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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TO MY WIFE.

BY L. MURRAY.

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptured still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred tie,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of *husband* and *wife*.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss,
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Even years have not destroyed;
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloyed.

Have I a wish—'tis all for thee:
Hast thou a wish,—'tis all for me,
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days,
And bid us live and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I'll lull me there to rest:
And is there aught disturbs my fair,
I'll bid her sight out every care,
And lose it in my breast.

Have I a wish?—'tis all her own;
All hers and mine are all in one—
Our hearts are so entwined,
That like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoined.

ROBERT EMMET AND HIS LOVE.

'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day of the noble and ill-fated Emmet. A young lady stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon She was closely veiled and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor why one of such proud bearing should be suppliant at the prison door. However he granted the boon, led her to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closed it again; and the lovers were alone. He leaned against the prison with down cast head, and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny bow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star—the maiden who had sometimes made him think this "world was all sunshine." The chinking of heavy chains sounded like a death knell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting, perchance, as is held in heaven, only there we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimated body. He spoke of bygone days—the happy hours of child-hood when his hopes were bright and glorious—and concluded by requesting her sometime to visit the places and scene that were hallowed to memory from the days of his infancy; and should the world pronounce his name with scorn and comtempt he prayed she would still cling to him with affection, and remember him when all others should forget. Hark! the church bell sounded and he remembered the hour of execution. The turn-key entered and separated them from their long embrace and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned and their eyes met—they could not say farewell, the door swung on its hinges, and they parted forever. No! not forever! Is there no Heaven!

At sunrise next morning he suffered gloriously—a martyr to his country and to liberty.

* * * * * *

"And one—o'er the myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that fair band."

'Twas in the land of Italy—what a magnificent scene. A pale, emaciated girl lay upon her bed of death. Oh! it was hard for her to die, far from home in this beautiful land, where flowers perennial, and the balmy air comes freely to the pining soul. Oh! no—her star was set! The brightness of her dream had faded—her heart was broken. When ties have been found on earth—close, burning ties—what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirit than to find at last the beloved one snatched away, and all our love is given to a "passive flower." Enough! she died the betrothed of Robert Emmet, the lovely Sarah Cochran: Italy contains her last remains—its flowers breathe their fragrance over her grave, and the lulling tones of the shepherd's lute sounds a requiem to her memory.

John Howard Payne is engaged at Paris on his work on Tunis, for which he gathered much useful information when United States Consul at that place.

A STRANGE DANCING PARTY.

The "Lu Lu Tales," published by Miss Coleman of Boston for little girls; and for sale at the Book stores in town, contain an account of a gay gathering in the Vegetable world, which,)if the statement can be relied on,) is one of the most curious incidents we have heard of for a long time The occurrences are so similar to those that sometimes take place in real life, that we are inclined to think that if the account be not strictly true, it at least has some good foundation.

It seems that "once upon a time" the flowers in a certain garden determined to interchange visits. And here we will allow the fair Authoress to speak for herself:

"The Marigolds went to say good evening to the Lupines, and the Lupines made a call upon their cousins, the Sweet Peas: the Poppies were too sleepy to go to see any body, but the Asters, and the Candy tufts, and the Gilliflowers, and many others of their friends called upon them: these kind friends, however, the stupid Poppies soon set to gaping so, that more than one of them split her calyx badly, and was obliged to go away. Presently, the flowers grew so merry as to get up a dance; all but the large Poppies who preferred to nod away by themselves, and one tall, fatherly looking old Sunflower, who being too rheumatic to join in the dance himself stood in one corner smiling to see the young folks enjoying themselves, Such a gay time as they seem to be having!"

But ah! there is something to mar even the enjoyment of flowers. In the midst of their revels "certain individuals from the kitchen garde" came to join them.

