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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ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

SCRAPS FOR THE EASTON GAZETTE.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci
Hor.

Blue Stockings.—About the year 1781 it was fashionable in London for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary men. One of the most eminent members of these societies when they first commenced, was Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and who, it was particularly observed, wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that in his absence it used to be said—"we can do nothing without the blue stockings." Thus the name of "blue stocking clubs" was given to these meetings, and that of "blue stockings" to the ladies who frequented them. The latter continues to be a well-known soubriquet applied to literary ladies.

Black Monday.—Easter Monday was formerly called Black Monday, of the origin of which name the following account is given—In the 37th of Edward III, on the 14th of April 1360, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold, wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the Black Monday. Shakspeare, in the "Merchant of Venice," makes Launcelot say: "It was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black Monday last."

Literary Blunders.—A curious literary blunder has been preserved, of some pious Spaniards who applied to the Pope to consecrate a day in honor of *Saint Viar.* His holiness, in the voluminous catalogue of his saints, was ignorant of this one.—The only proof brought forward for his existence was this inscription: S. VIAR.—An antiquary, however, hindered one more festival in the calendar, by convincing them that these letters were only the remains of an inscription erected for an ancient *surveyor of roads*; he read their saintship thus: PRAEFECTUS VIARUM.

Queen Elizabeth, in her evasive answers to the commons, in reply to their petitions to her majesty to marry, has employed an energetic word: "Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I intend; and were I tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than is proper for you to know; therefore I give you an *answer*, answerless!"

Importance of Punctuation.—The following anecdote is told, we believe, of Foote the comedian. A certain barber in London had written on a paper in his shop window, without pointing, the words—*What do you think I'll shave for nothing and give you some drink.* Foote passing the shop, observed the attractive notice, and read it thus—*What do you think? I'll shave you for nothing, and give you some drink!* He accordingly entered the shop, and having been shaved, demanded his drink. The barber refused, and demanded payment for his services. Foote referred him to his notice in the window. "Ha!" said the barber, "I perceive you have not learned to read. My notice promises nothing; it is merely a question addressed to customers, who, like yourself, might be disposed to be unreasonable. It reads thus—*What! do you think I'll shave you for nothing, and give you some drink?* It is needless to say that the comedian was fairly outwitted.

GRAVE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—A writer in the Norfolk Beacon describes a visit to the grave of this remarkable man.—Speaking of the former residence of Mr. Randolph, he says:

After a ride of two or three hours, we entered a forest of tall oaks, and were told by Mr. Cardwell that we were on Mr. Randolph's estate. Shortly, the houses that were occupied by the great and eccentric genius, appeared through the intervening trees, built up in the midst of the woods. Not a stump to be seen, not a bush grubbed up; all standing, as if the foot of man had never trodden there. Mr. Randolph would not suffer the primitive aspect of things to be disturbed in the least. Not a tree, or branch, or a switch, was allowed to be cut. During his absence in Europe, a limb of an oak, projecting towards a window of one of the houses, grew so near, that old Essex, fearing the window would be broken, cut the limb off. On Mr. Randolph's return he at once discovered the mutilation; old Essex was called up, and the reasons demanded for cutting off the limb. The old negro told his master he feared the window would be broken. Then, said Mr. Randolph, why did you not move the house?

The writer here met John, the former body servant of Mr. Randolph, who treated him and his companion with great politeness, conducting them to the winter and summer houses, and other objects of interest in the vicinity. We copy the description of his last resting-place:

At my request, John directed us to his master's grave, at the foot of a lofty pine, just a few steps in the rear of the summer-house. The place was selected by Mr. Randolph twenty years before his death; and by his direction the head was laid to the East instead of the West, the usual position. It was observed to John that his master had ordered his body to be thus laid, that he might watch Henry Clay.—John replied that he had never heard him say anything of the kind. I supposed the position was preferred by Mr. Randolph because it is the Indian sepulchral posture, his descent from Pocahontas, the Indian princess, being one of the things he much boasted of.

