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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A WOMAN'S SHORTCOMINGS.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

She has laughed as softly as if she sighed;
She has counted six and over,
Of a purse well filled, and a heart well tried—
Oh, each a worthy lover?
They "give her time;" her soul must slip
Where the world has set the grooving:
She will lie to none with her fair red lip—
But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
As her thoughts were beyond her recalling;
With a glance for *one*, and a glance for *some*,
From her eyelids rising and falling!
—Speaks common words with a blushful air;
—Hears bold words unreproving:
But her silence says what she never will swear—
And love seeks better loving.

Go lady! lean to the night-guitar,
And drop a smile to the bringer;
Then smile as sweetly, when he is far,
At the voice of an in-door singer!
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;
Glance lightly, on their removing;
And join new vows to old perjuries—
But dare not call it loving!

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you feel, when left by One,
That all men beside go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear—"For life, for death!"—
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse, in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behoving and unbehoving;
Unless you can *die* when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!

A LADY'S FOOT.

Reader! did you ever assist a lady in putting on her overshoes? If so, you will sympathise with the lucky wight whose adventures we are about to record. The *New York Commercial Advertiser* has recently published a series of letters from the metropolis, replete with humour and wit; and the following extract from a late number is selected with a view of illustrating the magnetic influence which a woman's foot will exercise on the bipeds of the sterner sex. If Mahomet's doctrine, that women have no souls, can boast of any supporters, or as a favorite author more graphically says, that—

"Reason and thinking are out of their sphere,'

the subjoined epistle will demonstrate its falsity. Ladies are not *sole*-less.

Did you ever remark, my dear uncle, how trivial circumstances will often give rise to a strain of serious thought, or how a single idea, awakened by desire, multiplies itself in the imagination, and takes captive the senses—subduing the mind to a sweet abandonment to its weird charms, and chastening reality and cold fact with the serene yet glowing influences of hope, and fancy, and love?

So it is; a look, a motion, or a word, will in certain moods of the mind suffice to conjure up a halo of attributes, delicate as emotions, with which it unconsciously surrounds the object that has awakened them, and the mind becomes itself moulded by their influence. I believe such a state is often the precursor or the cause of love, which, after all, is perhaps more a homage paid to an imaginary excellence than to an actual good. Men write sonnets to their mistresses; if a few of the more uxorious are afterward tempted to write domestic stanzas to their wives, they are, generally speaking, as dull and insipid as matrimony itself.

I felt something of this when the widow had left me alone. Perhaps it was the attitude of timid—I will call it *interest*—with which she had approached me at the window. Perhaps it was the tremulous glance which had sunk before my gaze as if afraid that it might expose too plainly the emotions of the mind. Perhaps it was—but no matter what it was—certain it is that in my mind the widow had become quite a different person. I regarded her no more as a merry good-hearted soul in mourning. She had suddenly become refined—rarified as it were—into a celestial little martyr, who laughed at her own misfortunes, and was the only person ignorant of their extent. Alone in the world, single-handed to battle against the frowns of fortune and the vicissitudes of life, with no one to love, no one to sympathise with her, and she so artless, so merry, so kind, and so uncomplaining. I rose from the chair, walked to the mirror, and hugged her in imagination.

"I wish to heaven," I said, addressing my reflection in the glass, "I wish to heaven that my uncle knew her."

The wish was suggestive, eminently prolific, for it led me off into a train of thought, which depicted the widow as seated at your fireside, diligently engaged in darning a stocking, while you were looking on with a glance of almost fatherly affection, and the white smoke that rose from the bowl of your meerschaum lingered around your benevolent face and made a halo around your head.

"She would then," said I, continuing my soliloquy, "be free from care and anxiety—she would have a sure friend and be as happy as she deserves to be. I know my uncle would love her."

Here she was again—in a bustle as usual—her face flushed with running down stairs, and her merry smile and flashing eyes lighting up that prim cap and black close-fitting bonnet, until they seemed actually charming. Her muff was in one hand, and a pair of rubber shoes in the other. She threw her muff upon the sofa—skipped to the mirror and dropped her rubber shoes on the hearth-rug.

