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 LOST DAY!

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise.
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light,

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again;
I offer no reward,
For all these heart strings sever,
I know that heaven entrusted gift
Is reft away forever.

But when the sea and land,
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in his hand,
Who judgeth quick and dead.
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul.
What shall it answer there?

MISS BETSY BUSYBODY.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

It is interesting to watch the progress of one of the new neighborhoods which are arising around London. The builder comes with his line, and measures. The foundation is marked and dug out. About six in the morning shoals of dingy white-bloused laborers are seen making from town. The perambulating tin coffee shop meets their gaze at some convenient nook or cross-way, with its perfumes of chicory, and its minist ant old dame. They arrive at the seat of work, and the bright trowel rings an Orphean music upon the bricks. An Orphean music! for to its metal notes a little town arises, squares appear places are positioned, terraces grow, streets manifest themselves, and villas are revealed.

The villas, and squares, and terraces, are first inhabited. But long before they are full, the streets become peopled. Impatient trade, driven by competition, flies from civicism, as a last resource, to suburbanity. It lisps to its friends with the simplicity of a Damon, about the pleasures of the country; but it privately looks at its faulty ledger. Oh, how it hates the nasty, dingy, dirty, smoky town! With what virtuous indignation it seeks out, with a lynx eye, the situation of its shop in the new neighborhood. First of all comes the baker, then the grocer, then the butcher, then the fruiterer, until at last fishmonger, pastry-cook, bookseller, chemist, and all the trades commercialise the scene. The red lamp of the surgeon shines through the laburnum trees of his little front garden. A brass plate upon Baskaville Villa announces "a seminary for young ladies," and a large board over Eglantine House informs the fond parent of "a classical and commercial academy for young gentlemen." To watch all this is legitimate vigilance; but the virgin lamp which Miss Betsy Busybody kept burning, extended its rays into other quarters of the new horizon.

Among the notables of suburban neighborhoods are the names of the houses of which they are composed. After a profound investigation into this novel branch of natural history, we are able to divide these into five categories—the floral, the geographical, the nominal, the religious, and the miscellaneous. Of the floral class there is Violet Cottage, Rose Villa, Laburnum Lodge, and Magnolia House. This class is generally inhabited by flower-loving ladies, who blush fuchsia and smell verbena; or by the old bachelor-like gentlemen, as dry as an hortus siccus, and as square and formal as their beds of tulips or their stages of auriculas. Not that in speaking light of these we would depreciate the love of flowers. The wisdom of him who knew from the Cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall would warn us to forbear. God forbid. The love of flowers is a pure passion. It makes the garden an Eden again. But there is ever counterfeit for genuine, ever artificial for real. It is the affectation of the floral that we despise. It is the nondescript bloom on my lady's bonnet, or on her drawing-room paper, to the monthly rose of the cottage door. "Consider the lilies how they grow;" but give us the primrose and not the primula.

The second class into which the names of suburban houses divide themselves, is the geographical. Of this class there is Worcester Villa, Hanover House, Cambridge College, and Leominster Lodge.—Reminescences of Bath become Bath-brick, and fond memories of Leamington are enshrined in cement and composition. Of the third category, the nominal class, there are more various inspirations. An old commodore retires upon his pension and inhabits Nelson House or Navarino Lodge. A half-pay major fights over again his battles in Wellington Villa, or Blenheim Cottage. A bewailing bachelor who lost his boyish love, and will never marry now, preserves her memory in his heart by residing in Elizabeth Lodge. In fact, all sorts of motives contribute to the nomenclature of this class. Of the fourth, or religious category, Ebenezer Cottage raises itself. It is the pretty little rural residence of the worthy deacon of the methodists. Then there are Reliance Villa, Providence Lodge, and Zion House, and a host of others of the same class, all no doubt well intentioned memorials of Him who had no where to lay his head. Lastly, there is the miscellaneous class, which generally derive their name from particularity of situation, or special peculiarity of taste.—Such are those honored hovels which in that damp depth have received from their romantic and speculative proprietor the cognomen of the Vale of Health Villas. Such also is Prospect Cottage which looks upon or over a blank wall. Such likewise is Belle-vue Villa, the residence of Miss Betsy Busybody.

