EASTON GAZETTE.

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THE EQUESTRIAN'S CHILD.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

It is about three years since I was engaged to play in an equestrian company. It was managed by a Mr. Codoni, of Italian extraction, and of much respectability. For a short time previously I had been an ill remunerated member of a country dramatic circuit, in which low comic parts had principally fallen to my lot. This person, taking a fancy to my powers in that way, made offer to me of the tempting salary of two guineas a week to become clown to the ring in this exhibition I must confess I had some qualms—but I put the affont into my pocket, and the two guineas into the opposite one; when, finding my equilibrium perfect, I at once deserted the boards and took to the sawdust—threw up the sock and buskin and donned the cap & bells, and very excellent fooling I made, believe me.

The chief attraction when I joined the corps, and that which nightly filled the great amphi theatre to overflowing, was a female equestrian, whose enactments were of a most original and interesting, nay, startling excellence.

She was a woman of striking beauty, which, though a little past its prime, and beginning to fade, was, nevertheless, by a little art and trouble, capable of a perfect restoration to its original brilliancy. She was an universal favorite, and the applause she nightly drew down was most unanimous and decided, and she seemed fully alive to it—in fact, her features used to exhibit a strange, glowing pleasure, in the noise that thundered around from every quarter of the vast and amorous edifice of a nature which I have never seen depicted on the countenance of any other player,—a kind of anomalous, enthusiastic delight,—it seems an altogether unexplainable expression.

Her figure was the perfection of symmetry, and the lightness and elegance, the easy, confident swimming grace wherewith she went through her evolutions on horseback, accompanied by the sort of absent, mystical smile of strange, internal pleasure she constantly wore in such circumstances, rendered her an object which the eyes of the spectators felt pain in being removed from for one instant, from her first entrance to her final exit.

But there was another, without whom she hardly ever appeared in the circle and who, perhaps, constituted a principal part of the charm that hung around her—her daughter, a tiny child of about three years old, exceedingly small for her age, but of much intelligence and beauty. Its face seemed absolutely angelic, whilst its little frame rivalled its mother's grace. It was a light united, flaxen haired girl, altogether unlike its parent in features, save that its eyes of laughing hazel might possibly have fragments from the dazzling dark orbs of the mother.

Of this child she was immoderately, dotingly fond. She was continually caressing it, and talking to it in some foreign language, and never, for a moment, allowed it away from her sight—her very heart seemed wraps in the infant.

Daily in the public promenades she might be seen walking along, talking and smiling with an ineffable sweetness to her darling, and apparently careless, or rather scornful of the numerous young men that watched her crossing the street, and crossing again to get glimpses of her face, and see whether that beauty which had so fascinated them amid the glare of gas, the crash of music, and the flutter of drapery, would bear the test of sober day: or others, who by various schemes and affections, endeavored to draw upon themselves one of those looks of love which she lavished in such profusion on her little companion.

But if she bore towards her daughter such affection, the child seemed to return it with a devotion scarcely less ardent. It was never happy but when fondling and fondled by her, and was always pining and moping 'bad,' (to use a technical term,) when her avocations led her from its society. On this account it never was that favorite among us which its beauty & intelligence might otherwise have rendered it.

I may state that she was a woman of very low moral character—an abandoned and utterly profligate person, indeed—apparently without any one redeeming feature, save the engrossing attachment to her infant. I could say more on this point, but leave you, considering her station in life, to guess the rest.

Her name was Clara Benatter, as was also that of her daughter. She was said to be an Italian Jewess, though we could only surmise her origin, as she never talked of any of the past events of her life At all events, she had played for a considerable time at Franconi's in Paris, where a son of Mr. Codini engaged her.

The child and she used constantly to perform together on horseback, or on the tight rope or slack wire, on all of which she displayed consummate proficiency and grace, but especially the first. They were wont thus to assume such characters as Venus and Cupid Psyche and Cupid, Venus and Ganymede, Aurora and Zephyr, and the confidence, the total absence of fear displayed by the little one, when apparently in the most dangerous position—nay, its look of wild delight when in such circumstances—its shrill, joyous laughter and exclamations, and the clapping of its tiny hands, conspired to take away every feeling of anxiety from the minds of the spectators, and leave them lost in delight and wonder.