"A Beet and a long Carrot walking in, arm in arm, and then a Turnip and an Onion. A very fat Cabbage—an old lady who did not look as if she could dance—came leaning on the arm of her tall and slender nephew, a young Mustard and, hosts of Peas and Beans came whirling in, all mingled together, and crook-necked Squashes came lovingly linked and ready for a waltz.

The dancers stopped, and looked upon this addition to their select party uncourteously.

"Well, this is making bold, really," cried they.

"How do you do, my dear?" said the plump Cabbage to the Gilliflower; "here is your cousin, Mustard; he wants a partner for a waltz and it is so warm, that I do not feel able to dance to night, so——'

"My *cousin*, indeed!" cried the highly offended Gilliflower; "that is news to me. Waltz with him, indeed! You will find Turnips enough in the kitchen garden, sir, you had better go there for a partner; and as for your being in any way related to me I can tell you it is a great mistake, and I beg you to be careful how you boast of any such honor."

"A pleasant evening," said the Kidney Bean to the Lupine, who had been waltzing with her cousin, the Sweet Pea.

"Very; but don't the moon shine as brightly in your own territories as it does here, sir?" returned the Lupine; and bowing haughtily, she turned away.

"Don't be cross, cousin," said the Bean "pray do not you know me, and my brothers here, the Lima Beans, and our good relations, the Marrowfat Peas?"

"Cousin, indeed! this is free," said the Lupine. "No, sir; excuse me if I say I neither know you, nor wish to know you.'

"Come," said the Sweet Pea, in rather a bitter tone, and with rather a sour look for so sweet a flower, "let us go: I am sure I do not know these people."

"Will you dance cousin Scarlet?" asked the common Blue Sage to the Salvia Splenders, or Splendid Scarlet Sage.

"Not with you, sir," said the Salvia, growing more deeply scarlet than ever, with offended dignity.

"What have I done to offend you?" asked the Sage.

"Called me cousin, and that is enough without the addition of an insolent request."

"Indeed!" cried several of the honest vegetables' "folks are rather proud in these parts; folks seem ashamed to own their relations; come we may as well go home."

"Stay my friends!" said the respectable old Sunflower: "pray what, is all this my children? why do you treat our good friends and relations so uncivilly?

"Relations, indeed!" cried one.

"Friends, indeed!" cried another.

"Why, sir," said Salvia, "how do you think it would look, for a Gilliflower and Cabbage to be waltzing together, or a sweet Pea and a Marrowfat? We do not own any such relations as those kitchen garden folks, I assure you sir.'

But we have no room for further extracts.

The effects of opiates, perfumes and narcotics have been made the subject of a late scientific work, and the following case of the effects of *henbane* (of which beware oh spouses!) is cited for illustration:—"A married couple, who, everywhere else lived in perfect harmony, could not, without coming to blows, remain a few hours in their ordinary workroom. The room got credit for being bewitched, until the cause of these daily quarrels (about which the unfortunate pair were seriously concerned) was discovered. A considerable quantity of *seeds of henbane were found under the stove*, and with the removal of the substance which emitted this unfortunate odour, *all tendency to quarrel vanished*."

SENATORIAL DIGNITY AND FUN

On one of the last days of the late Session of the Senate of North Carolina, "an Engrossed Bill" was brought up *in sober earnest* from the Lower House, making "the buying of, or trafficking with, or receiving from any slave, any species of Poultry" an indictable offence. We copy the humorous reply of Mr. Poindexter to some sober argument on the subject, from the report in the Raleigh Observer:—

