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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MAY-DEW.

On the wood and on the meadow,
With the morning's earliest gray,
Drops a fount. from Eden gushing
In the fragrant dew of May.
All which Spring around her altar
Twines, in beauty ever new—
Glossy leaves and gleaming blossoms,
Draw their virtue from the dew.

When the muscle drinks its falling,
Grows a pearl within the sea;
When the forest-oak it sweetens,
Straight is born the honey-bee;
And the bird, who sips its nectar,
When the summer bids him rove,
Learns the gushing song which gladdens
All the old and solemn grove.

With the dew, on May-bells lying,
Bathes the maid her brow of white,
Bathes her golden fall of tresses,
Till she gleams in morning light;
Even an eyelid, red with weeping,
Leaves the grief it long hath worn,
When within the dew-drop sparkles
Like a gem, the star of morn.

Sink them, lightly, on my bosom,
Balsam thou for every smart!
Lave for me my weary eyelids,
Cool again my thirsting heart!
Give me youth, and song so glowing,
Visions of the fair and true—
Strengthen still my sunward glances,
Light and fragrant morning-dew!

RANDOM REVERIES.

No. XIII.

'From grave to gay—from lively to severe.'

FLOWERS.

"I have found violets!"—

So says Willis, dear reader, in his "April." It tells the whole story of Spring's happy advent. Who does not rejoice in the return of the warm sunshine and clear sky, in the bursting leaf and gushing fountain, in the unfolding flower and verdant meadow slope, in the flashing waterfall making solemn music along the forest paths and the bright birds flooding the leaves with melody? To the old man whose place during the long winter months has been beside the dreamy chimney corner, ruminating amid its fitful gleams upon the changes of many years and hearing in every gust of wind the knell of some buried joy, the dawn of this pleasant season is doubly refreshing. It gives him back his youth again to walk into the ample fields and feel the gentle airs, which have greeted him all his life long, playing with the scanty locks of his temples as they used to play, and searching his aged cheek soothingly for the roses which once clustered there.

This is a fair day, dear reader, on which we are writing. An Arcadian softness is diffused over all nature. Groups are hanging listlessly around the porchways and doors, and the street corners are drinking in the village gossip of half a dozen or more loungers from the office and workshop. For ourselves, we have made the best of our way, by the aid of this trusty cane, to a shaded bank in the woods, over which spread the luxuriant oak branches; where the note of the wood robin and the low gurgling of a gentle stream are the only sounds to animate the solitude of the scene. In this spot where the green moss clings to the gnarled root of the venerable tree have we too "found violets!" How this discovery awakens afresh the love of flowers which since early boyhood has haunted us like a passion! How have we when a boy hunted them the long day through in the forest depths and by the brink of every stream, until night has overtaken us laden with the rich treasures of our toil. You may find flowers around us in every form, from the pressed leaf to the undisturbed boquet suspended with a faded ribbon around its waist from some lofty nail of our dormitory, where it has been telling the same story for a score of years. Dear companionable flowers! touching mementoes of the past! eloquent volumes of thought and feeling! Well, our *penchant* has been gratified. Flowers have been showered upon us at every turn in the journey of life. When we had mounted the hill and began to pass down on the other side the ladies (God bless them!) were pleased to hide our gray locks under a shower of buds and blossoms; and little rosy-browed children have rifled the gardens of their sweets and come with flushed cheeks to throw their fragrant burden at our feet. So that in the companionship of ladies and flowers and little children we have stolen many pleasant hours from the toils of our pilgrimage—and why not, gentle reader?

But of flowers. Fresh and pure and beautiful they are sent to us as way side comforters, whispering of joy in the season of sorrow, of sincerity amidst the deceitfullness of worldly friendship, of Heaven, surrounded by the corruptions of earth.

Here is a single Rose! The hand that plucked it has been long motionless in death. How delicate and yet how enduring the token of affection in a flower from the one we love—how eloquently does it speak of the giver's constancy, and how gently link the tender emotions which bind young hearts in one! Blight may come upon it—its green leaves may wither—and its delicate blossoms fade away, but it is still treasured, the silent though eloquent talisman of happier hours.

A clump of my favorite Hyacynths!—They were sent, I remember well, to cheer the lonely moments of confinement. I had been closely shut up in my chamber, having been arrested in the midst of youthful gayety by a severe and lingering illness. The flowers were the first evidences of the season and when placed on the pillow beside me by a fond and sympathizing sister my eyes filled with tears, and I felt for the first time the full force of my imprisonment. They told me tales of the woodpaths where the vivid verdure was running up, of the leaf bursting forest boughs stretching over them, of the flushing fields, of the budding hedge rows, and more than all, of the garden plat I had loved to watch from day to day in its rich and varied development of blossom and flower.