The animal, too, that she chiefly used, as if to render the exhibition perfect, was one of exceeding spirit and beauty. It was a young blood mare, black as a coal, which, having been rendered unfit, by an easily concealed accident for the turf or chase, was purchased by our manager, and trained for exhibition in the arena.

Well, our season—a perfectly successful one, though prolonged to the utmost, at length was over, and the benefit nights came on.

It was Clara's benefit, and she had advertised some of her most beautiful and attractive performances. The great building, as might be expected, was crowded to the utmost in every part, but especially the gallery, the low rate of admission to which made it frequented chiefly by the interior and more juvenile portion of the community.

A gorgeous spectacle commenced the entertainments, and when it was over, Madame Clara and her child were announced amid continued rounds of applause. The black mare was first introduced, and led round the ring by two of the servants of the establishment, who ran at its head, for as yet it had not become so habituated to its occupation as not to be startled by the glare of gas, the shouting of the audience, and the ear piercing music of our band.

Then Clara bounded lightly into the arena, attired in a drapery that set off her unrivalled symetry of person to an admirable degree. It was intended to picture her as Ariadne, and around her loose, short, black curls was bound a garland of roses, lillies and vine blossoms—all artificial, of course, but perhaps better calculated than real for scenic display.

When, with one of her strange enchanting smiles she had courtesied lowly to the house, in jumped her lovely child, attired in a close fitting, skin colored dress with two tiny butterfly wings like a little Cupid, bearing in one hand a thyrsus, or bunch of grapes, and in the other a small gilded chalice.

In a twinkling this little Bacchus had sprung, with a clear look of joyous laughter into her arms, and kissing the creature, with an appearance of the utmost fondness, on the lips and brow, she took a few quicksteps, and with a bound seated herself on the unsaddled back of the black mare. Upon the instant, the grooms let go its head, and away it darted, galloping furiously round the circle, while the band struck up a most fairy like and beautiful strain, one of the dance airs in the opera "La Favorite," of Donizetti and the two men retreated to the centre along side of the riding master and myself.

For a time nothing was to be heard save the muffling, sounding, rapid tread of the horse's feet among the sawdust, and the fitful rise and fall of the wild melody from the lighter instruments of the band, with perhaps now and then an insuppressible exclamation of delight from scattered members of the audience.—With these exceptions, all was breathless silence and admiration, as the fair equestrian and her child went on with their daring and graceful evolutions.

Now she would recline at length on the back of the flying steed, with an appearance of the utmost ease and unconcern, whilst the tiny Bacchus nested in her bosom. Anon she would gently rise kneel upon one knee in an attitude classically graceful, & look around & upward to the little one that perched on her shoulder & embracing her flower girt brow. would seem to be laughingly pressing the juice from the grape-cluster into the chalice she held aloft in her hand.

All this while, the smiling look of warm and passionate affection to the infant never left her lovely features, though it was occasionally mingled with the blushful glow of strange, inward exultations, so characteristic of her, at quick short rattles of applause, that seemed to burst at once from the whole enraptured audience.

Then she rose gradually to her feet every change of posture being marked by the most poetical elegance of motion, and stepped lightly on the bare croup of the wildly galloping mare, whirling the young Bacchus about her head the while, or rather seeming to make the infant deity fly with its little fluttering wings as she danced in swimming gyrations.

The way this latter feat was managed was simple enough. A series of bands of fine, but strong leather, passed under the child's dress, round its waist, beneath it, and over its shoulders. These all met, and were secured together at the bend of its back to a strong steel ring, which she wore round three fingers of her hand, with the fourth and thumb controlling by a wire the two little gauze wings at its shoulders, which were mounted on small spiral springs, so as she could make them quiver or fold them to its back as she pleased.