"It is so long since I took a stroll," she said, looking in the glass and leaning her head a little on one side, as she smoothed her hair under her cap. "It is so long since I took a stroll! one does not like to walk out alone."

She smiled as she said it, and glanced at me from under her bonnet, so provokingly pretty that my heart leaped. She had been immured in the house for want of a companion. Here was a pretty state of things! "I believe," said I to myself, as I watched every movement of her fingers, and wondered why she had not adjusted her cap and arranged her hair in her dressing room—though I was thankful she had not—"I believe this poor little widow is as much isolated as if she lived in a wilderness. I believe there is not a soul upon earth feels sympathy for her, and she so merry and unassuming, as if she was thankful for being permitted to live even in a precarious state; but it would be cruel to wake her from her delusion, and prove to her that she is exquisitely unhappy."

"I was in a hurry," she said, "and merely threw on my bonnet and shawl. I knew there would be no one here but you, and one does not mind trifles before *you*."—

Ah, if you could only have seen the smile she cast toward me as she flung herself upon the rocking chair, you would have understood why I could hardly restrain myself from acting very foolishly upon the spot. I did restrain myself, however, and only drew my chair close to her, and intently watched her proceedings.

It was simply putting on a pair of overshoes, but I never felt such deep interest in so trivial an action before. I am afraid that it is the height of indelicacy for a lady to perform such an act before a young man, involving, as it does, the possibility of revealing the ankle by some hasty jerk or motion—but la! it was only before *me*.—With much ado—with many little feminine expletives and writhings of the foot and stamping of the heel—she succeeded in encasing one foot and commenced with the other.

There never was such an obstinate shoe. She no sooner inserted her pretty coquettish little foot in it, than it clasped with a tenacity of affection which India rubber articles have in common with snapping turtles. If she put in her finger to pull up the sides, it was instantly caught as in a trap; if she succeeded in getting one side straight, the other went down; the heel was obstinate—the shoe, in fact, was collapsed, and resolved not to be worn. She was determined, however, not to be conquered, and if you had seen how earnest she was, you would have said with the Scotsman, that it was a "gude sight for sair een." Her face was flushed and her eyes were sparkling with the exertion; she was biting her under lip, and every moment shaking her head and stamping her foot with the prettiest savageness imaginable. As for me, I was as much absorbed in the transaction as herself; I bent down, and unconsciously held my breath, and said "ah-h" when she did. My fingers were hovering about the shoe and itching to assist her, while now and then I ejaculated short sentences of advice or encouragement.

But the very deuce was in the shoe, and the widow at last lost all patience; she flung it on the ground, and at the same time struck me on the eye with her elbow. This aroused us to a sense of the absurdity of our situation, and we laughed at the eagerness we had both exhibited over so trifling an affair;—we laughed, but my right eye would not join in our merriment, but piped a little lachrymose overture on its own account.

"Was anything ever so provoking?" she exclaimed, becoming quite vexed; "I shall be compelled to abandon my walk on account of that abominable shoe."

"Tut!" said I, "we must not be ruffled by such little difficulties. Shall we be conquered by a shoe?"

I took up the mulish article as I spoke, and bent down on one knee before the widow.

"Gracious!" said she, drawing back her foot behind the curtain of gown, etc., that enveloped it, "what you going to do?"

"To help you, to be sure; you cannot do it alone, and we are not going to be cheated of our anticipated pleasure."

For a lady to abandon her foot to masculine mercy, is, without doubt, an act of unparalleled rashness, as in the surrendering of that member she virtually cuts off all chance of retreat and gives herself up entirely. The widow thought so too, and hesitated, but such a charming hesitation! I could have wished her to remain undecided for an hour at least. She bit her lips and opened her eyes with the prettiest affectation of amazement, by way of concealing the pleasure she really felt, and then she recollected it was only I, and commenced with her merry ringing laugh.