"Mr. Poindexter, though foiled in his effort to kill the bill, by his legal discussion on real and personal property, was still, for other reasons, unwilling to let it pass in its present form. With due reference to his friends, over the way, who had been so pathetic and poetical, he did think that this was rather too small a matter for grave legislation. Here we are, said Mr. P., about 160 or 170 of us, sitting in great gravity in these two splendid wings of a capital which cost more than half a million of dollars, representing about 90,000 freemen of a sovereign State, solemnly legislating *about chickens!* And though I hope I am not insensible to beauty in distress—though privately I trust my heart is not shielded against the woes of a widow who may have lost her fat turkies—or even her chickens—still I must be permitted to doubt whether this is the right place or mode of rectifying chicken grievances. But, if this is to become a law, I desire it to be perfect, and to cover the whole case. Poultry is a general term, including I suppose, various species, as turkies, geese ducks, chickens, &c. Each of these species also includes individuals of various ages, sizes, &c.—Take for instance the barn door fowl, called chicken. Pursue him in all his gradations, from the strutting cock, with spurs as long as your little finger, and as sharp as the *sting* of my gallant friend over the way, down to a youngling—a tender suckling as it were—with a segment of the shell that encased him, still white on his head. Go still farther down, and consider the full grown chick in what seems an egg—and many of such do we purchase in our market towns. Are they all forbidden in this bill? I ask you, Mr. Speaker, if we may not be caught in a trap? In the simplicity and innocency of our hearts, we buy a basket of eggs. They turn out to be unhatched chickens. Have we or have we not bought poultry within the meaning of this bill? May we be indicted and punished? There is to my mind an alarming uncertainty as to the extent of the operation of this bill. My Lord Coke has spoken of the "glorious uncertainty of the Law." I recognize no glory in the possibility of being *twice* deceived in the purchase of eggs. You purchase them of a negro as eggs. You were fooled. They were in truth shells enclosing young chickens. Can you then be indicted for purchasing "poultry?"—That's the question. Sir, I feel no disrespect for chickens; I have a positive fondness for them. I confess to the soft impeachment. But I affect eggs also, equally as much as chickens, that is, if they be fresh and sound. [*Much laughter.*] Gentlemen may smile if they think it becoming, but I assure them that I am not joking. I was never more serious in my life than when I assert, solemnly, here in my place—on my own personal responsibility—that if there be any difference at all, I love eggs even *more* than I do chickens; and Senators who sneer "may *make the most of it!*" This was said with an air of offended dignity and mock defiance, that threw the Senate into convulsions.—At the close of his speech, Mr. P. moved that after the word "poultry," be added the words "AND EGGS," which was carried almost by acclamation. The bill then passed as amended, and was sent to the house of Commons for concurrence. The house subsequently refused to concur in the amendment, or to appoint a Committee of Conference: and so the poultry bill never fluttered again. It is filed away in the archives.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.—My friends—Always have something to do—keep busy either at work or at play—maintain cheerful dispositions; and you will find ours as good a world as ever grew people and potatoes. Lazy folks are the ones that find fault with the world; they lie and lounge about till they get dusty and rusty, and consequently *crusty*.

My hearers—the world wasn't made in a day, nor was it made yesterday; it was made a long time ago, and great pains were taken in the building of it—so much so that you can't better it; and you might as well cease your grumbling now, before you are pushed out of it, perchance into a worse one. Listen to me: when you find yourself inclined to fret at the world, scold at your spouse, kick the dog, tread on the cat's tail, cuff the children, and find fault with everything, you may just consider that something is wrong under your own jackets, that all you want is to take a good dose of the pills of contentment upon going to bed, and you will wake up in the morning with a light heart, and look upon about as pleasant a world as ever hope, fancy, or imagination set eyes upon. Yes,

Then we e the world a pleasant world,
And pleasant folks were in it;
The day would pass most pleasantly,
To those who thus begin it;
And all the nameless grievances
Brought on by borrowed troubles,
Would prove, as certainly they are,
A mass of empty bubbles.

STICK TO IT.