Well, while she was thus flying round, and while the house was all eye for her, and all ear for the musical accompaniment—whilst the horse was galloping at its most furious speed—at once, just as she was opposite to the pit, the winged Bacchus seemed to leave her shoulder and fly towards the ground.

As it fell one of the wildly flung-up hind hoofs of the animal met it, and the next instant it was tossed lifeless and almost headless into the air, its brains dropping in a shower upon the persons of many of the closely seated pit spectators and immediately after, its little body, with its painted wings and gaudy frippery, lay dead and motionless, like a crushed butterfly, among the dust of the arena.

There was a strange, sudden bustle among the spectators at first—they rose to their feet by masses—many screamed abruptly with dread, others gave hurried words of direction, and numbers jumped from the pit and lower boxes to render assistance. But the great majority were altogether unconscious, for the first moment or two, of the harrowing event, their eyes following the equally unconscious equestrian, as she was borne with lightning speed round the circle.

The riding master and myself, stoned with the sight for a second, as soon as we could command our limbs, sprang from the centre, where we stood, to raise the shattered body of the child but ere we had time to touch it, the fiery gallop of the black mare had swept its rider round the ring, and she appeared on the same spot.

As she came near, she seemed paralyzed with surprise and horror, standing in an attitude forcibly expressive of those emotions on the back of the animal, (whereon, from mechanical habit merely, for it could not be from effort, she continued to maintain her balance) and with starting eyes, uplifted brows, parted lips, and features the deadly pallor of which was fearfully evident beneath the warm, artificial complexion they bore, regarding the steel ring upon her hand, to which a fragment of leather was all that was now attached.

But when she saw the mangled frame of her heart's idol motionless among the dust, with the wild shriek of a mother's despair she leaped from the place, and fell frantically grovelling on the ground beside it. A strange, unnatural scream was that!—such as shall ring through my brain when age or disease may have made my ears impervious; and it rose in loud & louder waves of piercing sound, till it filled the four corners of the vast amphitheatre, and was sent back in echoes and reverberations to lacerate anew the hearing, quashing the tumult of the alarmed and excited audience, as the crash of thunder in a tempest drowns the turmoil of the waters.

All was confusion and uproar, amazement and terror, among the people; women fainted, and many of the children were crushed and trodden upon, and they straggled hither and thither apparently without any object—a strong panic seeming to have taken possession of them,—while over the whole floated a deafening roar of mingled noises, louder than the loudest applause that had ever sounded there.

Meanwhile, the band went on with their music, blowing and straining their utmost to be heard above the clamor in the arena, for they were placed behind a screen in one of the entrance passages, to let the orchestra be filled with spectators, and were not aware of what had happened.

The horse, moreover, riderless, & frantic with fear and excitement flew round and round, tossing its hair in the air, and flinging aloft the dust from its heels.—Several of the company and servants rushing in from without, made attempts to catch it in which I also joined. But they were in vain; for the affrighted creature, darting from its course, dashed across the circle, and springing wildly over the barrier that enclosed it, was the next instant kicking and plunging, struggling & snorting, among the densely crowded audience in the space called the gallery, who, mad with terror, and screaming to heaven for aid, rushed backwards with fierce struggling from around it, as if a very demon in a palpable shape had come among them.

Oh, the terrors of that dreadful night,—terrors to which the dazzling glare of light, the gorgeously decorated scene, and the thrilling music, lent a strange sublimity approaching to the supernatural!

As I sprang after the animal with a coil of rope which I had hastily seized somewhere about the place and which I intended to throw over it, so as to obtain, by entangling its head or limbs, some purchase whereby to restrain its plunging and drag it backward into the ring, I got caught in a vortex of the terrorstricken crowd, and after a few struggles, found myself crushed to the ground between the seats, and the next moment trampled over by a hundred feet. After some hard but useless attempts to rise, I became insensible, and what happened thereafter I only heard by report many days afterwards.

