EASTON GAZETTE.

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A LEGEND.

(From Victor Hugo's Excursions along the banks of the Rhine.)

Ages ago a wish was entertained in Aix-la Chapelle to found a church; and, the foundations being laid and the walls raised, for six months nothing was heard on the spot but the sound of adze & hammer. But the funds of the pious having suddenly failed, the pilgrims passing through the city were appealed to by a tin basin placed before the church door. Scarcely a denier, however was dropped into the vessel. What was to be done? The senate assembled and consulted.—The workmen refused to labor, and weeds and moss already took possession of the newly laid stones, as if they were predestined to ruin! Was the design then to be abandoned? The town senate knew not what to answer!

One day, as they were sitting in deliberation, a mysterious stranger of high and imposing aspect made his appearance before them. 'Good morrow, Gentlemen, quoth he. 'What is the subject of debate? Is it the stopage of your church which causes you anxiety? You know not how to complete it eh? You want money for the endowment!' 'Stranged!' replied one of the senators with indignation, 'You talk too flippantly; we want half a million of gold pieces.' 'Here they are,' replied the stranger, opening the window and pointing to a heavy laden cart stationed in the square before the town hall, to which were yoked ten pairs of oxen attended by twenty Moors, armed to the teeth.

One of the senators, having accompanied the mysterious stranger down stairs, took one of the sacks from the cart, and returned to empty it before the senate when it proved to be really full of gold!—All present opened their eyes with amazement; and, turning towards the stranger with growing respect, demanded his name. 'I am the owner of yonder gold. What would you have more? replied he. 'My residence is in the Black Forest, near the lake of Wildsee, not far from the ruins of Heidenstadt, the city of the pagans. I possess a gold mine and a silver mine and during the night amuse myself with counting over heaps of carbuncles. My tastes are simple, but, being of a melancholy disposition, I pass my days watching, in the deep and transparent waters of the lake, the gambols of the tritons and the growth of the *polygonum amphibium*.—Thus much in answer to your questions. I have unbosomed myself as much as I intend; make the most of it! Yonder is your million of gold pieces; take them or let them alone.'

'We accept them,' replied the senate, 'and will hasten to finish our church.'

'There is one condition to the bargain,' observed the stranger Take the gold & finish your church. But I demand in exchange the soul of the first individual who crosses its threshold on the day of dedication.'

'You are the devil then?' shouted the horrified senators.

'And *you*—asses!' was the rejoinder of Satan.

The burgmoasters of the senate now began to quake and tremble, and make the sign of the cross. But Satan, who was in a jocular mood, laughed outright at their panic as he gaily chinked his gold, so that they took courage and began to negociate.

'Satan must know what he is about,' said they, 'or he would not retain his situation as devil.'

'After all, it is a bad bargain for me retorted his Satanic Majesty in his turn.—'You will have your million or your church to show for it; I only a wretched soul! And whose, pray? The first that comes to hand, the soul of a chance customer, some canting hypocrite, probably, who in his dissembled zeal is the first to enter, and who would, therefore, under any circumstances, have fallen to my share? I must observe, by the way, gentlemen, that the plan of your church is admirable! Who has been your architect? Tell him, with my compliments, that I perfectly approve of his groined aisles? & that the pointed arches are in good taste. The shaping of the door is not altogether to my fancy, but it may be modified.—The staircase leading to the vaults will be a fine thing in its way; and it would be a thousand pities that what is so well begun should stop short for want of funds.—What say you gentlemen; Is it a deal?—My million of money for a single soul: ay or no?'

So spake the tempter. "After all," observed the senators, "we may think ourselves lucky to be let off so easy.—He might have taken a fancy to half a dozen souls of ours, which, let us hope, are at present safe from his clutches.—Nay, he might have levied a tax of souls upon the whole population!"

The bargain, therefore, was finally struck, and the million of gold paid into their treasury. Satan vanished from their view through an apperture, which emitted the sulphurous blue flame usual on such occasions; and two years afterwards the church was completed Meanwhile, though the senators had, of course, sworn to observe the profoundest secrecy concerning all that had happened, every man of them, the very first evening, divulged the whole story to his wife, according to a law, ex senatorial, indeed, but not less binding. The secret, therefore, being generally known, thanks to the wives of the senators, prior to the completion of the church, no one dared to set foot in it!