Belle-vue Villa did not command the scenery of the valleys of Kent or of the hills of Surrey. It stood where four cross roads met It was the corner of a row of separate cottages, which were fronted by a terrace, and was altogether a good site for observation. From one of the bedroom windows of this residence appeared the face of Miss Betsy Busybody. She was a spectacled spinster of some forty-eight years of age to the spectator, although her own chronology was either absent, or of some anterior date. It was rude of her young visitors to question her about it: they would grow old themselves some one. She might have been married fifty times over, but had never found the man she liked. The girls were so bold now-a-days that there was no bearing them. It was well for them to get married, but she was content to be as she was.

In thus noting some of the virginal vagaries of Miss Betsy Busybody, we do not mean to scale disrespectfully the nunnery walls of old maids in general. Too much blasphemy has been uttered against old maids. There are many of the vestal sisterhood who keep religiously burning the sacred fire of the Gods. There is many a nephew and a niece who have plenteous causes fervently to bless the maiden aunt. There is many a married sister whose best nurse and friend is the plain unwedded one But Miss Betsy Busybody was not one of these. She was in these respects alone in the world; and this solitude, instead of bringing her nearer to God, had soured her disposition against God's creatures. She had, however, an old crony and gossip, in the shape of her laundress, Mrs Blanch, a widow.

As Miss Betsy Busybody looked out of the window, Mrs. Blanch approached, and they were soon seated in conversation together, in the snug little parlor.

"And have you found out any more about the lady in the first floor at the butterman's?" asked Miss Betsy.

"Very suspicious person, marm," answered the laundress. "Blind almost always down. Never see her face at the window, except may be for a minute."

"And the gentleman. Can you make out his name? I always see him with my glass. He calls every day between one and two."

"Every day, marm, as witness my own eyes. Nobody knows nothing of him."

"And the boy who leads his horse about. Have you questioned him?"

"Yes, marm: tried him times and often. And he young rascal—beg your pardon, marm—only grins, and pushes up his eyelid with his dirty finger. 'Any thing green there,' says he, with a wink of the other eye; and that's all I can get out of him, howsumever."

'Very suspicious, indeed," ejaculated Miss Betsy, showing the whites of her eyes.

"And how does that widow at the terrace get all her new dresses Mrs. Blanch?"

"Heaven knows, marm; and the old gentleman with his own cab, and the green livery."

"But the lady—person; I should say—Mrs. Blanch, in the butterman's first floor, she does excite my curiosity."

"Aye, marm, she'll turn out no good; my word for it. She'll leave in debt all around, as sure as my name's Bridget."

After some further conversation of a like nature the cronies separated. Mrs. Blanch had not departed long, however, before a gentleman's servant, in plain dress, knocked at the door, and leaving a brace of birds, a hare, and a note, hastily went away. The note read as follows:

FREE TRADE CLUB, Oct. 3, 1846.

MADAM—Accept the inclosed, and allow me to invite myself to the honor of dining with you, at five o'clock to-morrow. A recognition will excuse this intrusion.

Madam, yours truly,
AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Miss Betsy Busybody.

Much surprised was Miss Betsy Busybody at this epistle. In vain she worried her brain to think whom it came from.—Was it old Caleb Curry, who was near making her an offer some thirty years ago, and who had since been in the Indies? Was it the old bachelor who showed her over his garden at Broadstairs, and as she stepped over a flower-pot praised her ankle? Was it her spencer habited widower, who once ogled her over the way? No; it was an old acquaintance. Who could it then be? Some of her father's friends, who recollected her when a child, However, the dinner should be prepared to-morrow. Every thing of her best should be out—the diaper napkins, the finger-glasses, and those deep-cut decanters, and a bottle of her father's old claret, and one of his prime aged hock Busy enough was she all the next day, until the dinner hour arrived.