I recovered consciousness in the wards of the surgical hospital, of the place where I lay—my frame a mass of bruises. It was more than a month before I dismissed, cured; and by that time the circus had been removed, no trace of it remaining, save the hollow space where the sawdust, mingled with the sand indicated the sight of the arena. * * * *

Clara, I learned, was a maniac—the inmate of a public asylum. Here she still remains, at least she did when I was last at the place; but she is now quite quiet, cheerful and docile; indeed, so far recovered, as to have a kind of authority entrusted to her over other female patients.—[London New Monthly Mag

JOHN MURRAY THE PUBLISHER.

* * * * * * *

Five hundred anecdotes of the great spirits of his time have died with Mr. Murray—enough to make a second Spencer or another Boswell. His conversation was always entertaining for he had a quiet vein of humor that gave his stories a palatable flavor, adding largely to their excellence, without destroying the race of their originality. His little back parlor in Albemarle street was a sort of Wills' or Button's; his '4 o'clock visiters, embracing the men of wit and repute in London. Few men distinguished in literature, in art or in science, but have partaken of the hospitalities of Mr. Murray's table. If Tonson had a gallery of portraits,

"With here a Garth and there an Addison,"

so had Mr. Murray; but Tonson's Kit Kat Club pictures were all presents—Mr. Murrays kit-kats were all commissions—commissions to men like Lawrence, Phillips, Hoppner, Newton, Pickersgill and Wilkie, and portraits, too, of Byron and Scott, Moore and Campell, Southey and Gifford, Hallam and Lockhart, Washington Irving and Mrs. Somerville—a little gallery of itself of British genius. Scott & Byron were made personally known to one another through the friendly mediation of [illegible] Boothby & Crabbe, and Scott and Wilkie.

Mr. Murray let few good things in literature escape him; and his two last works, the Journal of Lieutenant Eyre and Lady Sale, were each, in the language of the trade, a lucky hit. He might have had it is true, 'The Bridgewater Treatises,' and he made a mistake with 'The Rejected Addresses.'

'I could have had the 'Rejected Addresses, for ten pounds,' he said to the writer of this notice, 'but I let them go by as the kite of the moment. See the result! I was determined to pay for my neglect, and I bought the remainder of the copywright for 150 guineas.' His daily paper was another mistake, for which he paid in a more serious and lasting way. But then he had the 'Navy List,' & other publications, thus referred to by Lord Byron:

'Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine,
The 'Art of Cookery,' and mine,
My Murray.

'Tours, travels, essays too I wist,
And sermons to thy mill bring grist;
And then thou hast 'The Navy List,'
My Murray.'

He said once to the present writer, 'Lord Byron used to come to my shop in Fleet street fresh from Angelo's and Jackson's. His great amusement was in making thrusts with his stick, in fencer's fashion, at the spruce books, as he called them which I had arranged upon my shelves. He disordered a row for me in a short time, although hitting the volume he had singled out for the excercise of his skill.' He added, with a laugh, 'I was sometimes, as you will guess glad to get rid of him.'

Let us illustrate his sagacity in business by an anecdote which will be new to many of our readers. Constable published a little 'History of England,' in one small volume, which, as it were, fell stillborn from the press. Murray perceived its merits, bought Constable's share, and baptized his little purchase by the name of 'Mrs. Markham's History of England'—a name it still enjoys. The work flourished in his hands and is, to this day, realizing a large annual profit.

Mr. Murray has left a widow, three daughters and a son, the editor of the Continental Handbooks—a series of publications widely and deservedly popular. For seventy-eight years, two John Murrays have been connected, in an eminent degree, with all that is useful and elegant in literature; we have now a third John Murray, to whom we wish all the success he so well merits.—

Noah's Weekly Messenger.