How much of the enjoyment of life, dear reader, do we owe to these same flowers! It is fit to adorn our dwellings with such holy ministers—fit to crown the head of childhood with such inspiring messengers—fit to embellish age with such reviving tokens—fit to scatter the fresh rose upon the corpse of the friend we love. When death shrouds the eye of the poet and stops the pulsations of his heart, it is singularly appropriate to strew early flowers, which his gentle spirit has learned so well to love, around his lifeless form. It was on the bright summer morning in which he died, as we are told by Christopher North, that the humble folk who compassed the body of poor Burns brought flowers from their gardens and scattered them around where he lay in the stillness of his cottage home. It was said of him that to the last he loved the sunshine, the grass, and the flowers. How touchingly does he pour out his soul to the little wild daisy, turned up by the ploughshare!

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou 'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r
My bonnie gem

"Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee mang the dewey weet!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east."

With him these little messengers were alive and had hearts—endued with the faculty of conferring and receiving blessings. The Scotch poet had a soul overflowing with affection for every thing in nature and especially the flowers that started up on his path. Well do we remember one little scrap of his poetry which used to please us often, when more familiar with his works than now. Professor Wilson in his 'Genius and Character of Burns," introduces this preface to the beautiful lines to Jenny. "Who was Jenny Cruikshank? Only child of my worthy friend, Mr. William Cruikshank, of the high school, Edinburgh. Where did she live? On a floor at the top of a *common stair*, now marked No. 30, in James' square. Burns lived for some time with her father—his room being one which has a window looking out from the gable of the house upon the green behind the Register office. There was little on that green to look at—perhaps "a washing" laid out to dry. But the poet saw a vision—and many a maiden now often sees it too—whose face may be of the coarsest, and her hair not of the finest—but who in spite of all that, strange to say, has an imagination and a heart." Here follow the verses. Read them attentively and you will pardon us, dear reader, for the digression.

A rose-bud by my early walk
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread;
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest;
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
The morn shall see her tender brood
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So then, dear bird, young Jenny fair!
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care,
That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's coming ray,
That watch'd thy early morning.

Just as we were about to close this desultory paper, our eyes encountered a withered Snow-drop, among the faded relics of the garden, field and forest, which are scattered around us. Its history is brief and soon told. In a dim and sheltered alley of the woods, among the ever-green shrubbery of winter, long before the rose peeped from the hedge or the tufted primrose from the grass, it was found a lovely stranger amid the dreariness which surrounded it. No rill prattled joyful greeting at its birth—no bird sang the song of rejoicing to its early hours. We bore it away, and endeavored to keep it alive until its sister flowers should spring up to meet it in the glad little valley—but alas! the effort was useless. Dear reader, when the winter of life surrounds thee—when the lights of youth and the hopes of riper years have departed—when the sunshine and summer flowers bloom no more upon thy pathway—may some sweet hope, like this flower, spring up around the coldness and dreariness of thy bosom—and diffuse the fragrance of its blossoming o'er all the loneliness of the heart, in its last moments.

But we have worn thy patience by our rambling. A long time has elapsed since we last met, kind and gentle reader, and the occasions of such sweet converse may hereafter be less frequent. The old man, like the poet, sometimes feels his own favorite flowers growing over him. Once more has he been privileged to look out upon a warm sky, to cull the flower and rejoice in the melody of singing birds.—When the spring comes back again, you may lose his face—he may not be with you. The flowers may bloom but not for him, and yet we know that some kind hand will plant them upon his grassy sod and water them with the tears of a tender and abiding remembrance.

KNICKERBOCKER.

CULTIVATE OBSERVATION.