A rude unchiselled mass of white rock, found by Randolph on a distant part of his estate, many years before his death, and used by him, at the door of one of his houses, as a wash-stand, marks the head of the grave. A huge mass of brown stone, also selected by Mr. Randolph, and used as a step-stone to mount his horse, marks the foot of the grave. These rocks were procured and kept for the purpose to which they are now appropriated, and particular direction given to John on the subject.

I can never forget my emotions while standing over the unornamented grave of the gifted and eccentric Randolph. The tall, unbroken forest by which I was surrounded, the silence and gloom that reigned undisturbed amidst the deserted place; the thought of the brilliant mind that once animated the remains, then mouldering beneath the sod upon which I was standing, the vanity of earth's promises, and hopes and distinctions, impressed my heart and mind with a degree of solemnity and interest I was unwilling to dissipate.

CONSEQUENCES OF GAMBLING.

The following tale of a gambler is told by the editor of the Philadelphia Evening Courier:

In the year 184—, a number of individuals were arrested for keeping a gambling house on Chesnut street, near Independence Hall. The counsel for the prosecution was sitting in his office one day, when a young man of gentle exterior and address entered, and the following dialogue ensued:

"I have been summoned to appear to-morrow as a witness against ———, for keeping a gambling house. Unless it is absolutely necessary," said he, as his agitation increased, "I wish, sir, you would not urge my attendance."

"I don't know," said the counsel, "that the conviction will depend upon your testimony, but as you are an important witness, it may be necessary to call you upon the stand."

"My reasons for asking this favor are urgent," said the young man, "and the consequences of a refusal may be fatal to my prosperity, and the happiness of other."—He became more agitated, and at the request of the gentleman he continued: "In a few days I am to be married to Mr. ——'s daughter, residing on Chestnut street. The preparations are made and the day is fixed. If I am called upon as a witness in the case I shall criminate myself, and be exposed to the eyes of my friends, and the public gaze as a gambler. My character will be lost, my prospects in life blighteed, and, of course my domestic happiness destroyed."

"You shall not be called, young man," said the counsel, "unless it is absolutely necessary," and with this assurance they separated—not without some painful misgiving on the part of the legal gentleman that he was about to be accessary to a wrong, which might result in the utter ruin of a confiding yet unsuspecting girl.—The trial came on, but conviction was obtained without summoning the young man, and he went on in his course of duplicity and crime unexposed. In a few days he was married!

Two years passed, and a young but heart-broken wife appeared before the legal tribunal seeking a divorce. Her counsel was startled, when the husband came forward, at discovering, confronting the wife, the identical young man who plead not to be exposed as a gambler! The interview with the witness instantly occurred to the counsel's mind. The painful incidents of a deserted house, neglected wife, and the cruelties which had followed his gambling habits, then came up in fearful array before the individual who had saved him from the merited exposure.

The trial proceeded, and a gradual succession of acts of injustice, neglect, coldness, alienation, domestic discord and cruelties, on the part of the husband against a confiding and affectionate young wife, were disclosed, which melted the hearts of the coldest spectators. His defence was feeble, and her cause triumphed. Happily she was liberated from the monster who had wounded her heart, destroyed her peace, and deprived her of that happiness which came upon her so joyously during the morning of her bridal day.

His fate hardly need even briefly be told. He soon lost the esteem of his friends, (if the gambler has friends,) and his fashionable and elegant establishment on Chestnut street was closed by the sheriff, a few weeks since, and more recently he has been arrested for forgery. What a brief but melancholy detail of the fruits reaped from the pursuits of the gamester.

