EASTON GAZETTE.

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From the New Orleans Picayune.

THE WAY TO MAKE A TEETOTALLER.

EVAPORATION ITS POWER—OR THE INGENUITY OF TIPLING RATS.—Mr. C., commission merchant of this city, is known as an extensive holder of western produce, & his stock is not more noted for its variety than for the superiority of the several articles which he keeps on hand. His percentage on the sale of Monongahela whiskey through the year would, by a man of moderate notions, be reckoned a liberal income. Customers came so quick to purchase, that to save too frequent a recurrence to the barrel he has been in the habit of keeping a sample bottle in his store always full or partially so for their trial and inspection. He had found for a long time that the contents of the sample bottle decreased daily and in a manner, at first, very mysteriously. He soon learned however that 'Sampson,' the negro who stand in the store was any thing but a Washingtonian, and that he tried the strength of the Monongahela oftener than the whole of his customers. Desirous to know if his conscientiousness was as large as his alimentiveness, he said to him on Monday se'n night,' Sampson how is it the the whiskey in the sample bottle diminishes so fast;—Why it has to be filled daily!'

'Clar Go,' massa. I doesn't know' said Sampson, looking as serious as a converted sinner at a camp meeting,' but I tinks, massa, it is carried off by de principles ob wot white folks calls ,waporation.'

'O, you do Sampson?; said Mr. C.

'I does sartin, massa, said Sampson, 'cause I tells you dar ere 'waporation's right strong gosh. it aint left a drop o' hard cider in de country. I tinks it's dat wot makes de whiskey so scarce, and not the temp'rance movement, as dey calls it.'

'Well, then Sampson,; said Mr C., 'fill the bottle now, and I will cork it so tight as to prevent evaporation.'

'Es, sa,' said Sampson.

He filled the bottle, his master corked it, evaporation tight, and again it was placed on the shelf. Again on Tuesday morning it was found to have decreased considerably in quantity, and still more towards noon.

'Well Sampson,' said Mr. C., 'I find the whiskey still rapidly decreasing—How do you account for it now?'

'Wa wall, it be berry hard to 'splain massa,' said Sampson, ,it be one of dose ,sterious disappearances wot niggers can't 'count for and wat sometimes puzzles white folks, I tell you.'

'But what is your opinion?' said Mr C. ,Wal al I tinks,' said Sampson to tell you the goramighty that dat de rats be drinkin' it for dey hasn't joined the temp'rance piety, as I knows on.'

'Yes,' said Mr. C., 'but when it would get down as low as the centre of the bottle how would the rats manage to get at it then?'

'Yah! yah! yah!' said Sampson, but supressing suddenly his cachinations, he added, 'look heah massa, I was just a goin' to say as how you was green—Now does you tink, as how dem ere rats wot you sees about de store, and wot's so much in de cabinet at de corner—does you tink, I axes, dat sech so many tinkin' juleps on the suction principle do dey doesn't know de use ob a straw?—Wal, I reckons dey does massa.'

'Well, then, Sampson' said Mr. C. 'if the sample bottle can neither be preserved from the rats or evaporation, I must only submit to the loss and fill it whenever it is empty. Fill it now and leave it again on the shelf, and I care not whether you cork it or not.'

Mr. C. told an acquaintance of his, an apothecary, of Sampson's partiality for the sample bottle, and asked him if he could not give him some decoction to mix with it, which while it would not visibly alter its colour or taste, would prove less agreeable to Sampson's system than the pure Monongahela. The apothecary told him he could, and, on Tuesday before last he furnished the required preparation. Sampson was sent out on an errand in the early part of the day, and in his absence the obnoxious ingredients were introduced into the whiskey. To give Sampson a better scope, when he returned his master went out and staid away long enough to give the sample tasting Sampson full play at the bottle. When he returned, he noticed a strange and peculiar rolling of Sampson's eyes; his lips were the colour of stale venison, and he had all the singular characteristics in his appearance of 'a sick nigger.' Mr C. managed to keep him pretty busy, and although appearing not to notice him closely watched his movements.