As it approached no guest appeared. It struck five—no guest had arrived. It was a quarter past—the game would all be spoiled. In a panic of punctuality she ordered it on the table, and its savory smell was diffused all over the room. She seated herself, still hesitating whether to eat or not At the minute that a slice of the breast would have been delicately carved for her own particular palate, a knock and ring were at the door. It opened, and the servant, quickly followed by the visitor, entered the room: the former presenting the following card to her mistress:

MR. CLEMENT CAVENDISH,
Surgeon, etc., etc.

From the card, Miss Betsy Busybody glanced to her visitor, and how great was her confusion, when she recognised in him one who might indeed be termed an old acquaintance, in the shape of the gentleman who so regularly visited the fair lodger at the butterman's. The matter was evident. The lady was an invalid. This was her medical attendant. His notice had been attracted by the observations of herself and by the inquiries of her agent and laundress, Mrs. Blanch, and this dinner was the punishment intended for her. The color of confusion covered her, but she had the presence of mind to motion her unexpected visiter to a seat, and to commence the duties of the table. The good viands not least, but also the easy manner of her guest, made the meal pass off less disagreeably than might have been expected, and the dessert had not long been introduced, before the servant announced that Mr. Cavendish was called for on professional business. He left, simply saying—"Good bye, Miss Busybody, many thanks for your good dinner: I am happy that we have made correct acquaintance." He needed not to have made a longer speech, she fully understood the visit.—The affair, was, however, noised about by the servants, and our heroine thought it right to leave the new neighborhood! She departed, however, a better woman than she had entered it, for she went away eschewing Mrs. Bridget Blanch, Dame Gossip, and Madame Scandal, her former visiting acquaintances.

It would be well if all our misunderstandings, like that of Miss Busybody and Surgeon Cavendish's could be made up over a good dinner, as their's was. They would thus pass over much more pleasantly and quickly than they now sometimes do. Extend this view nationally. More roast beef—less rebellion: more plum pudding—less plundering: more sauce one day—less sauce another.

Oh, that every new neighborhood was one in nature as well as in name! Oh, that it was new in state as well as in date. Then we should have less scandal. Then we should have fewer Miss Betsy Busybodies and Mrs. Bridget Blanches, and more Surgeon Cavendishes, knowing the true, forgiving, irresistible way of converting scandal-mongers into acquaintances. Such new neighborhoods will one day be.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY H. C. ANDERSEN

It was so terribly cold,—it snowed, and the evening began to be dark; it was also the last evening in the year,—New Year's Eve. On this dark cold evening a poor little girl went into the street with bare head and naked feet. It is true she had shoes on when she went from home, but of what use were they! They were very large shoes, her mother had last worn them, they were so large; and the little one lost them in hurrying over the street as two carriages passed quickly by. One shoe was not to be found, and the other a boy ran away with, saying that he could use it for a cradle when he got children himself.

The little girl now went on her small naked feet, which were red and blue with cold. She carried a number of matches in an old apron; and held one bundle in her hand. No one had bought of her the whole day—no one had given her a farthing.—Poor thing! she was hungry and benumbed with cold, and looked so downcast! The snow-flakes fell on her yellow hair, which curled so prettily round her neck, but she did not heed that.

The lights shone out from all the windows, and there was such a delicious smell of roast goose in the street! It was New Year's Eve. and she thought of that!

She sat down in a corner between two houses—the one stood a little more forward in the street than the other,—and drew her legs up under her to warm herself, but still she was still colder, and she durst not go home; she had not sold any matches or got a single farthing! Her father would beat her,—and it was also cold at home; they had only the roof directly over them, and there the wind whistled in, although straw and rags were stuffed in the largest crevices.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with cold. Ah! a little match might do some good, durst she only draw one out of the bundles, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers. She drew one out, *ritch!* how it burnt! it was a warm clear flame like that of a little candle, when she held her hand round it,—it was a strange light!