In Lunenburgh county, Va., there resided many years ago one Squire Collins, who was, as they term it, "a good liver." and in his immediate neighborhood one Jeff Green, who was a very poor man—As the story goes Jeff had been pressed for the necessaries of life, and had borrowed meat of Squire Collins, and from all the neighbors, under the promise that as soon as he killed his hog he would return the meat he borrowed of them. He had borrowed more than a hog from Squire Collins, and as much as two hogs from the others. The morning of the day that Jeff intended killing his hog he went over to the Squire's, and says he to the Squire, "You know the time has come for me to kill my hog, and I can't pay you all, so I come, as I owe you most of it, to know what I must do?" Now the Squire now possessed a good deal of cunning, was not disposed to be outdone. So he advised Jeff to kill and scald his hog, and hang it up under the peach tree in his yard—then get up about midnight and take it away—next morning to go round to those he borrowed of and tell them that he killed and scalded his hog, and hung it up under the peach tree, and that some one had come there and stole the hog, and he had nothing to pay them with. "Then," says the Squire, "the people you borrowed meat of will pity you and let you off; but mind, Jeff, you must stick to what you say." "I will, Squire," said Jeff. Jeff killed the hog, scalded and hung it up under the peach tree. The squire had been watching his movements, and was determined not to be a loser by Jeff—so soon as all was quiet, the Squire got into the yard and carried off the hog. The next morning Jeff called on the Squire in haste and said—"Squire, you know yesterday afternoon I killed my hog, after scalding him hung him up under the peach tree, and you think somebody didn't come and steal him, sure enough." "That's right, stick to it."—"Yes," said Jeff, "but, Squire, there ain't no joke about it—I wish I may be hanged if they aint gone and stole the hog." "Excellent," said the Squire, "stick to it Jeff and they will believe you—stick to it Jeff."—*N. O. Delta.*

ABSTEMIOUS DIET.—Many cases of illness, both in adults and children, may be readily cured by abstinence from all food. Headache, disordered stomach, and many other attacks, are caused often by violating the rules of health, and in consequence, some part of the system is overloaded, or some of the organs clogged.—Omitting one, two or three meals, as the case may be, gives the system a chance to rest, and allows the clogged organs to dispose of their burdens. The practice of giving drugs to "clear out the stomach," always weakens the system, while abstinence secures the good result, without doing any injury.

Said a young gentleman to a distinguished medical practitioner, in Philadelphia. "Doctor, what do you do for yourself, when you have a turn of headache, or other slight attacks?"

"Go without my dinner," was the reply.

"And if that does not cure you, what then?"

"Go without my supper."

"But if that does not cure you, what then?"

"Go without my breakfast. We physicians seldom take medicines ourselves, or use them in our families, for we know that starving is better, but we cannot make our patients believe it."

Many cases of slight indisposition are cured by a change of diet. Thus, if a person suffers from constipation, has headache, slight attacks of fever, or dyspepsia, the cause may often be removed, by eating rye mush and molasses, baked apples and other fruits.—*Domestic Receipt Book.*

A CUT FOR O'CONNELL.

A portrait of Mr. O'Connell has been published at Dublin. It is dedicated "To the greenest spot in the world." The inscription underneath runs as follows:—"The only fulfilment of Mr. O'Connell's promise that unless Repeal was carried in a twelve-month, he would put his head upon the block." We need not say that, for the sake of the joke, the engraving has been done upon wood.

WHO TRO DAT LAS BRICK-BAT?—Elizabeth Peters, of Boone county, Ind., thus notices her absconding husband:

'Left my bed and board, last fall, thereby rendering my expenses lighter, my legal husband, John Peters, without cause or provocation. All the old maids, and young girls, and widows of all ages and conditions, are hereby forewarned against harboring or trusting him on my account, as I am determined not to be held accountable for his debts, or more especially for his conduct, because he is a loafer, a drunkard, a gambler, a liar, a thief, and a supporter of Jemmy Polk.'

That is what Sam Slick would call a 'sockdologer.'

DISAPPOINTMENT.—A lady who had boasted highly to a dinner party of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him with—

"Charles, will you have some more beans?"

"No," was the ill-mannered reply.