'Wo!' he'd shout, raising his leg up against his stomach, but still endeavoring to conceal his pain from his master, and again he would exclaim, 'ah e-eeb! wo-o! goramighty!' and he would brace his belly round with his hands and arms. At length finding himself growing worse—that there was no chance of the pain abating, he threw himself on the floor and roared out, 'O massa, massa, dis child's a gone nigger—oh! a-ah! o o oh!'

'Why what's the matter, Sampson?' said Mr. C., appearing to be suddenly astonished at the state of Sampson's bowels.

'Oh! massa,' said Sampson, 'oh! eel ah! o o oh! massa; I'se a gone chicken; ah! eel ah! he wriggled about on the floor like a pea on a griddle, his eyes revolving like the Beacon of a light house, and his colour changing like a dying dolphin.

'Why what's the matter with you?' said his master.

'O I doesen't know, massa,' said Sampson, 'but I guss I'se got de Tyler grippe, and the influenzur, and de black vomit, and all de odder 'plaints in general, and 'tick'lar on high pressure, roarin' rubber pinceeple—oh! ah!'

The master offered Sampson a drink out of the sample bottle to cure him, but he turned from it as if it were poison of the deadliest quality.

'Oh I see how it is,' said Mr. C 'he has been drinking the whiskey that I had impregnated with poison to kill the rats.'

Sampson, in lugubrious tones, confessed that he had. A dose of castor oil was administered to him and in a short time he was 'as good as new.'

Since then neither the rats nor evaporation interfere with the sample bottle and Sampson is as strict a tetotaller as if he had taken the pledge from father Mathew

THE WIDOWED MAN.

The Scotch are a very inquisitive people; if possible, still more so than the Yankees. Their curious questions are frequently deemed obtrusive, and are carried to a great length. Two gentlemen fell in together, both travellers on horseback, and strangers to each other when the following conversation took place:—

'Raw evening, sir, rather,' observed the one with an Aberdeen accent.

'Yes, rather,' replied the other

'You will likely be a stranger in these parts,' continued the Aberdeenian.

'I can' laconically replied the other, looking neither to the right nor the left.

'Perhaps like myself you may be going on to the Banff?'

'Perhaps,' responded the other yawning.

'In that case, perhaps you will put up at Cullen?

'I may or may not,' answered his companion.

'Pardon me the liberty of the question Sir, may I ask if you are a bachelor?'

'No.'

'Oh! married?'

'No, no.'

'Sir I beg your pardon, I may have unintentionally touched upon a painful subject; your black dress ought to have checked my inquiries. I beg your pardon, sir—a widower?'

'No, no, no'

'Neither a bachelor, nor married man, nor widower—then what can you be?'

'A *divorced* man, since you must know!' exclaimed the stranger, clapping his spur to his horse, and dashing out of sight in an instant.

THE OLD BELL AND THE NEW SOCIETY.

We have all heard of the man who borrowed a knocker to wake his friend on the opposite side of the street, and, perhaps many visitors in Trenton (says the Gazette of that place) have been obliged to resort to the same expedient to save their knuckles and there is a woful lack of such means of communication at our doors. But we never knew of the happy extent to which this system might be carried until we heard of the case of a congregation which having removed to a new place of worship, sold its old house to another society. To that house a steeple and bell are attached, but the purchasers belong to a denomination which do not commonly make use of a bell and so declined to take that part of the fixtures. The new church in consequence, retain the old bell, and their sexton proceeds punctually to the steeple of the other house and rings for his own constituents. The people at the steeple house happen to hold their meeting at the same hour, but then they are not accountable for the bell, nor bound to hear it.

