EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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WILLIS'S LETTERS FROM LONDON.

NUMBER TWO.

Departure from Liverpool—Speed on the English railways—Price of the trains—Effects of travelling upwards of forty miles an hour—Rural Beauty of England—Arrival in London—Regent street—Men—Women—Carriages—Placards—Shops—Beggars—Sameness—Fashions—"Broughams"—Cabs—The pavement of the streets—Difference between London and New York in this particular—Wooden pavements in wet weather—Omnibusses—Lady Blessington's equipage—The Chief of Parisian Police—His personal appearance and curious career—An American Belle—Her admirers—Drolleries—The most celebrated notability of the season, etc. etc.

LONDON, July 1.

MY DEAR MORRIS:—Having some delay in giving my little Imogen her first English dinner, we saved our passage by half a minute, and were off from Liverpool at 4 precisely. The distance to London is, I believe 220 miles, and we did it in five hours—an acceleration of speed which is lately introduced upon the English railways. There are slower trains on the same route, and the price, by these, is less. There are also three or four different kinds of cars to each train, and at different prices. I chanced to light upon the first class, and paid £5 for two places—my nurse and child counting as one. I understand, since that many gentlemen and ladies of the most respectable rank take the second-class cars—(as few Americans would, I am sorry to say, though there would be two degrees still below them.)

This travelling at forty odd miles the hour, gives one's eyes hardly time to know a tree from a cow, but here and there I got a distant view in crossing a valley, and recognized the lovely rural beauty of England, the first impression of which lasts one, like an enchanted memory, through life. Notwithstanding the great speed, the cars run so evenly on their admirable rails, that there was no jar to prevent one's sleeping or being comfortable, and I awoke from a very pleasant dream to find myself in London.

As I was dressing to dine out on the following day, I stopped tying my cravat to send for a physician, and here if you please, we will make a jump over twelve days, and come to a bright morning when I was let out for a walk in Regent street.

* * * * * *

It is extraordinary how little the English change! Regent-street, after four or five years, is exactly what Regent-street *was*. The men have the same tight cravats, coats too small, overbrushed whiskers, and look of being excessively wash'd. The carriages and horses exactly the same. The cheap shops have the same placard of "SELLING OFF" in their broad windows.—The blind beggars tell the same story, and are led by the same dogs; but what is stranger than all this sameness, is that the *ladies* look the same! The fashions have perhaps changed—in the milliners' shops! But the *Englishing* that is done to French bonnets after they are bought, or the English way in which they are worn, overpowers the novelty, and gives the fair occupants of the splendid carriages of London the very same look they had ten years ago.

Still, there are some slight differences observable in the streets, and among others, I observe that the economical private carriage called a "Brougham," is very common. These are low cabs holding two or four persons, with a driver, and perhaps a footman in livery on the outside seat, and one horse seems to do the work as well as two. This fashion would be well introduced into New York—that is to say, if our city is ever to be well enough paved to make a drive any thing but a dire necessity. The paving of London is really most admirable. Vast city as it is, the streets are as smooth as a floor all over it, and to ride is indeed a luxury. The break-neck, hat-jamming, and dislocating jolts of Broadway must seem to English judgment an inexcusable stain on our public spirit.—And, *apropos* of paving—the wooden pavement seems to be entirely out of favor.—Regent-street is laid in wooden blocks, and in wet weather (and it rains here some part of every day,) it is so slippery that an omnibus which has been stopped in going up the street is with difficulty started again. The horses almost always come to their knees, though the ascent is very slight, and the falls of cart and carriage-houses are occurring continually. Nothing seems to "do" like the McAdam pavement, and wherever you find it in London, you find it in as perfect order as the floor of a bowling-alley. I see that all heavy vehicles, (by the way) are compelled to have very broad wheels, and they rather improve the road than spoil it. A law to the same effect should be passed in New-York, if it ever has a pavement worth preserving.

Observing Lady Blessington's faultless equipage standing at the door of the Cosmorame, I went in and saw her Ladyship for a moment. She said she was suffering from recent illness, but I thought her looking far better than when I was last in England. Her two beautiful nieces were with her, and Lord ———; and the celebrated Vidocq (for this was what they had come to see,) was showing them the disguises he had worn in his wonderful detections of criminals, the weapons he had taken from them, and all the curiosities of his career—himself the greatest.—I looked at the prince of policemen with no little interest of course, after reading his singular memoirs. He is a fat man, very much like the outline of Louis Phillippe's figure, and his head, enormously developed in the perceptive organs, goes up so small to the top as to resemble the pear with which the King of the French is commonly caricatured. Vidocq's bow to me when I came in was the model of elegant and respectful suavity, but I could not repress a feeling of repugnance to him, nevertheless.