A SPLENDID MEMORIAL.—We noticed, some time since, the purpose of some of our citizens to present to Mr. John Hall, the proprietor of a hotel at Wilmington, Del., a suitable testimonial of his disinterested kindness and unremitted attention to Mr. James Cook, the son of Col. Wm. Cook, of this city, who was attacked with small pox in its most virulent form, while sojourning at the hotel. At the remonstrance of his boarders, Mr. Hall chose that they should desert his house, rather than he would consent to the removal of the invalid; and subsequently, with his family, continued the most paternal attention to the unfortunate sufferer until his death, and then personally directed and superintended the funeral. This remarkable conduct excited the warmest gratitude on the part of the acquaintances of the deceased, and a committee was appointed to adopt a suitable mode of testifying their appreciations of it. To this end, a very elegant silver Pitcher and Salver have just been completed, by Messrs. Samuel Kirk & Son, 172 Baltimore street, where they may be seen. As specimens of taste and skill, we have never seen these beautiful articles surpassed.

The Pitcher is elaborately and richly chased, and represents in bold relief the scene familiar to the Scripture reader, and known as the parable of the "Good Samaritan." In the foreground is seen the figures of the Samarian and the wounded traveller, the former in the act of administering to the necessities of the latter; while from among the woods by the side the horse is seen and beautifully developed in the distance the Priest and the Levite are observed walking off in all the pomp of selfishness. The whole scene is most tastefully conceived, and wrought with admirable skill, and certainly does infinite credit to the ingenuity of Messrs. Kirk. On the base of the pitcher is the following inscription, from the New Testament:

"But a certain Samaritan came where he was; and when he saw him he had compassion on him, and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, *and brought him to an inn and took care of him.*—St. Luke, ch. 10."

The last member of the sentence, without reference to the adaptation of the parable, is peculiarly appropriate. In the centre of the salver is inscribed the following brief but beautiful presentation sentence:

"To John Hall, of Wilmington, from citizens of Baltimore, and friends of the late James Cook. In grateful remembrance of the lofty and pure humanity, with which he fulfilled at the bedside of the stranger, unwearied in kindness and unterrified by the pestilence, the blessed ministry of the Good Samarian."

It is designed to make the presentation, we understand, in a few days. The gentlemen composing the committee by whose energy and zeal this very proper object has been accomplished, are Col. Jacob G. Davies, George R. Richardson, Samuel H. Pegart, William E. Mayhew, and Wm. Henry Hoffman, Esqs.—*Sun.*

CURIOUS TALE ABOUT PAGANINI.

A singular tale appeared in the papers, that Paganini was a violin maker, living in one of the narrow streets of Milan. He kept a little shop with his violins hanging in his window, and was so good looking, that the lasses of Milan used to pass down the street to have a look at the handsome fiddle maker. One day a gentleman called with a violin to be repaired, and accidentally left a book behind him on the transmigration of souls, a subject, of all others, that interested Paganini. He read it with avidity. In a small room, at the back of his shop, lay his aged and accomplished mother on her death-bed. Paganini had just finished a fine violin, and in the full persuasion of transmigration of souls, he placed a feathern tube over the mouth of his mother, at the instant of her departure, and received her last breath at the S holes of the fiddle. This was his magical violin, with which he set out upon his travels. When performing in the opera house, and imitating the tones of the voice in a piece which he called "The Witches under the Walnut Trees," a French valet was thrown into a state of frenzy. He waited upon Paganini the next morning, and told him that when young he had been a lover of his mother, and that, with inexpressible delight, while listening to his performance last night, he recognised her voice in the tones of his violin. I have preserved this ridiculous tale, as it may tend to show the extent of the sensation created by this extraordinary man, on his arrival here, when public writers could think it worth while to tell such stories.

Bonaparte once at a party placed himself directly before a witty and beautiful lady, and said very abruptly, "Madame, I don't like that women should meddle with politics." "You are very right, General," she replied; "but in a country where women are beheaded, it is natural they should desire to know the reason."

Bonaparte dreaded an epigram pointed against himself, more than he dreaded "infernal machines." When he was told that no woman, however talented, could shake the foundation of his power, he replied, "Madam de Stael carries a quiver full of arrows, that would hit a man if he were seated on a rainbow."

HUMOROUS ARTICLES.

From the Frederick Examiner.

THE YANKEE PEDLAR.

BY FRED MARYLAND.