At last she recovered, and taking the shoe in her hand, began to try again in sober earnest. I remained upon my knee and watched her efforts; she was still unsuccessful, and I assisted her, but the obstinate shoe baffled our joint attempts, and she gave up the affair to me altogether.

It was the first time I ever had a woman's foot in my hand, and upon my life it possesses more powerful magnetic inducences than the famed torpedo; its touch positively thrilled through me. I proceeded carefully, handling the foot as if it were glass, and the widow bent over leaning upon her elbows, to watch my progress. I pulled up the sides of the shoe, raised the heel, pushed the foot, and took a long breath, and the widow did the same unwittingly.

"Ah-h!" said I, as I put the foot upon the ground and leaned backward to survey it from another point of view.

"Ah!" said the widow sorrowfully, "we cannot do it."

"Never give it up," said I, stooping once more to my task, for a bright idea had struck me. To it I went again with renewed vigor, biting my lip and jerking the hair from my eyes with a toss of my head now and then. It became warm work, but I was resolved on victory, and at last clasped the ancle with one hand, while I worked away at the refractory shoe with the other. This was a ticklish affair, I'll promise you, and many women in such circumstances would have screamed, or may have fainted a little; but she has none of that nonsense about her. To be sure I heard a very little gasp, as if she snatched for a breath, followed by a small tremulous respiration, as if a sigh was whispering to her. I felt a slight shudder also in her foot, as if the nerves had shrunk from my touch without her consent; but I took no notice of these trifles, and hardly perceived that her hand was placed unwittingly upon my shoulder, keeping time by its light or heavy pressing, with those I inflicted upon her ancle. But I *did* perceive that when I was on the verge of triumph, and my hair had fallen forward, she passed her gentle, delicate fingers through it, and softly removed it from before my eyes. It was a simple action, but nothing that I ever experienced before, gave me such sensations of vivid happiness; that touch turned my blood to fire—my heart went mad with joy, and I could have annihilated her foot with kisses and eaten her up on the spot.

But the deed was achieved at last, and I wish some painter had been present to "take us off" as we surveyed it. She projected the foot beyond her envious gown for a full minute, for my especial benefit, as I stood pointing down—yet looking in her eyes, and laughing—I verily believe—like a fool. Well, there was some excuse for me—I was elated with my success—every thing had conspired to please me, and her speaking eyes, as they were bent down upon me while she joined my hearty laugh, would have made Diogenes happy.

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.—In the first place, make up in your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment, persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." "He who remains in the mill grinds, and not he who goes and comes.

Attend to your own business and never trust it to another. "A pot that belongs to many ill stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot, will make a pot lid." "Save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry." "Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Every thing is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." "Good manners insure success.

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor: especially, never places dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for dead men's shoes, may have to go for a long time barefoot." "He who runs after a shadow, has a wearisome race."

Above all things never despair. "God is where he was." "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

Follow implicitly these precepts, and nothing can hinder you from accumulating. —*Western paper.*

"A FIRE IN THE REAR."

ONE OF THE LATEST JOKES.—There was fun as well fighting down in the neighborhood of the Rio Grande last summer, and a Yankee in that section, albeit a tolerably shrewd specimen of the genus, got "a fire in the rear" which raked down and demolished the best calculations ever made for a small fortune, and at the same time raised a laugh which filled the adjoining chapparal for a mile in every direction.

Water was scarce during the heat of summer at Brazos Island, and liquor not so plentiful at times as the necessities of the sojourners required. It was at one of these thirsty seasons that our Yankee, by some hook or crook, got hold of a barrel of tolerably fair cider, and with this small stock in trade he at once "set up" business. To raise and scrape together a parcel of boards and old bits of canvass, enough to build a small shanty, was the work of but a short hour; to set his barrel upon a couple of skids in the back part of the tent, to tap it, and to commence retailing the cider at a dime a glass, occupied but a short time more.