An ingenious cradle of domestic manufacture made by a gentleman in Mississippi, was sent as a present to a friend in Charleston, S. C. An extract from his letter is as follows:

'The body or frame of the cradle is manufactured out of the shell of what we call the *snapping-turtle*, that weighed 135 pounds, caught by myself out of my own waters. The railing is constructed of the horns of bucks, killed with my own rifle, by my own hands. The rockers are made from a walnut tree that grew on my sisters plantation adjoining me. The spring mattrass or lining is stuffed with wool from my own sheep.—The loose mattrass is also filled with domestic wool, manufactured and lined by my own wife. The pillows are filled with feathers from our own wild geese, that have also been manufactured by my own wife with her own hands, after having been previously slain by my own steady arm. The pavilion, which you will perceive is to be thrown over the canopy, was likewise fabricated, fitted, and contrived by my own right thrifty, ingenious, and very industrious *better half*. Accompanying the cradle is a whistle, which was made by a friend residing with me out of the tusk of an alligator slain by my own hand, as well as a fan made also by the same friend out of the tail of a wild turkey killed by me. Accompanying the whole is the hide of a panther, dressed after the fashion of the chamois, the animal having been slain by my own hands and with my own trusty rifle. This is for the stranger to loll and roll upon when tired of his cradle.'

'It has been said for the famous Colonel Crocket that he was *jautched* down upon a *raft* and rocked in a *bee gun*—the stranger, whatever may become his name hereafter, may boast *that he was rocked to sleep in a shell of a swamp snapping turtle, lounged on a panther's hide was fanned by a wild turkey's tail* and cut his teeth on an alligator's tusk! beat this who can.—[Courier.

Taking the veil.—The imposing ceremony of taking the white veil was yesterday performed at the Carmelite Nunnery on Asquith street, in the chapel attached to the institution, which was witnessed by a large concourse of spectators. The candidate for the veil, Miss Courtney, of Charles county, Maryland, attended by Miss Ellen Louisa Jenkins, of this city in the capacity of bridesmaid, entered the chapel about 9 o'clock both dressed in pure white, with embroidered veils thrown loosely over their heads taking their seats directly in front of the altar among the audience. The sacrament of high mass was then performed by the Rev. Mr Gildea, and also administered to the applicant for holy orders. The Rev. Archbishop Eccleston now entered, arrayed in the pontificals of his station, when the curtains behind the grating of the cloisters were drawn and about 20 sisters all dressed in white with heavy black veils thrown over their heads and shoulders, each bearing in her hand a lighted taper, were perceived walking two and two towards the door leading into the chapel. The candidate for the veil was then received by the reverend mother, a lighted taper wreathed with flowers placed in her hand, and conducted within the precinct of the nunnery, the sisters with their lighted tapers following, which was visible to the audience through the gratings. The Archbishop then read a passage of scripture, proclaiming the reward of those who forsake the world and all the ties of kindred to follow Christ, as the authority of the church for the dedication which was about to be performed, and delivered an eloquent address, directed principally to the young novitiate. She then approached the railings, and the Archbishop questioned her as follows:—'My child, what do you demand?' to which she answered, 'The mercy of God, and the holy habit of religion.' Q. 'Is it of your own free will that you demand the holy habit of religion? A. 'Yes it is.' Q 'My child have you a firm intention to persevere in religion to the end of your life, and do you hope to have sufficient strength to carry constantly the sweet yoke of our Lord Jesus Christ solely for the love and fear of God?' A. 'Relying on the mercy of God, I hope to be able so to do.'

The novice then arose, and retired, conducted by the superioress and assistants, to put off her secular dress, and returned in a few minutes arrayed in the religious habit of the order. She then knelt down, and her secular veil being removed by the assistants, she was girded with a cincture by the superioress, and received the veil of the church, previously prostrating herself before the altar. She was then raised and saluted by the superioress, after which she saluted all the sisters present, when they retired in the precise order in which they had entered, chanting the same low and solemn hymn which had been heard throughout the greater part of the ceremony. The extreme beauty of the novice, the solemnity of the ceremony, and her firm and unfaltering carriage and manner rendered the scene one of unusual interest.—[Sun.