The little girl thought she sat before a large iron stove with brass balls on the top, the fire burnt so nicely and warmed so well. Nay, what was that? The little girl stretched out her feet to warm them too, then the flames went out, the stove vanished—she sat with a stump of the burnt match in her hand. Another was struck, it burnt, it shone; and when the light fell upon the wall it became as transparent as crape; she looked directly into the room where the roasted goose stuffed with apples and prunes steamed so temptingly on the table, which was laid out and covered with a shining white cloth with porcelain service. What was still more splendid, the goose sprung off the dish and waddled along the floor with knife and fork in its back;—it came directly up to the poor girl. Then the match went out, and it was only the thick cold wall to be seen.

She struck another match. Then she sat under the most charming Christmas tree—it was still larger and more ornamented than that she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's the last Christmas; a thousand candles burnt in the green branches; and motly pictures, like those which ornament the shop windows, looked down at her. The little girl lifted up both her hands—then the match was extinguished—the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher, she saw they were bright stars—one of them fell and made a fiery stripe in the sky. "Now one dies!" said the poor girl, for old grandmother, who alone had been kind to her but was now dead, and told her that when a star falls, a soul goes up to God!

She again struck a match against the wall, it shone all around, and her old grandmother stood in the lustre, so shining, so mild, and blissful. "Grandmother!" exclaimed the little girl, "oh! I know you will be gone away when the match goes out—like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the delightful Christmas tree!" and she struck in haste the whole remainder of matches that was in the bundle—she would not lose sight of grandmother; and the matches shone with such brilliancy, that it was clearer than in broad daylight. Grandmother; had never before looked so pretty, so great; she lifted the poor little girl up in her arms, and they flew so high in splendor and joy, and there was no cold, no hunger, no anxiety—they were with God.

But the little girl sat in the corner by the house, in the cold morning hour, with red cheeks, and with a smile round her mouth—dead—frozen to death, last evening of the old year.

New Year's morning rose over the little corpse as it sat with the matches, of which a bundle was burnt. She had been trying to warm herself, said they! But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen—in what splendor and gladness she had entered with her old grandmother into New Year's joys.

GENERAL PAREDES.

The following sketch of Paredes was written before he made himself President of Mexico; but whence it emanated, we are at a loss to know. We give it for what it is worth:

General Paredes is a man of about forty-eight years of age; frail and slight in form; and not ungraceful though maimed by the wounds of many battles. His eye in repose is as mild as sunshine, but when excited it gleams like the edge of his own good sword. He is known throughout the Republic as 'El Manco' Paredes, or 'handwounded.' He may be considered the Murat of Mexico, as he knows no fear in his almost mad and reckless daring. He was once banished to this country, and as an exile studied our institutions and worshiped our enterprise. His American feelings are strong, and in all business concerns he is a man of honor. Amid the thousand opportunities that he has had for amassing an immense fortune, his poverty has remained a monument of his patriotism. It was his skill, energy and indomitable courage, that made Santa Anna President of the Mexican Republic; and when he trifled with the liberties of his beloved country, it was he who hurled the Dictator from place and power, and banished him an exile in a land of strangers. A favorite of the people, he is above the tawdry and garnish of military pomp and display that oftentimes cloys and disgusts them. A favorite with the army—he never lost a battle. A favorite with the priesthood, he has ever advocated their rights, and been their steadfast friend. The commander of forces, and Governor of one of the richest departments of the Republic, his influence is seen and felt throughout the land. Such is General Paredes, who is the embodiment of the spirit of reform at this moment, in the Mexican Empire; he longs to have the abuses swept away, that have so long shed their blighting influence over that beautiful land, and to see her enjoying, in the pride of eternal youth, the same privileges, blessings, and benefits that he saw so nicely distributed among us.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

Here's a short patent sermon by the indefatigible Dow, JR. He's a jewel of a preacher, and we would say in reference to him, as the old lady did in speaking of Dr. Lowell of Boston. 'O,' said the old lady, 'I could listen to him *all day* he preaches such *short* sermons!'

TEXT.

Alas! by some degree of wo,
We every bliss must gain;
'The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never knew a pain.