I made a couple of calls before I went home. The chief topic of conversation at both house was the charms and eccentricities of an American belle who has lately married into a noble family. She seems to have enchanted the exclusives by treating them with the most un-deferential freedom. A few evenings since, she chanced to be surrounded by a half dozen high bred admirers, and conversation going rather heavily, she proposed a cock-fight. Dividing the party into two sides, she tied the legs of the young men together, and set them to a game of ostrich—ending in a very fair representation of an action between belligerent roosters! One of her expressions was narrated with great glee. She chanced to have occasion to sneeze when sitting at dinner between two venerable noblemen. "La!" she exclaimed, "I hope I did'nt splash either of you!" I have mentioned only the drolleries of what I heard. Several instances of her readiness and wit were given, and as those who mentioned them were of the class she is shining in, their admiring tone gave a fair reflection of how she is looked upon—as the most celebrated belle and notability of high life for the present season. Yours faithfully, N. P. WILLIS.

CROWNING THE WISEST.

Not many years ago, it happened that a young man from New York visited London. His father being connected with several of the magnates of the British aristocracy, the young American was introduced into the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where, in consequence of his fine personal appearance, or that his father was reputed to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and became the favorite of the ladies. This was not at all relished by the British beaux; but as no very fair pretext offered for a rebuff, they were compelled to treat him civilly. Thus matters stood when the Hon. M. P. and lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat in Cambridgeshire, and the American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which these devotees of pleasure resorted, in order to kill that old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one was taxed to remember or invent something novel.

The Yankees are proverbially ready of invention, and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to the freedom of thought. He was frank and gay, and entered into the sports and amusements with that unaffected enjoyment which communicated a part of his fresh feelings to the most worn-out fashionists in the party. His good nature would have been sneered at by some of the proud cavaliers, had he not been such a capital shot; and he might have been quizzed, had not the ladies, won by his respectful civilities, and his constant attentions in the drawing-room and saloon, always showed themselves his friends. But a combination was at last formed among a trio of dandies, stanch patrons of the Quarterly, to annihilate the young American. They proposed to vary the eternal waltzing and piping by the acting of charades and playing various games; and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies who always carry their point in the scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After some charades had been disposed of, one gentleman begged leave to propose the game called "Crowning the Wisest." This is played by selecting a judge of the game, and three persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown by answering successively the various questions which the rest of the party are at liberty to ask. The one who is declared to have been the readiest & the happiest in his answers receives the crown.

Our American, much against his inclination, was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position, the society with which he was mingling, required of him great ability to sustain himself.—He was treated with distinguished attention by his hostess, and generally by the party; but this was a favor to the individual, for not one of the party understood the character of republicans, or appreciated the republic. The three worthies had arranged that their turn for him should fall in succession, and he be the last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, and with an air of most ineffable condescension, put the following question:

"If I understand rightly the government of your country, you acknowledge no distinction of rank; consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman. Will you favor me with information where your best schools of politeness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the American, smiling calmly, "I would recommend the falls of Niagara; a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humility to the proudest, & human nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes the trifler, and arouses the most stupid;—in short, it turns men from their idols; and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true Christian is always polite."

There was a murmur among the audience; but whether of applause or censure, the American could not determine, as he did not choose to betray anxiety for the result, by scrutiny of the faces which he knew were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question. He affected to be a great politician, was mustachoed and bewhiskered like a diplomatist, which station he had been coveting. His voice was bland, but his emphasis was very significant.

"Should I visit the United States, what subject with which I am conversant would most interest your people, and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?"

"You must maintain, as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, the purest, the best government which the skill of man ever devised, and that a democracy is utterly barbarous. My countrymen are proverbially fond of argument, and will meet you on all these questions, and, if you choose, will argue with you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feelings with which his answer was received.

The third then rose from his seat, and with an assured voice which seemed to announce certain triumph, said:

"I require your decision on a delicate question; but the rules of the pastime warrant it, also a candid answer. You have seen the American and English ladies; which are the fairest?"