In the fall of 18—, on my way from New York to Washington, I stopped for a couple of days in the pleasant city of New Brunswick. On the afternoon of my arrival six or eight of the townsmen were congregated in the White Hall Hotel discussing the character and animadverting upon the habits of one of their citizens, a Mr. D———s who was notorious for his cunning at a bargain and closefistedness in money matters. As the conversation was carried on in a pretty loud key, I may as well let the actors speak for themselves:

"Close, did you say," remarked one, "why you might as well try to fish a dollar out of the ocean, as get fairness out of him in a bargain."

"A perfect skin-flint!" uttered a little, dissatisfied looking fellow. "I knew him when he wasn't worth a dollar, and now he counts thousands where I do hundreds and all made by note shaving and taking advantage of the necessities of others. Oh! he's a sharper!"

"True," said another; "he's the keenest fellow I ever knew. Look how he did Smith in that House and Lot business—and Smith's not slow at a bargain, either. A man should rise early to trade with Smith. I can tell you!"

"There's no mistake about D———s, being a sharper!" added a third.

"He would out-yankee yankeedom, and not half try," put in a plethoric individual, who seemed determined to add his testimony.

"I would give ten dollars to have him handsomely taken," in said one of his party.

"So would I," repeated two or three.

During this conversation, I had observed an individual with a strongly marked yankee face, who was paying strict attention to the speakers. He was a tin pedlar, and had three wagons loaded with tin lanterns, then in the tavern yard. When they began to talk of giving money to have their neighbor outwitted, he arose and putting on the yankee pretty strongly said:

"Gentlemen, I don't know that ere individual about whom you are speaking—I say I don't know him—but if you've a mind to subscribe a little grain of something just enough to pay the ventur' like, why I would'nt mind it. I calculate it might be done. I've hearn of such people afore, and I don't know but what I might be able to fetch him. I'm mostly in the trade in tine, and its all in the way of trade with me—I say it's all in the way of trade."

"Just the dandy, gentlemen," exclaimed one of the party, this is the ticket for soup."

"You're in the trading line, are you?" enquired another.

"Yes, gentlemen—trading's my occupation. I'm clean from Bangor, way down in to the state of Maine. I can do a little of most anything. In the summer I stay to hum and help the old folks,—in the fall and winter I pedlar tin ware—mostly lanterns—"

"You don't sell lanterns?" said the plethoric citizen, inquiringly.

"I'll be like to know if I haint got three hundred of them in my wagon in the yard?"

"Oh! you have eh? Well you're the very man we want."

"Ye-es," said the yankee.

"We will make up a purse of twenty dollars for you, if you will bamboozel our friend D———s."

"I should'nt wonder if I could strike a trade with him."

"When will you do it."

"I calculate it can be done to-morrow."

"Very well—if you succeed, the money is yours."

"Sartain sure!" said the yankee.

The twenty dollars were immediately collected and given to the landlord, as an earnest of their seriousness, and the party broke up to meet the next evening. On the following morning, our Yankee acquaintance, who was a shrewd intelligent fellow, put on a genteel suit, and after having made a good many inquiries respecting the habits, manners, appearance and residence of Mr. D———s, mounted a horse and took a roundabout course for his house with the intention of stopping there on his return as if just from Philadelphia. As good luck would have it, old D———s was standing in his front door as the Yankee approached. "Sir," said the latter, "will you be good enough to inform me how far I am from Brunswick?"

"Two miles, sir," replied D———s.

"And how far is it to New York?"

"About forty miles, I suppose, by stage."

"Are there any tin-smiths in New Brunswick?" continued the Yankee.

"Why, yes, there are two or three, small affairs."

"I am sorry they are small—I was in hopes of being able to fill an order there which our houses has received for lanterns

"Lanterns!" said the old fellow quickly eagerly taking the bait for he had seen the three wagons loaded with them only the day before

"Yes," added the other carelessly, "we have a heavy order, and I was told that the article could be had in New Brunswick."

"You are from Philadelphia, then?"

"Yes, we do business there. You have probably heard of our firm—Hype, Cook, Sage, Donnelly & Co."