Interesting Remains—The editor of the Warsaw (Missouri) Yeoman in his last paper, gives an account of a visit, in company with Col. Benton and others, to the place where a Mr. Bryant is exhuming the remains of various animals unknown to the age, among which are those of an animal which he styles a Missouricum. It is near the Pemme de Terre, and about a mile and a half from where Mr. Koch obtained a skeleton a few days since. These remains are found embedded in white quicksand from two to ten feet under ground. Within the space of twenty feet square numerous bones and hundreds of teeth of various shapes and kinds, and evidently belonging to different species of animals, have been found, frequently presenting the appearance of having been buried there. But the most remarkable among them are the bones of the aforesaid Missouricum. 'We saw,' says the editor, 'and measured a thigh bone, which seems perfect and in excellent preservation, which measures three feet ten and a half inches in length, 13½ inches in diameter at the head, and 8 inches in diameter at its smallest part. We also saw 7 feet of a tusk which measured 29 inches in circumference where it was broken off.'

Among the great variety of teeth was one which weighed 15 1-2 lbs. Several pieces of rib bones were found which were about an inch and a half thick and three and a half wide; and instead of being curved flatwise like the ribs of an ox, were curved edgwise. The bones in the best state of preservation yet discovered are the vertebræ of the back. Six of these were found in a hole about three feet square, and are perfectly sound, the oblique process of which measures two feet; the cavity for containing the spinal marrow is about three inches in diameter.

From the fact of the remains of so many different animals being found together, and also charred wood being found with them, the opinion seems very naturally to prevail, that they were collected and buried there by a race of beings long since extinct. At all events it would seem to be a subject not unworthy the attention of the naturalist and geologist. The writer speculates as follows concerning this wonder:

'Can it be that a race of men existed in ages long, long buried in the deepest oblivion, who held these animals in such awe and veneration that they took the same pains to collect & bury their bones that they did those of their fathers? No far from where those bones are found is a mound about 200 feet high, with a grave on its very top, this is called an Indian's grave. This whole mound may be one vast sepulchre of a mighty people built in close contiguity to the remains of those animals they probably worshipped.'

[EXTRACTS FROM THE LONDON LETTERS OF THURLOW WEED.]

Swearing out of Fashion.

Another thing struck me with surprise here. Profane Swearing has gone quite out of Fashion. I cannot speak for the Nobility because I have not reached their circle, but with all the other classes cursing and swearing is 'honored in the breach' rather than in the observance. Oaths and imprecations, so common in America, are not heard here even among the watermen, Cab men, Coal-bearers, or Scavengers. The language of blasphemy, in its various 'sliding scales' of enormity came as a part of our education from the Mother Country. Is it not reasonable to hope therefore, that among other English Fashions, adopted by Americans, our people will soon forbear to mingle the name of their Creator and Redeemer profanely either in their idle conversations or their excited controversies?

We trust this hint to his own countrymen may not be lost. It is thus followed up in the close of the same letter, when, after describing a Review in Hyde Park, he adds these observations:

The review, as remarked before, called forth all sorts of people in vast numbers. But good order and good temper pervaded throughout. I mixed with the spectators, but did not, during the day, see any violation of the proprieties of life. The Park was thronged with highly respectable Females, who walked among the plainest and roughest of the other sex without being shocked as would I am sorry to say, have been the case at an American Review, by profane or obscene language. Indeed during the whole day I neither saw nor heard anything to offend the eye or the ear.

Plainness of Dress and address the badge of high breeding.

Noblemen, as a class, here, are distinguished as readily by the plainness of their dress as by the simplicity of their address. Were you to judge of rank by the cut & texture of a coat or the tie of the cravat you would be sure to mistake the Footman for the Peer. The Duke of Wellington, Lord John Russel, Sir Robert Peel, tho' certainly not 'out at the elbows,' are when seen in Parliament, quite plainly dressed gentlemen. But their Footmen and Valets adorn their persons with as much taste, and as elaborately, as the exquisites who are to be seen in American Drawing and Assembly Rooms. And the consequential personages who stand in Noblemen's Halls, to answer the Bell, are so redundantly decorated with lace, spangles and powder they remind you of the Mock Duke in 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife.' The 'swell' genius is almost extinct here.—There is occasionally an old Beau who makes himself up of artificial ears, teeth, eyebrows, whiskers, calves, &c. &c. as after the manner of 'Potts,' whom Lockhart immortalized in 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk;' and you sometimes meet a THING that owes its existence to its Tailor, but they are rare, and belong it is said, to Crockford or some other Gaming House Proprietor. The moral of all this is, that we, instead of a new London rig all around, as was anticipated, wear our American made clothes.