Customers flocked in by dozens, the cider went off at a rapid rate, and the Yankee was making his "eternal fortin" at a stride that would have elated John Jacob Astor in his early days. Some of his patrons complained that a dime a glass for cider, which was not worth more than two dollars a barrel at the outside, was an outrageous price; but the times were hard, the retailer's conscience easy—he had all the cider in the market, and could not afford to sell any cheaper.

This state of things went on for an entire day, the Yankee's quarters being beset by throngs of patrons. On the following morning, and before the cider was yet half sold, they began to thin off gradually, and by the middle of the afternoon it was only now and then a straggling stranger that visited the shade and cider of the retailer. What was the matter? The reader will soon see.

Towards night a new face appeared in the shanty and called for a glass of cider. It was drawn, swallowed, and the customer took out his purse and inquired the price.

"One dime," said the Yankee.

"One *what*?" retorted the customer.

"One dime," coolly replied the Yankee.

"One h—ll," snarled the customer; "why, I can get just as good cider here at *five cents a glass*."

"N-o v-o-u c-a-n-'-t," drawled the Yankee. "There ain't a pint of cider, 'cept what I've got in that are barril, this side of Orleens, I'm darned if there is."

"I know better," ejaculated the customer, tartly. "I bought a glass of cider, not two hours ago, and only paid five cents for it."

"I'd like to know where you effected that small transaction," queried the Yankee.

"Right round here," was the answer.

"I guess it was 'right round here.'—Right round *where*, I'd like to know?" continued the cider vender.

"Why, close by here, somewhere—just back of your place," returned the customer.

"I'll bet you ten drinks you didn't," spoke up the Yankee, "and we'll go right round and see."

"Done," said the customer, and off they started.

Sure enough, "right round here" they found another cider establishment in full blast. *A second Yankee had rigged a small shade in the rear of the first Yankee's shanty, had tapped the other end of the latter's barrel of cider through a hovel, and was retailing it at five cents a glass to a perfect rush of customers.*"—*N. O. Picayune.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR MESMERISM.—One of the Surgeons of Massachusetts Hospital, Dr. Bigelow, read a paper before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, on the 9th instant, announcing a discovery of great interest. It is a method of mitigating pain in surgicial operations by the inhalation of certain ethers. Dr. Morton, of Boston, first called his attention to it; and though a similar process does not appear to have been entirely unknown to the medical faculty in former times, yet nothing like certainty was obtained in the results of the old methods. A great many experiments have been made with the new, however, in all of which the attempts to perform important operations without afflicting pain on the patients were completely successful. Many of these are described in Dr. Bigelow's paper, of which the following are specimens:

A boy of sixteen, of medium statue and strength, was seated in the chair. The first few inhalations occasioned a quick cough, which afterwards subsided; at the end of eight minutes the head fell back, and the arms dropped, but owing to some resistance in opening the mouth, the tooth could not be reached before he awoke. He again inhaled for two minutes, and slept three minutes, during which time the tooth, an inferior molar, was extracted.—At the moment of extraction the features assumed an expression of pain, and the hand was raised. Upon coming to himself he said he had a "first rate dream—very quite, and had dreamed of Napoleon—had not the slightest conciousness of pain—the time seemed long;" and left the chair, feeling no uneasiness of any kind, and evidently in a high state of admiration. The pupils were dilated during the state of unconciousness, and the pulse rose from 130 to 142.

A girl of sixteen immediately occupied the chair. After coughing a little, she inhaled during three minutes, and fell asleep, when a molar tooth was extracted, after which she continued to slumber tranquilly during three minutes more. At the moment when force was applied she flinched and frowned, raised her hand to her mouth, but said she had been dreaming a pleasant dream and knew nothing of the operation.