Here, therefore, was a new dilemma; the church of Aix was built, and now no one would enter. It was not a church, but a desert; and consequently, of no mortal use to mortal soul.

Again the senate assembles, but to little purpose. They appeal to the Bishop of Tongress to no result; then to the canons of the chapter, but equally without avail.

"What you require is a mere trifle, my lords," observed a monk belonging to the order whom they next took into consultation. You have undertaken to surrender the first soul that enters the new church. But it was not definitely stipulated what sort of a soul it was to be.—Satan is a fool to allow himself to be overreached. This morning my lord, after a hard chase, a fine wolf was taken in the valley of Borrette. Drive this ferocious beast into the church, and Satan must needs be satisfied. It is his own fault if he chose to make so loose a bargain."

"Bravo!" exclaimed his auditors; "the monk has more brains in his head than the whole collective wisdom of the senate!" Next day, at dawn, the bells of the new church rung cheerfully for the angelus. "How is this?" said the burghers of the city; "Is this the day of dedication? and pray who do they expect will be fool hardy enough to hazzard the adventure?' 'Not I,'—'Not I,'—'Not I,' was heard on all sides; as the senate and chapter advanced gravely towards the chief entrance.

The wolf was now produced; and, at a given signal, its cage door and the church gates flew open at the same moment. On discerning the empty aisles, in he rushed Satan was already on the spot, his jaws distended and his eyes voluptuously closed with expectation of a feast. Imagine his rage, on discovering his prey to be of the brute creation.—With a hideous howl he spread his harpy wings, flapping about the arches of the edifice with the roar of a tempest; and finally, on making his exit from the building, bestowed a kick of his hoof upon the brazen gate,' by which it was rent in twain from top to bottom, as seen to the present day.

"It is in memory of this event,' says the old women of Bix, 'that the brazen effigy of a wolf was placed on the left of the entrance; while the pine apple to the right is intended to represent the soul so mercilessly gobbled up by the evil one.'

The following graphic description of the denizens of a remote district of country, is copied from the 'East Alabamian,' a paper published at Lafayette, Ala. and edited with signal ability by Johnson J. Hooper, Esq. It will be relished by himself, and friends notwithstanding *Mrs. Judy Tompkins'* aversion to Mr. Van Buren. Indeed, that gentleman not unfrequently relates similar anecdotes with inimitable humor and spirit—enough to provoke a laugh under the very ribs of death.

TAKING THE CENSUS IN ALABAMA.

BY "A CHICKEN MAN" OF 1840.

The collection of statistical information concerning the resources and industry of the country, by the assistant marshals who were employed to take the last census, was a very difficult work. The popular impression that a tremendous tax would soon follow the minute investigation of the private affairs of the people, caused the census taker to be viewed in no other light than of a tax gatherer, and the consequence was, that the information sought by him was either withheld entirely, or given with great reluctance. The returns therefore made by the marshals exhibited a very imperfect view of the wealth and industrial progress of the country. In some portions of the country the excitement against the unfortunate officers—who were known as the *'chicken men!*—made it almost dangerous for them to proceed with the business of taking the census; and bitter were the taunts, threats, and abuse which they received on all hands, but most particularly from the old women of the country—The dear old souls could not bear to be catechised about the produce of their looms, poultry yards, and dairies; and when they did 'come down' upon the unfortunate inquisitor, it was with a force and volubility that were sure to produce an impression. We speak from experience; and feelingly on this subject; for it so happened, that the Marshall of the Southern District of Alabama 'reposing especial confidence' in our ability, invested us one day with all the powers of assistant Marshal, and arming us with the proper quantity of blanks sent us forth to count the noses of all the men, women, children and chickens, resident upon those nine hundred square miles of rough country which constitutes the county of Tallapoosa. Glorious sport! thought we; but it didn't turn out so.—True we escaped without any drubbings, although we came unpleasantly near catching a dozen, and only escaped by a very peculiar knack we have of 'sliding out;' but then we were quizzed, laughed at, abused, and nearly drowned Children shouted 'Yonder goes the chicken man!'—Men said, 'Yes, d—m him, he'll be after the taxes soon;'—and the old women threatened if he came to enquire about their chickens, 'to set the dogs on him,' while the young women observed 'they dion't know what a man wanted to be so particular about gals ages for, without he was a gwine a courtin.' We have some reminiscenes of our official peregrinations that will do to laugh at now, although the occurrences with which they are connected were, at the time, anything but mirth inspiring to us.