Dr. Atlee, in his late valedictory, after urging upon his students to *cultivate observation*, remarks—Doctor Rush is said to have acquired such a perfect knowledge of the human pulse that he often could detect the character of disease without any other aid. He called it the "Nosometer of the system." This tact he acquired by habits of close observation. One of the most certain signs of a good and conscientious physician is long continued and careful examination of the patient. Do not think gentlemen, that you are physicians, because you have certain testimonials in your possession. A diploma does not make the physicians, nor does the want of one make the quack. I know men, who have never entered a lecture room, that do honor to our profession; and I know others, who pride themselves upon the honors of the schools, that disgrace it. How emphatically true is it here that "Heaven helps those only who help themselves!" The former are giant minds who by by native energy, overcome the obstacles of a defective education, and cut their own path to distinction. They are honorable exceptions to the general law; not examples for common imitation. They are the Franklins and Marshalls of our profession and have by genius industry, and perseverance, overcome difficulties, which the schools would have rendered easy. The latter on the contrary, have avoided the only means of carrying out the object of their Alma Mater. Your diploma, gentlemen, will be of small value—nay it may be injurious both to you and the community—if, in consequence of possessing it you should consider yourselves sufficiently learned in the treatment of disease.—Enter on the great ocean of life with such an idea, and the vessel in which you are now embarking, although distinguished for power majesty & grace, will ere long be tossed to and fro by waves of disappointmen', & finally be wrecked on the shoals of ignorance and empiricism. Look around, and see who is the good and successful practitioner. Is it he, who hastily catechises a patient, scarcely waiting for a reply, prescribes before maturing an opinion, and is again off in a moment? Or he who is circumspect and thoughtful in his movements sits by the bedside long and often, studies nature and her errors thoroughly, the influences controlling her operations, compares his observations with the recorded experience of others, and is untiring in his devotion to the welfare of his patient?

STATISTICS OF DUELLING UNDER GEORGE THE THIRD.—Such was the frequent occurrence of duels in this long reign, that *one hundred and seventy two* were fought, (in which three hundred and forty-four persons were concerned;) sixty nine individuals were killed; in three of these fatal cases neither of the compatants survived; ninety six were wounded, forty eight of them desperately and forty eight slightly; while one hundred and seventynine escaped unhurt. From this statement it will be seen, that rather more than *one fifth* of the combatants lost their lives, and that nearly *one-half* received the bullets of their antagonists. It also appears that only eighteen trials took place; that *six* of the arraigned individuals were *acquitted*, *seven* found guilty of manslaughter, and *three* of murder; *two* of whom were executed and *eight imprisoned* during different periods.—*Milingen's History of Duelling.*

The late Henry Erskine, happening to dine in company with a very talkative lady, felt much annoyed by her clatter, and being asked to help her to tongue, replied—'With pleasure, madam; and I presume I may send you the point, as there seems to be *no end* to your own.'

THE MISERERE AT ROME.—The night on which our Saviour is supposed to have died is selected for this service. The Sistine Chapel is dimly lighted, to correspond with the gloom of the scene shadowed forth..... The ceremonies commenced with the chaunting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chaunt proceeded, until the last and brighest one at the top, representing *Christ*, was put out. As they one by one slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom, a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentation grew wilder and deeper. But as the Prophet of Prophets, the Light, the Hope of the world disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful, and the shock was too great to admit of speech. He who had been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great seemed struck suddenly dumb at this greatest wo. Stunned and stupified, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitudes and amid it the suppressed half drawn sigh. Like the chaunter, each man seemed to say, "Christ is gone we are orphans—all orphans!" The silence at length became too painful. I thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail, so desolate and yet so sweet so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, stole slowly out from the distant darkness and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes & I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away as if the grief were too great for the strain Fainter and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sunk away as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended, when there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonizing throb. The multitude swayed to it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament and seemed to weep with the weeper After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet melancholy voice mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sounds could come from nothing but a broken heart. Oh! how unlike the joyful, the triumphant anthem that swept through the same chapel on the morning that symbolized the resurrection.—*J. T. Headley.*

APPEARANCES AFTER DEATH.

When the coffin containing the body of Burns was opened in 1815, there lay the great poet, to appearances nearly entire and retaining various traces of vitality, or, rather, exhibiting the features of one who had recently sunk into the sleep of death—the lordly forehead, arched and high, and the teeth perfectly firm and white.—The scene was so imposing that most of the workmen stood bare and uncovered, as did Dr. Gregory at the exhumation of the hero of Bannockburn, and at the same time felt their frames thrilling with some undefinable emotions, as they gazed on the ashes of him whose fame is as wide as the world itself. But the effect was momentary; for when they proceeded to insert a shelf or case below the coffin, the head separated from the trunk, and the whole body, with the exception of the bones crumbled into dust.

Lord Nugent on opening the coffin, containing the body of John Hampden, found it perfect after a burial of 200 years: even his features were preserved.

When the body of Gen. Wayne, which had been buried at Erie, Pa., in 1807, was disinterred 40 years afterwards, the corpse had undergone so little change as to be readily recognized by those who were familiar with the General in his lifetime. Its perfect preservation was attributed to the character of the soil, in which was argillaceous earth, strongly impregnated with alumina.

EARLY RISING.