A stout boy of twelve, at the first inspiration coughed considerably, and required a good deal of encouragement to induce him to go on. At the end of three minutes from the first fair inhalation, the muscles were relaxed and the pupil dilated.—during the attempt to force open the mouth he recovered his conciousness, and again inhaled during two minutes, and in the ensuing one minute two teeth were extracted, the patient seeming conscious, but upon actually awaking he declared "it was the best fun he ever saw, avowing his intention to come there again, and insisted upon having another tooth extracted upon the spot. A splinter which had been left, afforded an opportunity of complying with his wish, but the pain proved to be considerable. Pulse at first 110, during sleep 96, afterwards 111; pupils dilated.

The next patient was a healthy looking middle-aged woman, who inhaled the vapor for four minutes; in the course of the next two minutes a back tooth was extracted and the patient continued smiling in her sleep for three minutes more.—Pulse 120, not affected at the moment of the operation but smaller during sleep.—Upon coming to herself, she exclaimed that "it was beautiful—she dreamed of being at home—it seemed as if she had been gone a month." These cases, which occured successively in about an hour, at the room of Dr. Morton, are fair examples of the average results produced by the inhalation of the vapor, & will convey an idea of the feelings and expressions of many of the patients subjected to the process.—Dr. Morton states that in upwards of two hundred patients, similar effects have been produced. The inhalation, after the first irritation has subsided, is easy, and produces a complete unconciousness at the expiration of a period varying from two to five or six, sometimes eight minutes; during which the patient is completely insensible to the ordinary tests of pain.

AMERICAN CURIOSITIES.

We like entirely the new novelty in book form just from the press, entitled "American Historical and Literary Curiosities," edited by an Association of American Antiquarians, at the head of whom is our friend and fellow citizen, J. Jay Smith and John F. Watson, the Annalist of Philadelphia and New York. The work consists of fac-simile copies of pictures and letters and documents, principally of the era of the Revolution, and opens with a celebrated picture of Washington, the history of the appearance of which on a pitcher is explained in the contents; below it are two of Washington's visiting cards & his book plate. Letters of historical interest follow, from Washington and his wife, Lafayette, Franklin, Paul Jones, Kosciusko, West, Rittenhouse, William Penn, Whitfield, Bishop White, &c. &c., all so accurately copied, that if they were on dingy instead of elegant music paper would pass for originals. The pictures are a very attractive portion of the book, and include among other things of interest, a portrait of Major Andre by himself; a drawing made by that accomplished but deluded individual, to show the ladies of this city how to dress their hair for a ball; there is also the ticket given to Miss Craig, for the tournament, &c., called the Meschianza and Major Andre's full account of that Philadelphia event.

There is one page that we cannot forego the pleasure of making a portion at least tributary to the amusement of our own readers. It is a fac-simile of a page of a book entitled "New England's Prospect," by Wm. Wood, published in London in 1639. The following is the portion selected for illustrations:

"Boston is two miles Northeast from Roxberry. His situation is very pleasant being a Peninsula, hemd on the south side with the Bay of Roxberry, on the north side with Charles River, the marshes on the back-side being not half a quarter of a mile over; so that a little fencing will secure their cattle from the Wolves. The greatest wants, be wood and meadow ground, which never were in that place, being constained to fetch their building timber and firewood from the Islands in boats; and their hay in Loyters. It being a neck and bare of wood, they are not troubled with wolves; rattlesnakes and musketoes. These that live here upon their cattle, must be constrained to take farms in the country, or else they cannot subsist, the place being too small to contain many, and fittest for such as do trade into England, for such commodities as the country wants, being the chief place for shipping and merchandise."

Some little changes have taken place since 1639. This the reader will be convinced of as he glances down the remainder of the page, and reads about the American lions and jackalls!

Altogether we commend this as a curious and entertaining volume, either for the private Library, (and all book fanciers must have it,) or for the centre table to amuse visitors. It has the autographs of all our modern authors and Magazine writers.

It its advertised by the National Publishing Company, Chestnut and Fifth street.