We rode up one day to the residence of a widow rather past the prime of life—(just that period at which nature supplies most abundantly the oil which lubricates the hinges of the female tongue)—and hitching to the fence, walked into the house.

'Good morning, madam,' said we in our usual, bland and somewhat insinuating manner.

'Mornin,' said the widow gruffly.

Drawing our blanks from their case, we proceeded—'I am the man, madam, that takes the census, and,—

'The mischief you are!' said the old termagnant. 'Yes, I've hearn of you; Parson W. told me you was coming, and I told him just what I tell you, that if you said 'cloth,' 'soap,' or 'chickens' to me, I'd set the dogs on ye—Here, Bul! here Pomp!' Two wolfish curs responded to the call for Bull and Pomp, by coming to the door, smelling at our feet with a slight growl, and then laid down on the steps. 'Now, continued the old she savage, 'them's the savagest dogs in this country. Last week Bill Stonecker's two year old steer jumped my yard fence, and Bull and Pomp tok him by the throat and they killed him afore my boys could break 'em loose, to save the world.'

'Yes ma'am,' said we meekly; Bull and Pomp seem to be very fine dogs.'

'You may well say that: what I tells them to do they do—and if I was to sick them on your old horse younder, they'd eat him up afore you could say Jack Robinson. And it's just what I shall do, if you try to pry into my consarns. They are none of your business, nor Van Buren's nuther, I reckon. Oh, old Van Banburen! I wish I had you here, you old rascal! I'd show you what—I'd—I'd make Bull and Pomp show you how to besendin' out men to take down what little stuff people's got, jist to tax it, when it's taxed enough a'ready.'

All this time we were perspiring through fear of the fierce guardians of the old widow's portal. At length, when the widow paused, we remarked that as she was determined not to answer questions about the produce of the farm,' we would just set down the age, sex and complexion of each member of her family.

'No such thing—you'll do no such a thing,' said she, 'I've got five in family, and that's all you git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do the, dratted old villyan, to send you to take down how old my children is. I've five in family, and they are all between five and a hundred years old, they are all a plaguy sight whiter than you, and whether they are he or she, is none of your consarns.'

We told her we would report her to the Marshal, and she would be fined, but it only augmented her wrath.

'Yes! send your Marshal, or your Mr. Van Buren, here, if you're bad off too—let 'em come—let. Mr. Van Buren come'—(looking as savage as a Bengal tigress)—'Oh, I wish he would come'—and her nostrils dilated, and her eyes gleamed—'I'd cut his head off!'

'That might kill him,' we ventured to remark, by way of a joke.

Kill him! kill him—oh—if I had him here by the years I recken I would kill him. A pretty fellow to be eating his vittals out'n gold spoons that poor people's taxed for, and raisin' an army to get him made king of Ameriky—the audacious, nasty, stinking, old scamp!' She paused a moment, & then resumed. And now, mister, jist put down what I tell you on that paper, and don't be telling no lies to send to Washington city. Jist put down, Judy Tomkins, ageable woman, and four children.

We objected to making any such entry, but the old hag vowed that it should be done, prevent any misrepresentation of her case. We however were pretty resolute, until she appealed to the couchant whelps, Bull and Pomp. At the first glimpse of their teeth our courage gave way, and we made the entry a bold hand across a blank schedule—'Judy Tompkins, ageable woman, and four children.

We now begged the old lady to dismiss her canine friends, that we might go out and depart: and forthwith mounting our old black, we determined to give the old soul a parting fire. Turning half round, in order to face her we shouted—

'Old 'oman!'