Gossip about a Princess.—The French correspondent of the London Court Journal depicts the Princess de Joinville in somewhat different colors from the portraiture given by the English authorities, and relates some morsels of gossip about the affinancing of his bride, which we are inclined to believe more fanciful than real. The following is a part of the sketch to which we have reference:

She is a little, wild, uneducated creature, graceful to the utmost degree, buoyant with health and spirit, and but little inured to such etiquette as that which reigns at the Tuileries. I am told that shortly after her arrival she was invited to join the party at a certain round table, where the Queen and her ladies (a ce qu'on dit) sit night after night stitching much, but uttering little. She bore it patiently for some time, only expressing her weariness by sundry and oft-repeated yawnings; but at length quite unable to stand it any longer, she jumped up from her chair, clapping her hands, and skipping round the room, ended her evolutions by seating herself on the floor and singing Brazilian songs.—The Queen was horrified at such a breach of decorum, and the King laughed heartily at the childish freak of the little Princess. She is a most lovely young creature, and a true, unsophisticated child of nature. Every thing here is new and strange to her and whenever she is unusually struck by what she beholds, she exclaims aloud, 'Ah, if my brother and sister could but see this, too!' and burst into tears at the recollection of her early home, and distant friends. She will doubtless soon get accustomed to the separations, surrounded and cherished as she is by her new and distinguished relatives, and united to a gallant Prince, whose qualities of mind are by no means inferior to his personal advantages.

The marriage of their royal Highnesses took place in rather an unusual manner. Etiquette requires that an ambassador should go and make the proposal, settle all the preliminaries of the affair, and finally, marry the Princess by proxy.—The Prince de Joinville kicked dreadfully against such a mode of proceeding, and not only did he object to marrying a woman he had never seen, but he refused point blank to allow any other man to marry his wife for him—and there the matter stood, until the King compromised matters by allowing the Prince de Joinville to act as ambassador.

His orders were very positive; he was to ask for the Princess' hand, if she suited his taste, and if accepted, was to have put her and her ladies on board one frigate, and escort her himself in his own vessel, Belle Poule, back to France, where the marriage was to be celebrated in due form. No sooner had he seen her, than she pleased him so well, that he became deeply smitten with her charms, and resolved even despite the King's orders to marry her forthwith and most conjugally take her on board his own vessel. Once out to sea he reflected on the lecture which awaited him at home; and by way of avoiding its fire outbreak instead of returning immediately to France, he indulged himself by a long head cruise, and turned a deaf ear, or rather a blind eye, to the telegraphic signals to hasten his return, till at length the King was obliged to send out a corvette to call him back again. The sight of his charming daughters-in-law, and the penitence of the young sailor, soon appeased his Majesty's anger, and now—all's well that ends well.

THE JOURNEYMEN TAILORS OF NEW YORK.

—The New York Sun says the journeymen tailors of that city assembled on Thursday evening at National Hall to the number of four or five hundred. The call of the meeting having been read, Mr. Riley was appointed chairman, and Mr. Lennan secretary. The journeymen were then called upon to state such facts relative to the trade as they were acquainted with, when the most astounding disclosures were made. Some journeymen had to work from sunrise till midnight to earn one dollar, so low are the prices paid by several tailoring establishments which were named.—Others were supposed to receive better prices. After mature deliberation, the members organized themselves into an association auxiliary to the Journeymen Tailors' Benevolent Society, each person handing in his name. All the journeymen were invited to unite with the new association. After agreeing upon the rate of wages, they will appeal to the generosity of the employers to give them a fair compensation for their services.—A bill of prices was proposed, containing as near as we could learn, the following viz:—For a dress frock coat, $6; surtout, $6; coats, very plain, $4; sack coats, plain, $4; mens' jackets, $1; do cloaks, $4; coatees, $5; boys' coats, largest size, $5; do small, $2½; boys' sack coats, $3½; U S. uniform dress, $11; do marine, $10; breeches, $2; pants, 1¼—all exclusive of trimmings and extra work. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed throughout the evening.

FROM TOBASCO.

The brig Port Leon, Capt. Johnson brings dates from Tobasco to the 8th September. The yellow fever was raging fearfully among the Mexican troops, recently arrived from Laguna. It is said that in that small town as many as 140 deaths had occurred in a single week from yellow fever, averaging 20 per day. Some of the last detachment of troops, (nearly 300) which arrived there from Laguna, were the most destitute and miserable looking beings ever beheld. Those who were sick were huddled together in one part of the hold of the transport, some nearly naked and others dying.—There is no immediate prospect of an increase or decrease of the fever, though it, however must be at its height.