My hearers,—it is singular, indeed, that we shouldn't know exactly how sweet the honey of bliss, is till after we have taken a swig at the sour cider of wo: and we can't always tell then,—for, what is new and sweet is very sure to taste sweeter than it really is, when partaken of immediately after what is stale and sour. There is a great deal of imagination about the matter. For instance, you fancy that a buss from a cherry cheeked rosy-lipped young damsel, is sweeter than that of a blear-eyed saffron-skinned old maid; but can it be shown by any chemical analysis or philosophical deduction, that there is any difference between the two kisses?—No!—one kiss is just as sweet as the other—and sweeter too, if it contains the greater quantity of the sugar of love.

My friends—wo & pain are deep and dark shades thrown in life's picture to give an extra burnish to the bright and sunny spots of joy—apparently, I say apparently because, in reality, those spots are no brighter with than without the shadows. A world covered with roses wouldn't look half as pretty as a few here and there, blooming in deserts and wilds, and beautifully contrasting with the duller and less interesting objects of earth. If then, the force of this reasoning be admitted, how can a mortal ever be made to enjoy a terrestrial paradise—a perpetual and unchanging paradise? Yet God told Adam and Eve to be happy in the garden he had planted for them (somewhere away off east.) They were so—but they did nt know that they had been happy till they had eaten of the apple of sin—got pierced by the thorns of pain—had taken up lodgings in a lone wilderness outside of Eden. Consequently their happiness while in paradise was no happiness at all. Now the question is, did the Creator, or did he not constitute our first parents, as finite beings could appreciate joy and bliss, without having a slight acquaintance, at least with pain and misery? If He did, He don't make folks so now-a-days. So Satan, not appreciating the happiness of Heaven, because there was nothing else there—kicked up a row, and got expelled from the country; and it is a matter of no great surprise that he coolly remarked, on taking his leave, that he'd rather be a boss in hell than a boot-black in heaven. Anything for a change was all he cared for: and now see what a poor miserable, despised devil he is! Don't you have anything to do with him my friends—he is the meanest dog that ever skulked in a corner.

My hearers—making my discourse like a double-and twisted doughnut, it is by some degree of wo that we gain what are termed blisses—which are nothing but air blown bubles, after all mirroring a little mimic world of joy for a moment, and then burst and evaporate forever. We wander in the woods of wo, wearily in search of some wild flower of delight that fades as soon as found—sweat, fret, and tear our moral trowsers in climbing to the mountain top of Fame, whose shining summit, instead of being gilded by a warm, golden sunshine, is crowned with eternal snow—toil and slave ourselves for the wheat of wealth, and find the harvest smutted with sorrow, and filled with the tears of care and anxiety. In the walk of love there are thorns, thistles and briars, as well as roses—bitter almonds and aloes in our cups of pleasure—turpentine, tobacco-juice, poke-berries, and a 'worm that dieth n t' in the gin, brandy and portwine that we swallow to give our spirits a boost. This is the case in the town where I was made; and I haven't the tail-feather of a doubt but it is the world over.

My dear friends—you must experience more or less of pain before the heart can be sensible of a transport. Therefore, it is necessary that you should suffer a considerable sum here before you can be prepared to enter upon, and rightly appreciate the extra-jewelled joys of a hereafter. If you think you are taking the world too uncomfortably easy, go and but your heads against that post—wear tight boots—put your noses to a grindstone—get up a treadmill,—edit a newspaper stick pins in your own cushions—or sit upon the seat that nature has given to all, and slide down a rough plank to poverty, against the slivers Do all this, and your joys, blisses and pleasures will shine with unwonted lustre when you find them. Everything must be well rubbed before it can be polished; so you, my worthy brethren, need a vast sight more rubbing than you get to make you reflect the rays of happiness, or even good humor. But don't look for perfect peace or pure joy among the rottenwood and rubbish of earth. They are not to be found here: if they were, they would have been discovered by somebody years & years ago. Look up, then, among those glittering stars! There all is peace and tranquility; and as for joy we see it forever sparkling in those witching eyes of heaven? So mote it be.

REMARKS ON TRANSPLANTING FRUIT TREES.

