow citizens who are not in Congress or in offices, who know almost as much of most matters as those who are, and its our business to sift the chaff from the corn, and then judge as to what is best to be done. "Now," says he, "the only matter that remains to be done by the next Congress is to put the money affairs of the country on a right footing—and as it is my duty to tell Congress what I think is best to be done,—we must get all the information we can from *the people* and then let Congress hammer it into shape—and if the shape don't suit what I think to be the wishes of the people, I'll send it back to be re-hammered till it does. And now, says he, Major, do you take charge of all these written plans that are sent in whilst I am absent in Virginny, and put them in your fanning mill and sifter, so that we can have on my return the clear corn to look into without the chaff."

So you see I have got something of a job before me just now—and every man who calls to see the President, I tell him that the Capting has gone to Virginny to look after his farm—that every thing is now in order—the Siminoles thrashed out—the frontier troubles all settled, and Gen. SCOTT taking care of all the *patriot* rascals on both sides of the line—Fortification Bill, Home Squadron Bill, Distributing of Public Land Bill, Bankrupt Bill, Revenue Bill, and all other matters, (except the Currency,) all doing their work for time and need. And if they have any thing to say about currency matters, to put it down in writing—and that it will go into the fanning-mill and sifter—and so forth, and so forth. So this makes a short story, and the next day in comes a new plan about "*fiscalities*"—no one thinking it safe yet to name "*Bank*," any more than he would "*Sub-Treasury*" and this lifts my dander for there is no independence about it, but a sneaking spirit that I don't like, for there is a great deal of good to be sifted out of both plans, *Bank* and *Sub Treasury*. So I mean to tell Capting Tyler, as soon as he comes back, that if a new name is wanted for the Institution that is to manage our money affairs, we must call it "*The Sub Treasury Bank*"—there is no better name in creation. So I want you to tell all the folks of all parties just to get their political gizzards ready. I expect to be able in my next Letter to give you the result of my fanning and sifting mill; it will be something of a treat for I have got already nigh upon a two Bushel Basket full of plans, and among them there is a considerable show of Clean Corn, and if Congress and Capting Tyler agree about it we shall have before next grass about as complete a system as these United States ever went ahead under.

I am sorry to see so much said in some of the papers about the "braking up of the whig party." It is no break up of the *true* whig party, because in some cases some folks *call'd* whigs lose an election. Perhaps in that district, some folks disappointed in getting office, fly off the handle.—They are not true whigs. The principles of true whigs is to go for honest men to office, no matter by what name they are call'd for one thing is sartin if the people do not elect good men to make laws for them, they can't expect good laws to be made—no more than a farmer can expect to raise a good crop by planting smutty grain; and no more than to expect a good pudding if a rotten egg goes into the mixing. Now it is no matter what name you call smutty grain or a rotten egg—Whig or Tory—if it is smutty grain or rotten egg, there is no mistake about it, it will tell in the crop and the cooking.

The true whig and honest and safe doctrine is, for every man who has a vote to put it in the ballot box for an *honest* man. If he don't, he or his family will cut short fodder; and if he doubts this doctrine and trouble comes, don't blame his friend and fellow citizen.

J. DOWNING Major, &c. &c. &c.

Beet root Sugar.—We hear constantly of the extension in Europe of the manufacture of Sugar from the Beet root—notwithstanding the competition of sugar from the cane. The annexed extract from a letter of the Paris Correspondent of the National Intelligencer is to the point.

Chevalier published, also, last month, an interesting exposition of the Beet root manufacture. In France, the three hundred and ninety-nine factories yield, this year ninety million pounds of sugar. Notwithstanding the outcry of universal ruin raised by the manufacturers when the tax was increased from eleven to twenty-seven francs the 200 lbs. the production did not diminish between 1837 and 1840. Belgium makes sixteen million pounds—half her consumption of the article; the German Union thirty millions—a third of its consumption; Austria the same, but consumes one hundred and ten millions of foreign sugar. Chevalier estimates the total consumption of "the most industrious and flourishing countries of Europe" of Beet-root sugar at one hundred and seventy-six million pounds—not a third of the whole. He admits that twenty millions of francs might be the annual gain of the treasury, if the Beet manufacture was prohibited in France; but, then, the measure would require an indemnity of forty millions to the manufacturers and throw out of employment a great number of hands. He pronounces any flourishing manufacture to be a *moral* not less than material capital—a guaranty of internal peace and social concord. On the whole, a vast manufacturing system would not seem to have this character in Great Britain, where the new ministers are threatened in Parliament and by the Press with a terrible eruption, this winter, of "the slumbering volcano," unless they provide immediate relief for the factories and operatives. Your boundless territory open to a countless population, would, with you, subtract considerably from the

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