There is very little American produce in the market. Flour is scarce and the demand is small—it commands from $7 50 to $9 per bbl. There was hardly any of a superior quality in port.

There were no American vessels of war in port, and but two or three merchant vessels. No political news whatever—every thing was quiet.—[N. Y. Tribune.

FLY PROOF WHEAT.

The following article copied from the Winchester, Va. Republican, will commend itself to the attention of a numerous class of our readers who are engaged in the agricultural pursuits:

MR. GALLAHER:—I observe in your paper of last week that the Fly-proof Wheat recently introduced in the Valley, and, indeed I may say in the state of Virginia, is beginning to attract the attention of our agriculturists. Believing that any information upon this subject, however limited, may prove interesting to some of our readers, I will cheerfully state all that has come into my posession. How the word 'Mediterranean' became attached to this species of wheat, I am unable to say; but I know that it was not originally imported from any country bordering upon that sea. The history of its introduction into the United States, I will state in a few words. Several years ago an American gentleman who was travelling in Holland received and accepted an invitation to dine with a number of Hessians, (for the circumstance occurred in the Hesse country,) when the conversation turned upon the agriculture of the two countries. It was asked of the American, why, with our fine climate and soil, we so often failed in having good wheat crops? The latter replied that it was doubtless in a great measure attributable to an insect which it was supposed was introduced into the United States in the wheat sent from Holland during the Revolutionary War for the subsistance of the British army, which was known in this country as the Hessian Fly. The Hessians were amused at the reply, but admitted that some kinds of wheat in that country were liable to injury by insects, while there was a species in very general use that resisted their attacks.

The American gentleman was presented with some of this wheat, which he brought to this country and sowed upon his farm in Delaware. Subsequently a small quantity was forwarded to the Patent Office at Washington, where it attracted the attention of James H. Talaferro, Esq (a son of the late Representative in Congress from the Northern Neck district) by whom it was introduced into Virginia, and its ability to resist the attacks of the Fly successfully tested. You will therefore perceive that the name 'Mediterranean,' given to this wheat, has no more applicability than it has to our common Indian corn. There may have been a species of wheat introduced into this country from some one of the States bordering on the Mediterranean sea, but, if so, the 'Fly Proof Wheat' is another article.

That this Wheat is fly proof, I cannot be permitted to doubt, and, being fly proof, I submit to our farmers whether it is not, therefore, less liable to suffer from the rust than the common kinds—It is my opinion that the later evil may be fairly laid to the charge of the Hessian Fly, for this reason, the Fly attacks the stalk of the wheat before it is jointed and of course in a young and tender state, the first shoot is either killed or so much damaged that lateral branches or suckers are thrown out from the root (as we observe from the root of a tree after the tree has been cut down,) which are so late in maturing that the heat of summer catches the wheat green and tender and liable to be destroyed by a few hours of sultry weather. This I also believe to be the cause of wheat ripening so irregularly throughout a field, as some time occurs to such a degree that farmers have been known to deliberate for days before commencing the wheat harvest.

Thus you will perceive that I charge almost every evil to which our wheat crops are subject, to the Hessian Fly, and it seems that if indeed this evil was inflicted upon us by the Hessians during the Revolutionary War, besides having drubbed them pretty well at that time for their interference with our affairs, we are at last indebted to them for a preventative of its pernicious effects.

From all I can learn (for I am neither a farmer nor a miller, though I have paid some attention to the farming interest, and only regret that my zeal has not been rewarded by a corresponding degree of benefit to those interests) I am induced to believe that this wheat will not yield as well, either in quality or quantity of flour, as the favorite kinds sowed in the Valley; but I presume this matter will be thoroughly tested this fall by our millers, when the result will be made public. Let the result be what it may, this wheat has been proved to yield well; and if it is what its advocates claim for it, that is, Fly Proof, and therefore less liable to be injured by rust, it is a desideratum long sought and one that will be of immense advantage to the whole country. Yours, &c. T.