DUBLIN FASHIONS.—The afternoon was wet and cold. In going out, I wore my cloak—prized more from the fact that it was a New Year's present (in 1835) from much valued whig friends, than for its intrinsic value. Finding myself an object of that attention that proves any thing but agreeable, I returned to the hotel and asked the civil porter, who stands in the hall, what there was about me that made people stare? 'It's your honor's cloak, sir. Sure, it is a very dacent garment, but the gintleman have given them up intirely. Nobody wears cloaks now, but the poor women creatures.' So that in this particular, at least, I shall have to change my *habit*.

The foregoing extract forms the closing paragraph of Thurlow Weeds first letter from Dublin—whose letters, by the way, are generally copied. As neither Mr. Weed nor the 'civil porter' has accounted for this antipathy to cloaks among the Dublin fashionables, and as it seems strange that it should be so general, we will tell its origin:

Some seventeen years ago, every one in Dublin sported a cloak, who was able to pay for one or who had trust with his tailor. They were worn by spendthrift country squires, professional military men on the peace establishment, college 'jibs,' and counter jumpers, *alias* clerks in dry goods stores. Among others who wore them was one Doctor Tracy. His was one of the circular cut—full Spanish fashion. He was a man of considerable professional practice, and it was remarked that he never went out of doors without

'His martial cloak around him;'

nor did he ever take it off till he entered the apartment where his business, social or professional, brought him. Articles of plate and other valuables were frequently and very mysteriously abstracted from the houses which he was wont to visit. Suspicion in such cases fell upon the domestics of the several establishments robbed; it never of course attached to the gentleman 'wot' always wore the cloak, Doctor Tracy. By mere accident he was once detected stealing from the house of a friend, at which he visited, a silver article of value and concealing it under his cloak. He was arrested and the stolen property found in his possession. His house, which was kept in rather a splendid style, was searched, and stolen property of great variety and value found stored away there—all of which he contrived to purloin by the aid and secrecy which his cloak afforded him. It appeared as if theft, previous to his arrest, had become a monamania with him, for if nothing better offered he would stick the poker or the snuff tray under his cloak as he left a house.

He was tried for one or more offences, and as a punishment for his 'large acquisitiveness' was transported to Botany Bay. From that moment cloaks, of all cut and fashion, become a doomed article of dress in Dublin If a man was seen to enter the theatre with one of them, 'Tracy!' 'Tracy!' a groan for Doct. Tracy in the boxes!' resounded from a hundred gods in the gallery. If a man had the temerity to cross over Carlisle Bridge, wearing one of them, he was assailed by the hack drivers and apple women In fact the cloak became so identified with Tracy, and Tracy with theft, that for a man to wear one was, according to popular prejudice, to proclaim himself a rogue. Hence it was that cloaks became universally discarded as an article of gentleman's apparel, and hence it was that the appearance of Mr. Weed attracted such attention and astonishment. To the denizens of Dublin he looked, wrapt up in his cloak, an object almost of as great curiosity as an old three cocked hat contemporary would to the present good people of Gotham.—*Picayune.*

THE LOCUSTS.

To the Editors of the American—

A paragraph in the American of this morning, copied from the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, states the fact that the eggs of the seventeen year locusts are now hatching,' describes the young insects, very accurately except as to the size; (which is represented to be a third of the size of a grain of rice,*) and concludes by observing—'This is, we believe, the first discovery of the time of the quickening of the eggs.' Permit me to state that this quickening of the eggs was discovered and fully described by me in 1834, as was every particular of the habits of the insect, from the time of leaving the ground to the return of the young insects to it in August, and until the setting in of winter, when they disappeared from view. In fact, I then prepared a complete history of the insects, embracing every item except the location of the various districts of country in which they appear. To enable me to complete this part, which, next to the

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