ELECTRICAL SHOCK FROM A SHEET OF PAPER.—Place an iron-japanned tea-tray on a dry, clean beaker glass; then take a sheet of foolscap writing paper, and hold it close to the fire until all its hygrometric moisture is dissipated, but not so as to scorch it; in this state it is one of the finest electrics we have. Hold one end down on a table with the finger and thumb and give it about a dozen strokes with a large piece of India rubber from the left to the right beginning at the top. Now take it up by two of the corners and bring it over the tray, and it will fall down on it like a stone; if one finger be now brought under the tray, a sensible shock will be felt.—Now lay a needle on the tray with its point projecting outwards, remove the paper, and a star sign of the negative electricity will be seen; return the paper, and the positive brush will appear. In fact, it forms a very extemporaneous electrophorous, which will give a spark an inch long, and strong enough to set fire to some combustible bodies, and to exhibit all the electric phenomena not requiring coated surfaces. If four beaker glasses are placed on the floor, and a book laid on them, a person may stand on them insulated; if he then hold the tray vertically, the paper will adhere strongly to it, and sparks may be drawn from any part of his body, or he may draw sparks from any other person, as the case may be; or he may set fire to some inflammable bodies by touching them with a piece of ice.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

SUPERIOR MODE OF CURING HAMS.

Agreeably to your request, I herewith send you the process of curing the hams I sent you in March, which recently called forth the admiration of the American Agricultural Association and the Farmers Club at New York.

I make a pickle of two quarts of salt, to which I add one ounce of summer savory one ditto of sweet majoram; one ditto allspice, half ditto saltpetre, and one pound brown sugar boiled the whole together and applied the mixture boiling hot, to one pounds of ham, and kept in the pickle three or four weeks.

My process of smoking was not the most expensive, but may not be the less available on that account. I smoked the hams in a seed cask with one head in, with a small hole for the smoke to pass out, hung my hams to the head, and used about a peck Mahogany saw dust for fuel, which I happened to have on hand for packing goods. I smoked them but one week.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

FATTENING TURKEYS.—In fattening turkeys for the table various methods are resorted to. Some feed them on barley meal mixed with skim milk, and confine them in a hen coop during this time others merely confine them in a house, while the third class allow them to run quite at liberty; which latter practice, from the experience of those on whose judgment we can most rely, is by far, the best method, care should however, be taken to feed them abundantly before they are allowed to range about, in the morning, and a meal should also be prepared for them at mid-day, to which they will generally repair homewards of their own accord.—They should be fed at night, before roosting, with oat meal and skim milk and a day or two previous to their being killed, they should eat oats exclusively.

We have found from experience, that when turkeys are purchased for the table and cooped up they will never increase in bulk, however plentifully they may be supplied with food and fresh water, but on the contrary, are very liable to lose flesh. When feeding them for use a change of food will also be found to be beneficial. Boiled carrots and Sweedish turnips, or potatoes mixed with a little barley or oat meal will be greedily taken by them.—*Farmer's Library.*

ANCIENT USE OF PRUSSIC ACID.—The bitter almonds contains the constituents of prussic acid and a peculiar volatile oil, resembling the peach-blossom in its color both are developed when the almonds is bruised and brought in contact with water. When the bitter almond, therefore, is masticated and receives moisture in the mouth and stomach, the prussic acid then formed operates as a powerful sedative upon the nervous system, and renders the body less susceptible of wine. It forms, as were the balance in the opposite scale, and preserves the equilibrium, between the sinking, which would result from its use were no wine taken, and the intoxication which would follow an excess of wine were not the bitter almonds eaten. Plutarch informs us that the sons of the physician of the Emperor Tiberius knew this fact; and although invetorate topers, yet they kept themselves sober by eating bitter almonds. —*Philosophy of Magic.*

"Tells me, will you, Pete," said Sam Johnsing to Pete Gumbo, "wh-wh-who does de poet speaks of, when him beautifully ses:—

"Her walks in beauty like a ting ob night."

"Why, him means a nigger gal, to be sure, Sam,' said Pete; "if him meant a white gal, of cause he'd say like a ting ob day."

"Den I understand de metamorphosis ob de idear," said Sam.

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