'Who told you to call me old 'oman, you long-legged, hatchet-faced whelp you?' I'll make the dogs take you off that horse if you give me any more sarse. What do you want?'

'Do you want to get married?'

'Not to you, if I do!'

Placing our right thumb on the nasal extremity of our countenance, we said, 'You need't be uneasy, old 'un, on that score—thought you might suit sore legged Dick S—up our way, and should like to know what to tell him he might count on if he come down next Sunday!'

'Here, Bull!' shouted the widow, sick him, Pomp! but we cantered off, unwounded, fortunately, by the fangs of Bull and Pomp, who kept up the chase as long as they could hear the cherring voice of their mistress—'Si-c-k, Pomp—sick, sick, si-c-k him, Bull—suboy! suboy! suboy.'

FROM THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL OF TUESDAY.

THE VAN BUREN MEETING IN THE PARK.

This meeting was much larger than the Calhoun meeting, held a few days since at the same place. There may have been some seven or eight thousand persons present.

At an early hour, the genius of Democracy—the renowned Mike Walsh—was seen strutting back and forth upon the stage with coat and vest off, and his countenance wearing a savage and determined expression that betokened scene of blood and war. He commenced operations by driving away the boys that had congregated there for sport.

His followers soon appearing, they paraded themselves around the platform, leaving the centre open for the reception of the enemy. Near Mike, as Beelzebub next to Satan, stood one Charles E. Newman, a petty office holder in the Custom House, who is always foremost and loudest in the train of his illustration leader

At 5 the master spirits of Van Burenism mounted the stage, and took their position by the front close to Mike and his captains of the Spartan Bands. Newman now steps forth and says—

'The hour appointed for this meeting having arrived I proceed'—when the Van Burenites, led by Mr Conner, the type founder pounced upon him. The war in an instant became general. The Spartan rowdies numbered perhaps twenty, and the Van Burenites may have been twice that number. The Spartans swore more terribly than ever the English army did in Flanders. They sprang on the foe like madmen, pummelling every one they could reach At one time they pitched on Conner and struggled to throw him over the railing to the ground, a distance of twenty or thirty feet. In this they were unsuccessful, but dragging the poor man back they surrounded him, each Spartan dealing on him heavy blows.

The Van Burenites came to the rescue as well as they could, and finally Conner was relieved Now the rowdy legions seize their captain, and borne aloft on the shoulders of his fighting fellows, he is carried to the front of the platform, swinging his hat in the air, and crying 'Hurrah, Hurrah!' amid the deafening shouts of a whole pandemonium congregated about the staging. An unsuccessful effort was made to throw Mike over the railing, but generally the Van Burenites kept on the defensive.

In the back ground the fight was kept up as furiously as ever. Slamm stood there, as pale as death, but with determination in every feature. He is now singled out for an attack, but he draws a pistol and the belligerents retire, with the threat, 'I'll indict you before the grand jury.'

In the fight all joined, Mr. Wandell, Mr. White, F. N. Carr, Major Davezac and even George P. Barker, who was on the stage, could not keep out of it altogether. The Attorney General sought for the hero of the Spartans, saying 'Let me see Walsh—' 'Introduce me to Walsh' They met, not like Ossian's two thunder clouds, for the thunder clouds were all on Mike's brow, while the Attorney General appeared as smiling as a girl with a new bonnet.

'Now would it not be better, for the sake of your character,' says the Attorney General, to keep the peace'

'No, by G—d,' roared the great subterranean. 'I am at peace. I came here peaceably to report for my paper,'—and here he held up a few bits of paper and a pencil, which he had held in his hand during the whole affray.

'Let him alone, d—n your eyes,' bawled two or three of Mike's body guards, at the same time throwing themselves between their captain and the Attorney General.

The latter expostulated, entreated and persuaded, with some effect.