The young republican glanced round the circle. It was bright with flashing eyes, and the sweet smiles which wreathed every lip might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered:

"The standard of female beauty is I believe, allowed to be the power of exciting admiration and begetting love in our sex, and, consequently, those ladies who are most admired and beloved and respected by the gentlemen, must be the fairest. I assert now, confidently, that there is not a nation on earth where woman is so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished, so respectfully treated, as in the republic of the United States: therefore the American ladies are the fairest. "But," and he again bowed low, "if the ladies before whom I have now the honor of expressing my opinion, were in my country, we should think them Americans."

The applause was enthusiastic; and after the mirth had subsided so as to allow the judge to be heard, he directed the crown to be given to the Yankee.

A "LOVE OF A BONNET."

A correspondent of the Boston Post gives the following funny account of popping the question under curious circumstances:—As a party of pleasure was ascending Mount Tom a few days ago, a well dressed man, furnished with fishing tackle, accosted a lady, one of the party, who had loitered behind her companions to enjoy without interruption, the beautiful scenery which lay along the rich valley of the Connecticut.

"Good morning, madam!" said the fisherman, touching his hat.

"Good morning, sir," replied the lady, with a dignity of manner which would have been considered perfect at the Court of Queen Elizabeth.

"It is a fine morning, madam," continued the gentleman; "I saw your bonnet at the foot of the hill, and I thought I should like to marry the lady who wore that bonnet. It struck my fancy exactly, and I walked up here to ask you if you would like to enter that blessed state with me."

The lady was somewhat startled at the abruptness of this proposition, and her first impulse was to hurry on to her companions; but her dignity and self-possession prevailed, and she quietly turned to the stranger and said "it was a very serious proposal to come from one who had never seen her before."

"But I have seen your bonnet," said he, "and I know you will suit me. I have money, and a good house at the foot of yonder hill. My wife and children are dead; I am all alone. If you outlive me you shall have all my property. I have just got a new stone for the grave of my wife, for which I gave twenty-six dollars. I buy all my things for the house by the quantity. You shall be well provided for in every thing. I don't think you could do better."

The lady had seen much of the world—had held command in the fashionable circles of the South—and the "chivalry" had bended the knee to her beauty and accomplishments, and the learned to the intelligence and cultivation of her mind. She had sailed triumphant and unconquered every where, and to be thus waylaid and entrapped into matrimony, was a thing not to be thought of for a moment; and so she raised her form to more than its usual height, and giving additional dignity to the inclination of her head, she bowed "good bye" to the fishing widower, and left him to bestow himself and his grave stones on some one else.

It is to be regretted that the pattern of the bonnet is not known—if one of our bonnet makers could only secure it—she might realize a fortune. A pop-the-question-bonnet would be a novelty in the regions of Fancydom.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

HOW A TAILOR COLLECTED A DEBT.

A TRUE STORY.

Near the close of the last century, a Quaker knight of the shears and thimble, who exercised the avocation in Philadelphia, was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards sloped without paying for them. The Quaker was too poor to lose the debt, but like too many others of his *cloth*, he had apparently no other alternative. The account was placed on his books and soon forgotten.—Some years afterwards he was examining his old records of debt and credit, profit and loss, when his attention was attracted to this account, and all the circumstances attending it came fresh to mind. Suddenly an odd thought suggested itself.

"I'll try an experiment," said he to himself; "perpaps I may succeed in catching the rogue and getting my pay.

He immediately prepared an advertisement, in substance as follows, which he inserted in the Philadelphia Gazette:—"If J——C——, who was in Philadelphia about the month of——, in the year 1795 will send his address to the editor of this paper will hear of something to advantage. Printers in the neighboring States are requested to copy." The latter clause was inserted from a vague suspicion that the rogue had taken up his abode in New York.

Having instructed the editor not to disclose his name to the rogue, if he should call, his to request the latter to leave his address, the Quaker patiently awaited the result of his experiment. In a short time he was informed, by a note from the printer, that the individual alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived from New York, might be found at a given place in the city.

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge interest from the time the debt was incurred. Taking a constable with him, who bore a legal process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodgings of the swindler. The constable was instructed to stand off at a little distance till a signal should indicate the time for him to approach.

The Quaker now ran the bell, and when the servant appeared, requested him to inform the gentleman of whom he was in search, that a friend wished to speak with him at the door.

The man obeyed the summons, and soon both debtor and creditor were looking each other in the face.

"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker. "Perhaps thou dost not know me."

"I believe I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance," politely answered our hero.

"Dost thou remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago of a poor tailor and forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.