"I can't say that I've heard of that firm, but there appears to be a good many of you."

"Oh! Yes! it's a large house!"

"How many lanterns do you want?" inquired old D.

"Three hundred will do."

"What do you pay a hundred?"

"The Yankee stated a sum considerably above the marketable value of the article.

"Do you wish them delivered in Philadelphia?"

"No, I will attend to that."

"Add another dollar a hundred, and I will furnish them for you," said the greedy sharper.

"Agreed," replied the Yankee,—now when can you procure them?"

"In two days."

"All right. I must go on some ten miles further, and I will pay you for them on my return."

After some other conversation about the size make and quality of the article, all which served to impress old D———s with the legitimacy of the transaction the Yankee returned to town, put on his old cloths and otherwise altered his appearance so that he was fully prepared to superintend the sale of his own lanterns when old skin-flint arrived. In due time D———s reached the tavern, and after much screwing and jewing, the bargain was struck—money paid down, and the tin-ware delivered.

A broad grin of satisfaction might have been observed all this time in the faces of some six or eight bystanders, but nothing was said. The Yankee got a full price for his lanterns, pocketed his twenty dollars, and that night started homeward.

Old D———s waited all the next day and the following one, and two more, but the Philadelphia Merchant came not.—At length the lanterns began to grow hateful in the old man's sight, and with a dozen round oaths, reflecting severely upon the Mercantile community in general the tin-ware was ordered to be put in the garret. The joke got wind, and soon everybody in the town knew of it, and from that day forth the miser was known by the cognomen of "Old Lantern." Many years afterward the old man died, and the handbill that announced the sale of his effects contained the following *nota bene*—

"Also, at the same time and place, *three hundred lanterns*, almost as good as new, which will be sold a bargain!"

Philadelphia, Sept. 1846.

THE DISTRESSED WOLVERINE.

The bell was tolling for the last time, when an individual, evidently, from his appearance one of the original Wolverines, rushed across the dock, and giving a waive of his bundle, a turkey-red hankerchief filled with something, he jumped on board and crowed as his feet struck the deck.—He was, in height, too tall for any thing but a telegraph pole, and in breadth a very tape-worm. His coat was thrown over his left arm, exposing by its absence, a yellow flannel shirt, crossed over the back by a pair of tow suspenders, supporting trousers of the same material, and the usual harness for keeping on those hybrids between a shirt and a saddle cloth known as a "dickey." The critter's hat was a straw one, of home fabrication probably, but sadly deteriorated from its primeval beauty by reason of exposure to calorific influences, one side of the rim having been partially burned away. From beneath this, and playing loose at the sport of the wind," descended in delightful confusion, a fall of hair rivaled in excess of roseate hue, only by the end of the animal's nose, a feature which on it's starting from the forehead had undoubtedly intended well enough for a decided Roman; but, on arriving at its extremity, had changed its mind abruptly, and settled upon a pug. Out of by no means a limited reservoir, guarded by a chevaux de frise of unexceptionable ivory, issued copious streams and jets of tobacco juice, which moistened and varnished as it were, some twenty-five hairs pendent from the under side of the chin.

And this was the specimen that, when we had gained a respectable offing, sat upon the inner end of the starboard cat head and wept.

Some benevolent individuals, prompted thereto by an up-gushing of the milk of human kindness, gathered about the poor suffering mortal and urged him to pour his sorrows into their sympathetic bosoms.—Modestly and sadly then he narrated a tale of horrid wrong—a brutal creditor—a scattering of his Lares and Penates—a breaking up his fireside circle were the links that bound the plot together. Simple and touching, illustrated as it were by sobs and tears and streams of tobacco juice, that tale came forth, and when it was done, and the narrator had wiped his eyes upon one corner of the bundle which he carred, numerous were the applications to their purses and wallets of the kind hearted passengers. But the Wolverine was too proud to accept a gratuity at the hands of any one, and he dignifiedly waved away the hands extended to him with small coins while he opened his parcel.