The New Orleans Bee thus responds to the proposition to hold a mass Whig Convention in Baltimore in May next:

We trust that the Whigs throughout the Union will respond to this glorious call, and assemble in Baltimore by countless thousands to ratify the nomination of HENRY CLAY. No one has forgotten the Young Men's National Convention of 1840, which met at Baltimore on the 4th of May, and by the acclamations of twenty-five thousand Whigs convoked from every quarter of the country, confirmed the choice of the delegates at Harrisburg. That vast congregation of freemen, embodying the youthful ardor, enthusiasm and energy of the whig party, gave the first great impetus to our cause, and probably contributed as much as any other circumstance to arouse and maintain the indomitable spirit which led us from victory to victory, until November crowned our triumph.

VICE PRESIDENT.

The New York Courier and Enquirer, of Wednesday, after some remarks upon the Vice Presidency, and the candidates which the Whig party have from time to time named, holds the following language:

'Now, to us it is very evident, that if we can marshal to the polls in 1844, the unconquered and unconquerable forces of 1840, our victory is certain; and to do this, we think it only necessary for the whigs to forget and forgive, and place in nomination for President and Vice President Henry Clay and Daniel Webster!

'We are well aware that this proposition will startle many—but why should it? This is the very ticket we all desired to see put in nomination in 1839, and we hope and believe, that there is sufficient devotion to the cause both among the friends of Mr. Clay and those of Mr. Webster, to make the necessary sacrifice of feeling which such a ticket, under existing circumstances, might require.—To us the policy of such an arrangement is altogether too obvious to require any demonstration—Its consumation would beyond, all question, carry dismay into the ranks of our enemies; and this fact is the best commentary upon its wisdom. But we beg it to be distinctly understood, that we are speaking for ourselves only. How such an arrangement would please Mr. Clay or Mr. Webster, we do not know, nor do we deem it essential to inquire.

'That Mr. Webster has made some false steps and committen some capital errors, we are as free to admit as any person can be; and we may add, that no press in the country has more freely exposed and opposed those errors, than the Courier and Enquirer. But notwithstanding this, he is in principle a Whig, and cannot be any thing else; and he is altogether too great and too valuable a man, for any party to be unmindful of his importance as a co-laborer in any cause, the success of which he has at heart.'

The editor anticipates some denunciations from various quarters for his nomination of Mr. Webster. We have copied the remarks more with a view of showing what the people think of, than of criticising the nomination. Mr. Webster, however, does not stand in the position desirable for an immediate nomination. He may place himself there very easily, but he must do it himself. Mr. Webster must be a Clay man before he can be nominated by the Whigs.—(U. S. Gaz.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT JUDICIAL DECISION.

A decision was pronounced by Allegany County court on Wednesday, of deep interest to the people of Maryland and which if sustained, will materially affect the finances of the State. A correspondent of the Patriot at Cumberland, states it thus:—Suits were brought to this term against John W. Carleton, Collector of the State tax for this county, and his sureties upon the bonds for the years 1841 and 1842, for a default, amounting in the whole, as I understand, to some $10 000. To day, the Deputy Attorney General moved for a judgment against the first bond. It was resisted by the sureties, upon this, among other points—that the Legislature having by the acts of 1841, ch. 116, and 1842, ch 269, extended the time and gave day for the payment of the taxes into the State Treasury, beyond, and other than the times designated in the original act, under which the bond was given, the sureties were thereby released. In other words, that those acts of Assembly giving time to the Collector, make such an agreement between the creditors (the State) and the principal, as releases the surety.

'The decision, if correct, affects the whole State. There is not one Collector's bond for the year 1841 and 1842 in which the surety is not discharged. The State has no security for the payment of her taxes, except from the Collectors themselves.

'The case was elaborately argued upon both sides, occupying one whole day—the Court gave it full and patient consideration, and its unanimous decision was against the State. When it is remembered that the Chief Justice of the State is a member (the presiding member) of the Court it will be perceived to what high respect this opinion is entitled.

'The State's Attorney has; I understand, appealed from the decision, and the matter will be finally settled by the Court of Appeals.

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