"*No!*" exclaimed the astonished mother. "No what!" "NO BEANS, ma," said the child.

THE LOST PLEIAD FOUND.

THE actions of poets are as unaccountable as the sources whence they derive their inspirations. Several years since, Percival, after having written some of the finest poems that ever emanated from this side the water, and earned for himself a reputation few may attain, though many emulate, withdrew himself and his productions from the public gaze, and, until recently, even his most intimate friends scarce knew of his whereabout. The *Bridgeton Chronicle* gives us at last, however, a clew to the mistery of the Poet's retreat, in the shape of a letter, which proves, that, although, like Kotzebue's *Stranger*—whom he appears to resemble, both in his seclusion and in the circumstances which gave rise to it—he denies himself to the world, he is still a dweller in the land to which he was once an ornament. At the point of a considerable eminence, just outside the city of New Haven, stands the Hospital—a noble looking and well constructed building, presenting, itself, a fine appearance from every quarter, and affording an extensive view of the surrounding country, from its observatory. Its accommodations are ample, beyond the necessities of the unfortunate, and some of its rooms are 'to let.' Here, in this Hospital, shut out from the world of men, in misanthropic solitude, lives the poet Percival!—It is said there are not half a dozen individuals in the city, with whom he will hold converse—and there is a story abroad, that a brother poet, Willis Gaylord Clark, attempted to pay him a fraternal visit, but after announcing his name, was compelled to give and receive communications through a dubious crack of the door. Percival seldom goes abroad, and when he does, we are told he may be distinguished by the abject slovenliness of his appearance from any man in the street. Disappointed love! what obliquities in character and conduct dost thou not produce! Such at least is supposed to be origin of Mr. Percival's apparently misanthropic demeanour.

Foreign Corr. of the Boston Traveller.]

LONDON, Jan. 4th 1847.

The recent discovery of rendering surgical operations painless, by the inhalation of the vapor of sulphuric ether, is attracting great attention in England. Dr. Ware and Dr. Warren, of Boston, first communicated this important matter to Dr. Forbes, the editor of the "*British and Foreign Medical Review*," and he immediately published authentic documents respecting the discovery, and appended a communication on the same subject from Dr. Bigelow, which that gentleman published in the "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal."

The *Times*, and other leading papers, republished, *in extenso*, all the documents. Dr. Liston and other distinguished surgeons at once made experiments according to Dr. Bigelow's directions, & met with the greatest success.

Liston is the master of chirurgery in England in the theatre of University College Hospital he amputated the thigh of a man, who had been previously narcotized by inhaling the ether vapor. Shortly after being placed on the operating table, the patient began to inhale, and became apparently insensible in two or three minutes.

The operation was then commenced, and the limb was removed in less than a minute the patient remaining during the incisions & tying of the arteries, perfectly still and motionless. While the vessels were being secured, on being spoken to, he roused partially up, still showing no signs of pain and answered questions put to him in a slow drowsy manner. He declared that at no part of the operation had he felt pain, though he seemed to be partially conscious. He had heard some words, and felt that something was being done to his limbs. He was not even aware that the limb was off till told of the fact and then he expressed great gratification at being saved from pain. Everything proceeded subsequently as usual, and went on most favorably.

Dr. Liston has since performed several surgical operations while his patients were under the influence of sulphuric ether; and as he states, "with the most perfect and satisfactory results."

Dr. Bigelow, or his son, has forwarded to the editor of the London Lancet, a full report of the discovery and its effects upon his patients, and this report has been published in the Lancet. It has created an extraordinary sensation here, and America will have the credit of alleviating a vast deal of human sufferings by this great discovery.

BEGINNINGS.

BY JEREMY TAYLOR.

I have seen the little pearls of a spring sweat though the bottom of a bank, and penetrate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was dispersed, like the descending dews of a misty morning, till it had opened its way, and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighboring gardens; but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into submiety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsel of a single sermon: but when such beginings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil so long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers and pestilential evils, they destroy the soul by their abode, which at their first entry might have been killed by the pressure of a little finger.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

There are some things that all farmers ought to know.