"O no," said the gentleman, blushing slightly; "you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot be me that you wished to find."

"Ah! John! I know thee very well.—Thou art the very man I wished to see.—Thou has on at this moment the very waistcoat that I made for thee. Thou must acknowledge it was of good stuff and well made, or it could not have lasted thee so long."

"O yes," said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself; "I *do* remember now the circumstances to which you allude. Yes, yes—I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you may depend on my doing so. I have come here to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See! here is the advertisement which apprised me of my good fortune.

Here he handed to the Quaker a New York paper containing a copy of the advertisement whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at it with imperturbable gravity and continued—

"Yes, I see thou art in luck, but as my demand is a small one, I think I must insist on payment before thou comest in possession of thy large estates."

The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama.

"What!" exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone; "you surely haven't sued me?"

"Yes I have replied the Quaker; "and thou shouldst be thankful that nothing worse has happened to thee."

"Come in then," said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught; "come in, and I will pay you if I must.

The three went into the house together, and the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

The tailor having signed the receipt, placed it in the hands of his late creditor, with feelings such as may be readily imagined. The swindler took it and for the first time glanced at the various items of which it was composed. He said nothing till he came to the last charge, which was "*for advertising*," when he broke forth—

"Halloo! what's this? '*For advertising?*' That's and odd charge in a tailor's bill.—You're cheating me!"

O no," cooly replied the Quaker; "that is all right. I have charged thee the cost of publishing the advertisement which thou just showed me."

Here the swindler uttered a horrid oath as he demanded, "Do you mean to say that *you* caused the publication of that advertisement!"

"Truly I did," replied the Quaker with most provoking coolness.

"You told a —— lie in it," quickly retorted the rogue.

"Convince me of that," said the Quaker, "and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault."

"You said I should hear something to my advantage, if I would come here."

"Thou art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker; "I only promised that thou shouldst hear of 'something to advantage,' and is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?"

"If I can catch you in the street," said the swindler, with an oath and in the deepest rage, "I'll give you such a cowhiding as will not leave the breath in your body.

"Nonsense! now," said the Quaker, "if thou really intends to do anything of that sort, we had better step out into the back yard and finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely *non plused* by the coolness of the Quaker, and stood speechless and almost petrified.

"Now," said the tailor, good-naturedly, "let me give thee a piece of advice.—When next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou had better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly, for then will thy conscience not disturb thee and thy sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!"

There is no doubt of the literal truth of this story, as we received it some time since from the lips of the Quaker himself. —*New York Tribune.*

IRISH WIT.—We have seldom seen a more striking illustration of Irish wit & repartee, combined with the most scorching sarcasm, which is characteristic of that people, than is furnished by the following anecdote, which we lately met with in the course of our reading, and which may be new to some of our readers:—*Boston Journal.*

"Hely Hutchinson, late Provost of Trinity College, and Father of Dublin, on his first introduction into the Irish Parliament, delivered a speech of considerable length on the rapid increase of the *prosperity of Ireland*. Counsellor Costello, a member of the same Parliament, listened with great attention to the young orator's flowery declamation; and, when he had done, the counsellor got up and expressed the satisfaction he felt on hearing that this, his native country, was in such a *flourishing* state. 'When,' added he, 'that youthful Senator got up to speak, I had *three half pence* in my pocket, and I am sure they must be *three guineas now!*—Let me see.' On which he put his hand in his pocket, pulled them out, and, having looked at them for a moment, exclaimed, 'Oh, by my sol, *they are half pence still!*"

LARGE CHESTS.—Horses that are round, or "barrel chested," are invariably more muscular and enduring than those of an opposite kind. Scientific sportsmen are in a great measure, guided in their opinion of a horse's racing qualifications by his girth just behind his shoulders; by this test, a jockey foretold the reputation and prowess of the celebrated racer Plenipotentiary, almost from the period of his birth. Cattle dealers and butchers, in like manner, judge by the chests and shoulders of cows and pigs what amount of fat they are likely to gain by feeding. All animals that have lungs large are remarkable for the vigor of their appetite, and facility with which they appropriate their nutriment; such animals will feed upon the coarsest hay and straw, while their less fortunately constructed companions are fattened by no kind of food. An amusing anecdote is related of a simpleton, who, in trying to sell a horse, declared, that "*the animal's eating was mere nothing.*" The intelligence would, contrary to intention, have sufficed to ruin the prospect of sale, but the buyer, with rare discrimination, inferred from the horse's chest that the capacity of his appetite had been unwittingly misstated. He bought him on the hazard of an opinion, and had no reason to repent of his judgment.