BY S. G. PERKINS, ESQ., BOSTON, MASS.

From the Horticulturist.

First prepare the ground where they are to be put, so that water will not remain on or near the roots. Examine the roots of the tree before planting, and *cut out* all rotten or defective roots, and *cut in* (shorten) all that are bruised or otherwise injured, to sound wood above the wound. Be careful not to plant too deep, as this may be fatal to your tree.

If the tree does not put out shoots in the spring, at the usual time, or as soon as others do that were planted at the same time, give it one good watering at the roots and no more while it remains in a dormant state; but if the bark remains fresh, or does not turn black *wash the head and body* with a large water pot or syringe every evening at sundown, until it begins to shoot or grow, when you may cease watering the head, and water the roots if required. I have had trees to remain until the last of July without putting out a leaf or shoot of any kind, and after that become as fine specimens as any in my garden.

No manure should be put to fruit trees, except it be a little vegetable manure, quite rotten, and that mixed with the earth that is to cover the roots. The question is frequently asked whether it be best to plant fruit trees in the spring or autumn.—This, in this latitude, must depend on the *soil* into which they are to be put. If the soil be a wet clayey one it is best to plant in the spring; but if it be a light gravelly soil, the autumn is preferable, because you gain four or five weeks in the growth of your plant in the spring.

If the water be allowed to remain about the roots of trees that are recently planted and are growing, it will probably rot them by becoming stagnant and putrid. Trees should be planted therefore, so that the water will run over and off the roots, which is all they require to afford nourishment.

Watering the head and body of a tree that is tardy in putting forth its shoots, is the safest, and indeed the only sure mode of bringing them out, while a continued watering of the roots is almost sure destruction to them.

Trees planted on a south wall or fence, that do not put out shoots in due season, should be cut down to the ground, as the stem may be considered a sort of suction pump, which draws up the moisture from its roots and produces its increased growth, whereas a tree without leaves, and that is not already attached to the ground, has no means of carrying off the moisture from the roots For example, if two branches of equal size and weight, the one with leaves and the other without them, are placed in vessels containing an equal quantity of water & exposed to the sun, the one having leaves will take up the greater part of the liquid, while the other will consume comparatively little.

Some ten years ago, I imported from Paris two hundred and ten Pear trees on Quince stocks, whose roots, on their arrival, I found to be entirely black and dead. I shaved off with a drawing knife all the roots down to the stump. These I planted in trenches, tying them to cross bars to keep them firm and then filled up the trench with good soil. The heads and bodies of these trees were regularly washed in dry weather until they began to sprout, which most of them did in abundance during the summer and I finally saved out of the whole number, one hundred and seventy-four, which became as well rooted and as good trees as any in my garden.

This has happened more than once.—Three or four years ago, I imported among other trees, twenty Plum trees, from six to seven feet high, the heads of which had been budded the year before in France.—These buds had grown from nine to twelve inches long, and were perfectly fresh when they arrived; but the roots on examination were found entirely dead. Two of these I gave away. One was good for nothing, and the other seventeen I planted in my garden, having cut out all the roots that had fibres, they being entirely dead. One of my men said I might as well plant my walking stick. Sixteen of these are now flourishing trees, well grown and well rooted, new roots being induced by means of washing the upper part of the tree.

MULTIPLICATION.—'Pa, how many chickens are on the table?' enquired a hopeful urchin of his father, as they seated themselves to dinner.

'Two, my son,' was the reply.

'Why, no, pa, there are three.'

'How do you prove that, pray?'

'Why, ain't that one chicken, and ain't that two—and don't the multiplication table teach us that two and one make three!

'Sure enough, sonny, you have demonstrated the fact with a clearness not surpassed by Euclid. Well, now,' suiting the action to the word, 'here's one chicken for your ma; here's one for myself—and the *third* you may have for your great learning.'

"Sunny Side" is the name of Washington Irving's country residence on the banks of the Hudson.

Pretty and poetical, and characteristic of the owner, who, in all his writings, shows a cheerful spirit and one that looks upon the brightest side of life.

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