"No, folks!" said he, "I baint poor nuff for that. But ef you do want to be kind to a poor feller that's had a hard row to hoe, mebby you'd be willin' to buy some o' these here miling seeds. They're better than you'll get in the east, fur I fetched 'em from Texas, en the way they grow is curis! Sometimes the vines is longer'n that ar rope pointing to the pennant halyards,) en as big as your body," addressing a young gentlemen with a slight beard, and a military cap and coat, whose form having become the centre of attraction for several pair of eyes, he ventured to enquire—"What are seeds worth?"

"Wall," said the unfortunate traveller, "I ken sell 'em for what they cost me when I had money;" (a tear started in his eye when he said this)—"but I hate to part with 'em en I wouldn't ef I was a-able to kee-keep them."

But he was not able to keep them, so he parted with them at cost price, twenty-five cents each, crying all the time. The amount of money thus raised was something considerable, and the benevolent passengers had the satisfaction of knowing that they had relieved a suffering fellow-being from his dire distress. I felt particularly self-complacent, for I had started on my travel with plenty of funds, and happening to feel very charitably disposed, had bought about twenty small yellow seeds warranted each to generate and bring forth a huge melon bearing vine.

Our protege left us at Cleveland, with many pretensions of eternal gratitude, while tears of thankfulness ran down his stalwart cheeks.

I planted my seeds in the following spring, and they came up—a fine crop of summer squashes. This was "a huckleberry above my persimon and I caved!

A ROYAL QUANDARY.

On the first consignment of Seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi, the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage. A box was brought to the king in full Court, and the interpreter explained to his Majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve blue papers; and, having added water the King drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water and and as eagerly swallowed by his Majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered exploded, and, in his agonies, screamed—"Hold me down!" Then, rushing from the throne fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during, the long continued effervescence of the compound, spurting like ten thousand penny worths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy and humiliating proof that Kings are mortal.

The St. Louis Republican of the 12th inst. tells the following story of a fortune finder:

SUDDEN ACQUISITION OF WEALTH.—We derive the following facts from the memorandum of a gentlemen of this city: During the present week, were called upon by a plain looking old countryman, accompanied by a friend to give them some information relative to what obstacles they might meet with in obtaining some money which had fallen due to one of them, recently, in England. Both were poorly dressed, the oldest one particularly, and they evidently, up to a recent date, were accustomed to earn their living by hard labor. On being told that all that would be requisite for the owner to do, on his arrival in England, to entitle him to receive his money, would be to prove his identity a gleam of satisfaction was preceptible in their countenances, as if some great obstacle had been removed, which had hitherto checked their happiness. Their good humor was an invitation for us to express some curiosity as to the amount they expected to receive; and as we are all willing to relue to others that which appears to delight them, if the subject be gratifying for us to dwell upon, our visitors gave us readily, the following facts relative to the older one present: Several years ago he left England, a poor farmer, and as such labored in this country until now. The death of a relative in England suddenly made him the rightful heir to £53,000 sterling on deposit in the Bank of England.—Besides this comfortable sum of ready cash there is the family estate in Westmoreland the mansion of which, alone cost £25,000 sterling. It appears that only a few weeks since the former possessor of this wealth was in perfect health, a widower of about 45 years of age, looking forward to a long life, and perhaps a happy one, allied to one of England's daughters. He had been admonished it is true that death might reach him at that age, for he had already buried his wife and two children. Very soon he died, and without making a will. By the laws of England, an intestate's estate goes to the heirs at law, and the person before us being the oldest collateral heir in the descending line, the whole of this large estate, amounting to half a million of dollars, has fallen to him. Our visitor left us much cheered with the information he had received. He will soon be on his way to England, to take possession of what is, in this country deemed a splendid fortune.—Although a man of very simple habits and wants, he was already forming plans for the future. The estate he intended to distribute in England, to branches of the family; but the money he intends to bring to this country, and here to pass the remainder of his days. As some assurance of this, he leaves his wife and two children behind him, with the design of rejoining them as soon as possible.

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