Mike's oft repeated answer was 'No, G-d d-n, 'em! I came here to report, and they've tried to throw me overboard. D—n 'em the've hunted me down as through I were a dog The've got a dozen libels on me, and I won't back out.' 'You shall not be sent off the stage unless I am sent with you,' said Mr. Barker, and by this Mike was somewhat pacified, and took his station in a conspicuous position to report. Still the fighting was kept up in different parts of the platform as furiously as ever, until Alderman Purdy came and rushing into the midst, by his courageous and determined manner restored peace.

Two or three of those animals called police officers were present, but stood with their hands in their pockets, obstinately refusing to lend assistance, though they were often entreated to do so.—However, Alderman Purdy did more service than all the New York police could do.

During this boisterous affray, Mr. Wardell called the meeting to order, and Campbell P. White was appointed president with a long list of vice presidents and secretaries.

Thomas N. Carr, Esq. at such intervals as he could spare from the field of battle, tried to address the audience.

He said he rose to introduce the resolutions, but they had been stolen from his hands. The crowd, seeing Mike's paper's, shouted 'Mike's got 'em! Down with him!' 'Who will go to the Plebian office,' said the speaker, Mr. Carr, 'and get me another copy of the resolutions?' A hundred or so of self appointed delegates instantly shouted 'I'll go!' and started off on the patriotic errand.

In the meantime, the fight on the stage not yet being over, Mr. Carr exhorted 'the democracy' not to be driven from the ground, for if they were, they could never hold another meeting in the Park. For his part he was ready to be immolated on the spot, sooner than yield his post. The resolutions came and Mr. Carr read them. Of course they eulogized Mr. Van Buren to the skies, and said he must be made President, yet they said 'the democracy' must abide by the decision of the Baltimore convention.—This latter clause did not take well with the democracy.'

Mr. Barker was introduced, who, with considerable interruption, spoke about an hour. The speech was very good, though it contained nothing remarkable.

After Mr Barker's address, a storm coming up, the meeting adjourned, when Mike and his followers took the stage and gave three cheers for Calhoun and the Subterranean. Mike defined his position by saying he came to the meeting as a reporter, and would not speak because he was opposed to Van Buren.—After a fight between one of Mike's men and another individual, all left the ground.

A VIEW OF LONDON.

Rome was called the Mistress of the World, yet in its palmiest day was not equal to Britain in power or dominion; nor can any of the boasted cities of antiquity—Carthage, Tyre or Alexandria;—or in latter times, Venice or Genoa—when their maratime greatness was in its glory, and their trade the wonder and admiration of their respective ages—not one can bear a moments comparison with London. Britain's trade claims the whole habitable world for its operations.—Her colonies are placed in every direction where man can exist. Upon her dominion the sun never sets; her flag waves upon every sea; and a volume would be required to detail the results of her maratime enterprise and internal trade upon the aspect of the city which forms the centre of these mighty operations.

In population, London is a nation to herself, the number of inhabitants has doubled in forty years, and now amounts to nineteen hundred thousand. In 1843 it will contain two millions! In length, from east to west, the houses extend in one line between five and six miles, and in breadth, from north to south, nearly four. But if we include Chelsea at one extreme, and Blackwall at the other, and take the breadth from Walworth to Holloway—and these are now certainly portions of the Great City—we shall have London covering about thirty square miles of ground. And then her river bearing upon its surface the ships of every nation, and her docks—the East and West India Docks, the London Docks, the Commercial Docks, and the St. Catharine's Docks together covering more than five hundred acres, teeming with valuable commodities; and one of them, the East India Docks, capable of accommodating five hundred large ships.

To the port of London alone, in 1840, there belonged 2950 ships of 501 000 tons burden, and manned by 32,000 seamen; in the same year there entered the port from British colonies 1683 ships; from her own coasts, including colliers, 20,205 ships; from Ireland 907 ships; from foreign countries 2355 which, with 3166 British vessels formed one year's trade. What can compare with this?—London contains one hundred thousand inhabited houses, one half of them having shops attached. The yearly consumption of porter and ale, 2 000,000 of barrels, all brewed in the place; of sheep, one million four hundred and three thousand four hundred and sixty-six have been sold in Smithfield in the year, together with one hundred and eighty-three thousand head of cattle. Many miles of ground in the vicinity are occupied as market gardens, and have spread over them many hundred acres of grass; 70 000,000 of foreign eggs are imported, to say nothing of the many millions produced at home; 12 000 cows affords an insufficiency of milk, the Irish and Dutch send immense quantities of butter, Ireland also supplies bacon and pork.