BITTER THINGS HOT.—Burke once remarked to Garrick, that all bitter things were hot. What would you think,' says Garrick, of a bitter cold day?'

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAM SHIP
CAMBRIA AT BOSTON.

Shortest Passage Across the Atlantic.

15 DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Advances in the Price of cotton—Tremendous Sales—Horrible Butchery in Algiers—Anarchy in Spain—Elections in Great Britain, etc.

The steamship Cambria, Capt. Judkins arrived at Boston on Wednesday afternoon in the astonishing short passage of eleven days and nine hours!! She sailed from Liverpool on the 19th ult. We are indebted to Adams & Co's. express for the N. Y. Herald and Sun Extras, from which we make up the following summary.

The demand for Cotton is large, but the requirements are for the ligitimate purposes of trade. The spinners keep themselves well supplied, the principal inducement to which is the low price of the staple. Great as the stock in hand is, it is giving way under the immense regular demand, and heavy as is the new crops the current business promises to swallow it up in due course. Speculators are not inactive.

The demand for export is large, and under these combined causes, American has advanced 1-8 per lb. The total sales of the week amount to 72,690.

American Provision market is in a stagnant state, owing to the reduction of the stocks and the absence of imports. There is necessarily but little business doing, and the quotations are rather nominal than otherwise. The absence of the requisite supplies of cheese is felt, as the article is becoming popular, and would command, had there been a good supply, fair, if not improving rates. It will be seen from the market notes that the daily arrivals are expected to bring fresh stocks, which will give a stimulant to this branch of trade.

The quarterly meeting of the iron masters has recently been held in Staffordshire. During the last few weeks every description of manufactured iron has been reduced upwards of 20 per cent. The impression at present is, that the market will sink still lower, and some talk is already current about lowering the wages of the colliers.

The price of bar iron is now nominally £10 per ton at the works. The demand *at present is dull, and stocks are accumulating.*

The price of American Stocks is looking up. The determination of the Pennsylvanians to shame their traducers has produced this improved feeling which exists in the Bourse of Paris as well as London.

Parliament is about closing its session, and the Queen arranging for a continental tour.

The demand for cotton was good, with an advance of one-eighth pence.

The Jesuits in France have been broken up by the Pope himself, to prevent its being done by the French Government.

Prospect of the Crops. The weather has been variable of late, and attention continues to be fixed on the crops. A good deal of rain has fallen, but it has been succeeded by sunshine, without however, the requisite warmth. Yesterday was the anniversary of the watery St. Swithen, to whose doings popular superstition has long attached marked importance. The saint did not drop a single tear on the occasion—a gratifying omen, if the saints possess any power in ruling the planets. Should the weather prove fine, nothing as yet has occurred to the crops which cannot be repaired, and the yield may fall little short of an average one.

The uncertainty which has hitherto prevailed respecting the weather has caused more activity in the Corn trade, both here and elsewhere. Last week, when rain fell frequently, the market was in a state of considerable excitement. Speculators were active, and Wheat per bushel improved to the extent of 6d to 8d., and Flour 1s., per barrel. Some rather heavy sales of Canadian were made at 27s. 6d. per barrel, and United States, in bond, at 19s, 6d. The weather, as we have stated above, having shown symptoms of improvement, there has been less doing, and if it continues, prices will recede to the figures from which they advance. The accounts of the Irish crops are not over promising; the harvest, it is suspected, will be late, and a late harvest is always uncertain. Yesterday, in consequence of the sun's power, and the hopeful feeling which warmth and sunshine engender, the grain markets were listless. There was little disposition to buy, and still less to speculate. Prices gave way to a limited extent.

Death of Gen. Jackson. On the reception of the news of Gen. Jackson's death in London, Mr. Everett, our minister issued an order requesting all Americans to join in a mark of respect to his memory—that the flags of American shipping be hoisted half mast, and that Consuls, vice Consuls and all other citizens of the United States, wear the usual badge of mourning.

Horrible Tragedy at Dahara, in Algiers. It is thus recorded in the Akbar, of the 5th inst, a French journal published at Algiers.

There has just occurred in the Dahara one of those terrible events which deeply afflict those who behold them, even when convinced of their frightful necessity, and when they are justified in declaring that every thing possible was done to prevent the catastrophe.

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