Sheep put into fresh stubble are apt to be killed by eating too much grain.

A bare pasture enriches not the soil, nor fattens the animals, nor increases the wealth of the owner.

One animal well fed is of more value than two poorly kept.

The better animals can be fed, and the more comfortable they can be kept, the more profitable they are—and all farmers work for profit.

Ground once well ploughed is better than thrice poorly.

Bountiful crops are more profitable than poor ones. Make the soil rich, pulverize it well, and keep it clean; and it generally will be productive.

Weeds that grow unmolested around the fences, stumps, and stones, scatter their seeds over the farm, and are very likely to grow

Cows well fed in winter give more milk in summer. An ox that is in good condition in the spring, will perform more labor, and stand the heat of the summer better than one that is poor.

When you see the fence down, put it up; if it remains until to morrow the cattle may get over.

What ought to be done to day, do it, for to-morrow it may rain.

A strong horse will work all day without food, but keep him at it, and he will not last long.

A rich soil will produce good crops without manure; but keep it at it and it will tire.

Farmers' sons had better learn to hold the plough, and feed the pigs, than measure tape and count buttons.

Young ladies who have the good fortune to become farmer's wives will find it more profitable to know how to make Johnny cake butter and cheese, than to play on the piano.

All who wish to be rich, must spend less than they earn.—*Genessee Farmer.*

HOW TO BE RICH.—Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust no body, to befriend none, to get *every* thing we can, and save all we get; to suit ourselves and every body belonging to us; to be the friend of no man, and to have no man for our friend; to heap up interest, cent upon cent; to remain miserable and deprived, for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come, as sure as disease and disappointment. And *Death* will come more sure and either; to take his gold, and throw it as an apple of discord, into the hands of thankless heirs!

THE QUIET WIFE.—A man, whose wife had been for some time indisposed, going home one evening, was informed by the servant that she was dead. 'Well,' said the husband, 'I am going to the club: send for me if I should be wanted.' In about two hours he returned, and was going to bed as usual, when the maid cried out, 'Lord, sir! don't go there; I have made a bed for you in the other chamber.' 'Yes, but I will, Betty,' returned he; 'I never yet had a peaceable day with her, and am determined to have one quiet night before we part.'

A SHREWD REPLY.—James II., when Duke of York, made a visit to Milton out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, the Duke said to the poet, that he thought his blindness was a judgement of Heaven on him, because he had written against Charles I., his (the Duke's) fath r—when the immortal poet replied: "If your Highness thinks that misfortunes are indices of the wrath of Heaven, what must you think of your father's tragical end? I have only lost my *eyes*—but he lost his *head*."

THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—"Bible Dictionary class, come up," said our schoolmaster.

"Who was Lot's wife?"

"The pillow of salt vot Moses laid his head on when he went up to Mount Sinai to offer his son Isaac up, cos he had no sheep but himself to do likewise."

"What is said about Jonah?"

"Jonah swallowed up a whale, and was vomited the third day with a parcel of gourd seed, which he gave to the Queen of Sheba for mending his trowsers, which burst in straining to get out of the lion's den, where Daniel had been eating pulse and Pease's candy."

"Look here, Sambo; you got dat quarter dollar you owes me?"

"La! Cuff, no,—money so scarce, so many stopperages in Mobile, there ain't no money in circumlation."

"O, sho, Sambo, what de nashun you got to do wid Mobile? Nigger, pay up."

"Well, look here Cuff me hear master tell more dan twenty men dat same tale, and I ain't see no gentleman treat him like you do me. Act like a gemman, if you is a nigger."

FITS.—A Tailor in Nassau street heads his advertisement with '*French fits given to the people.*' The people would probably thank him to keep his 'French fits' to himself.

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