The water companies send into the houses 237,000,000 of hogsheads of water in a year, the gas companies produce 10,000 000 cubic feet of gas daily, which feeds 100,000 lights; the paving for the year costs above £200,090, the sewer rates £400 000. There are six thousand hotels, taverns and coffee houses, and twenty theatres, besides concert rooms and exhibitions of various kinds. London issues yearly 30 000 000 of newspapers; has steamboat accommodations for 10 000 passengers daily; from London extends 1000 miles of railway, laid down at an expense of £47,000,000; with fifty-nine canals, at a cost of £14,000 000—Through the post office pass 70,000,000 of letters in a year, while the amount of cash paid by the London bankers through the clearing houses in 1841, averaged £75 000 000 monthly. Will not these few facts assist in giving some idea of the immense scale upon which all that relates to London must be considered, before a correct knowledge of its state can be arrived at.—[Illustrated Views.

From the N.Y. Post.

The Chateau D'Eu.—The Chateau D'Eu, where Victoria was the guest of Louis Phillip, at the last advices from England, is a small palace on the French coast, in the ancient province of Artois. It stands on the edge of a moderate sized park, within sight of the channel, and a short distance from the town of Eu. In the principal church of this little city is a crypt containing the remains of a branch of the Bourbons, that was known as that of Artois At the restoration in 1814 15 the monuments of this race were restored having been dilapidated in the course of the revolution

The Chatea d'Eu is the private property of the King. It came from Monsieur, the first Duc d'Orleans, and the brother of Louis 10th. Monsieur gave to his celebrated daughter Mademoiselle de Montpensier, at whose decease it reverted to the Orleans branch of the family, descending through the Regent Egalite &c. to the present owner.—Eu and Neuilly were the two principal country residences of Louis Philip, previous to his accession to the throne, though the former was but little that visited. I believe that Villers Coterets, the well known seat of the Orleans family, was destroyed in the revolution, never hearing of it in these latter times. The Duc had also a beautiful little pavilion within the walls of Paris.

I was at Eu in 1831 At that time the castle was undergoing repairs, in preparation for the reception of the Royal Family. The house was not quite twice as large as the White House at Washington, but was a neat, tasteful residence. It must be more than twenty, if not thirty posts from Paris. VIATOR.

CONDITION OF THE LONDON MILLINERS.

Much as we have heard and read of the misery and destitution of the laboring classes in England, we know not when our sympathies have been so deeply aroused as they have been upon reading the following evidence, recently submitted to Parliament. From the report and appendices of the childrens' employment commission,' presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, it appears there are about 15.000 milliners and dress makers in London.—They commence the business usually at the early age of from 14 to 16 and during the busy season i. e. from April to August, from October to January, the regular hours of work, 'at all the principal houses,' are on the average eighteen hours daily! 'Long as these are, Mr. Granger, the reporter, states, that they are often exceeded.' Sometimes fifty of these girls work together in rooms, almost always insufficiently ventilated. The sleeping apartments are generally overcrowded. In one instance, five slept in a single bed, and often ten in one room.—They are chiefly fed a witness said, on cold mutton; but they subsist mostly on tea, bread and butter. Stimulants are often applied to keep them awake.

'Miss O'Niel, of Wilbeck street, (who has been a milliner and dress maker for several years, and employed in several of the London houses, is now in business for herself.) states that the hours of work are unlimited. The common hours are from 6 A. M., till 12. Has herself often worked from 6 A. M., till 11,, for two or three months together. It is not at all uncommon, especially in dress making, to work all night, 'just in the drive of the season,' the work is occasionally continued all night three times a week. Has worked herself twice in the week all night.

Miss H. Baker says that—

'On the occasion of the general mourning of his Majesty William IV, Miss H. B. worked without going to bed, from 4

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