The famous philosopher, the really great Czar Peter of Russia, whose memory will ever be the admiration of Europe, always rose before day and when he saw the morning break would express his wonder that any man should be so stupid as not to rise every morning to behold one of the most glorious sights in the universe. 'Men take delight,' said he, 'in gazing on a picture, the trifling work of a mortal, and at the same time neglect one painted by the Deity himself? For my part,' added he, 'I am for making my life, as long as I can, and so sleep as little as possible.'

'Did you mean to jostle me, sir?' said Count Whiskerandos, turning round with an air of intense ferocity, upon a spare man in Spectacles. 'Certainly, sir I did it intentionally,' was the reply. 'Very well sir it is lucky you did it on purpose, I should have resented such carelessness; and the count twirled his mustachios, and stalked on as if this next step would arrest the world.'

JOHN BULL AND HIS LAZARUS.—Rich John does not seem to take very kindly to American relief of Patrick starving at his door. In a private letter which we received a few days since from a gentleman in London, he mentions the disgust of the Americans abroad, at the contemptuous silence of London press upon the subject of the flotillas of American charity now arriving, and particularly upon so important an event as the arrival of an American man-of-war, the Jamestown, with a cargo of charity. We see in a late *Boston Courier* the following remarks on the same subject:—

"*Strange Silence.*—Our readers have perused sundry extracts from the Irish Journals, giving full details of the proceedings consequent on the arrival of the United States sloop-of-war Jamestown at Cork, and the honors paid to Captain Forbes and the rest of her officers. But though the vessel arrived out on the 12th of April, and her news was in Dublin on the 13th, not a word of the event is mentioned in any of the London papers to which we have access, with a solitary exception. The *Morning Post* of the 16th had a letter from its Dublin correspondent, briefly stating the fact of the ship's appearance at at Cork, but that was all. Not a syllable of editorial comment was bestowed upon the matter, and the entrance of the vessel into port, is not even mentioned in the marine reports of the professed shipping and commercial papers. Lloyd's *List* does not even notice it. Contrasted with the exhuberant enthusiasm of welcome and gratitude manifested by Ireland, this total silence of the metropitan press is considered singular, to say the least. One would think that so unprecedented a circumstance as this would have received some attention from journals which not only ransack the business and political spheres of the world for intelligence, but likewise penetrate into the saloons and kitchens of every man who happens to be a subject of public attention or curiosity, in search of details of his life and habits. Perhaps, however, the fact that H. R. H the little Prince of Wales was taken abroad under charge of his nurse on the 15th, many so have engrossed the attention of the London papers, that they had no room to announce the arival of an American national vessel, laden with provisions for the starving millions of a sister kingdom."

MODERN LUXURY IN PARIS.—A correspondent of the *Times* makes some curious communications on the luxury and expensive habits which at present prevails in Paris. He says:—"This is truly the age of luxury in Paris. In furniture, horses, carriages, people are incredibly expensive. In play and private extravagance fortunes are only swept away. No young or old man can pretend to celebrity without a very little hat, a cigar eternally in his mouth, an apartment crowded to embarrassment with awkward, inconvenient, ugly, ancient (or imitation) furniture, procured at marvelous prices; English horses sixteen hands high—carriages touching the ground—a groom of the smallest possible dimensions—a reputation for gallantry, which consists in being admitted to the smoking, champaigne-drinking, gaming *soirees* of the shortest and plainest, the least *distinguees* woman of Europe The records of the tribunals have lately disclosed some of the private *soirees* of the *Lionnes:* and at an auctioneer's catalogue of a sale which took place last week, 1,500*l* sterling was the price of the chimney and other brazen and china ornaments of a lady's little *entresol*. This sale was of the effects of a young person, (twenty-three years of age,) who died a short time since, and which occupied four days.—Her sister, the wife of a poor weaver, demanded the property as also heiress. There were as many *bijoux* in gold and ornamented with precious stones as would set up a jeweller handsomely in the trade, and more than half a hundred weight of plate and silver gilt. The rooms were impassable from the accumulation of furniture in buhl, marqueterie, and inlaid rosewood. The carpeting was an inch thick. The *chancelliere* in which the owner placed her feet, when in her carriage, to protect them from the cold, was lined with real ermine! In her wardrobe forty gowns were found. Laces, laced and embroidered dresses, silks, satins, velvets, furs, all of the costliest kind, and all in exquisite taste."

There is a beautiful thought in the following. It is from Sergeant Talfourd's "Ion:"

It is a little thing
To give a cup of water, yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May send a shock of pleasure to the soul
More exquisite than when nectarious juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours,
'Tis a little thing to speak some common word.
Of comfort which hath almost lost its use,
Yet on the ear of him who thought to die
Unmourned, 'twill fall like choicest music

TO FIX AMMONIACAL GASES IN VAULTS.—The most effectual substances that can be employed for the purpose of attracting ammoniacal gases, are green vitriol or common copperas, (sulphate of iron,) and sulphuric acid. A pound of either of these substances, diluded in a gallon of water and thrown into a vault, will immediately render it inodorous.

COSTUME OF FORMER TIMES.—When Gov. Bowdoin reviewed the troops of Massachusetts, in 1747, he was dressed in a gray wig, cocked hat and white broadcloth coat and waistcoat, red small clothes, and black silk stockings.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachussetts, as late as 1803, wore robes of scarlet, faced with black velvet, and in summer, black silk gowns.

In 1783, Gen. Washington arrived in New York, from Mount Vernon, to assume the duties of the Presidency. He was dressed in a full suit of Virginia homespun. On his visit to New England soon after, he wore the old continental uniform, except on Sabbath, when he appeared in black.

John Adams, when Vice President, wore a sword, and walked the streets with his hat under his arm.

At his levees in Philadelphia, President Washington was clad in black velvet, his hair was powdered, and gathered behind in a silk bag, yellow gloves, knee and shoe buckles;—he held in his hand a cocked hat, ornamented with a cockade, fringed about an inch deep, with black feathers—a long sword, in a white leather scabbard, with a polished steel hilt hung at his hip.

THE DESCENDANTS OF LAFAYETTE.—The patriotism of the illustrious friend of Washington is descending undiluted to his successors. His son, GEORGE WASHINGTON LAFAYETTE, who inherits the name of one and the virtues of both his namesakes, has long held and still holds a seat among the Liberal members of the French Chamber of Deputies, and at the last election his eldest son, OSCAR, having scarcely become eligible by arriving at the age of 30, was elected a Deputy to the same Chamber by the District of *Meaux*, the same that his grandfather, the General, formerly represented. The contest was an active one, his antagonist and predecessor being a Ministerial candidate, sustained by powerful interests—but veneration for the memory of the grandfather, the gratitude of his old constituents, the opinion of the people, and we may presume the merit of the candidate, have prevailed over all obstacles; and now the son sits by the side of his father, on the same opposition bench, where he sat so long by the side of his father, the old General.

In all this there would seem to be, in both representatives and constituents, examples of steadfastness and fidelity not always to be found in the political annals of countries reputed the most republican and free.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—A gentleman from the South, named Thomas, said to be a relative of ex-Governor Thomas, of Maryland, has been missing for several days in New York, where he arrived a few months ago, with his wife. He put up at a house in Morris street, but his wife spent the greater portion of her time with some acquaintances in Brooklyn.

On Friday night week, Mr. Thomas also went to Brooklyn and spent the night in company with his wife, leaving his trunk, containing $11,000 in specie, at the hotel, in Morris street. Early on Saturday morning, Mr. Thomas got up and left the city, previously telling his wife to meet him at the house in Morris street, in time to proceed by the afternoon train for Philadelphia. Mrs. T., on going to the house in Morris street, was informed by the proprietor, that Mr. Thomas had been there that morning, and taken away all his things, since which, nothing has been heard of him, or his money. Mr. T. is about 55 years of age, and was married but a few months ago to his wife, who is much younger than himself. It is understood that Mr. T. intended to purchase building materials, with a view of putting up some houses in the West Indies. The authorities are investigating the matter.

SYMPATHY.—Russel was singing the dismal song entitled "The Gambler's Wife," and having uttered the words—

Hush! he comes not yet!
The clock strikes one!

he struck the key to intimate the sullen knell of the departed hour, when a respectable dressed lady ejaculated, to the amusement of every body, "Wouldn't I have fetched him home!" All of Mrs. Caudle's lectures were concentrated in that little sentence.

The late Doctor Abernethy would never permit his patients to talk much. He could not succeed in silencing a loquacious lady, but by the following expedient—'Put out your tongue, madam.' The lady complied. 'Now keep it there till I have done talking.'

Parliament allows the Queen of England for her support, $1,750,000; for Prince Albert, her husband $133,000, and for horses and hounds, $310,000 making in all $2.193,000.

The Queen of Spain and her husband show symptoms of enduring each other. They have appeared together in public, and the reconciliation is said to have given rise to great rejoicings.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
'Like Samson, I my thousands slay!'
'Yes,' cried a wag, 'indeed you do—
And with the self-same weapon too.'

A negro being asked how late it was by his watch, replied,

'Sixty tree minits pass ha'f arter twelve; why you no keep a watch you'self?'

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