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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Advertisements

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THIS TIME LAST YEAR.

A BALLAD—FROM THE PICTORIAL TIMES.

This time last year—this time last year,
How many a gentle face was near!
All smiling round a festive board,
All rivals for the kindest word
That might the happy stranger greet,
And make him feel his welcome sweet!

Far other scenes are they that now
With care and sadness fill my brow;
In vain through sorrow's gloom I trace
For that dear, happy, look'd for place,
Where, side by side, each day more near,
Heart clung to heart, *this time last year!*

Those sunny moments now are past;
They were too heavenly bright to last!
The smile—the angel-voice I woke
To sing love's music when it spoke—
All—all have fled and left me here,
To mourn in vain *this time last year!*

THE DISSATISFIED.

Extract from a humerous sketch written

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

Beware how your sympathising nature induces you to accost "Tribulation Trepid," in the highway, unless you are proof against the contagious influence of sorrow, and are firmly fixed in the confidence of your own hope; for it seems to afford a mournful satisfaction to all the Trepids to bring others down to their own melancholy level.

"You may try," say they—"no objection to any body's trying—but it's not often that trying comes to any thing.—Whatever it may be, it will never answer—we never knew things to answer; things never answer now-a-days," with various other assurances of a like nature. Beware, then, of the effects of contact with the Trepids, unless your nature is of that sanguine sort which bids defiance to the chill, and has hardihood to sport itself safely in December's snow.

"How are you, Trepid? How do you feel to-day, Mr. Trepid?"

"A great deal worse than I was thank'ee, 'most dead, I am obliged to you—I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better. I'm very sure, any how, I'm not going to be any better, and for the future you may always know I'm worse without asking any questions; for the questions make me worse if nothing else does!"

"Why, Trepid, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, I tell you, in particular, but a great deal is the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we don't know what is is. That's what kills people—when they can't tell what it is—that's killing me. My great grandfather died of it, he did, and so will I. The doctors don't know—they can't tell; they say I'm well enough, when I'm bad enough, and so there's no help. I'm going off some of these days, right after my great grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of every thing in general. That's what finishes our folks."

But as Tribulation Trepid has now got under way in reference to his bodily health, it may be as well to suffer him to explain himself in the matter of his pecuniary relations, which are in quite as bad a condition.

"Well, but, Trepid, how do you come on otherwise? Why don't you go into some sort of business and keep a shop?"

"Keep a shop!—what's the use of keeping a shop? If I keep a shop nobody would ever come into it; and if they did come in, they wouldn't buy any thing.—Didn't I try once, and nobody came, because they said I hadn't enough of an assortment? Ketch me! Why did they not buy what they had, instead of trying to coax me to get things, which they would not have bought after all? Me keep a shop! Yes, to be sold out by the Sheriff—I'm always sold out—don't I know it beforehand?"

"Apply for a situation, did you say?—Nonsense! Aint they always very sorry—if I had only come sooner, or if they had only know'd it before—isn't that always the answer? Could I ever get any where soon enough, or before somebody else had been there, and had gathered up all the good things that were agoing? Don't tell me about applying for a situation. It's almost as bad as trotting to get an office.—Bring recommendations say they; and by the time you've got your recommendations, oh, how sorry they are for such a nice man as you, only the place is filled already.

"I've a great mind never to try to go any where any more, after situations—somebody must sleep there all night; for, however bright and early I get up in the morning, there he is; and I might had the place if I had been in time, as if that was any comfort."

"And as for trying to borrow money of people which is a easy way of getting a living as a gentleman could desire, if you've a pretty good run of business in that line, I never could do much at it some how or other. I never could take the money-eyed people by surprise. They seemed to know what I wanted as soon as I looked at them and they were always very sorry too—every body is sorry to me—but they had no cash to spare just now, and just now is always the time when people don't want to lend. No—nothing is to be done in that line, unless you take them by surprise, like a steel-trap; and I'm not quick enough for that operation.

"I'll give up—yes, if nobody will leave me a fortune, and no rich widow will marry me, I've a great mind to give up, and see what will become of me then. I suppose something must become of me; though I hardly believe it will, for nothing ever become of me yet. But of this I'm sure, there's no use of my trying to get along by myself, and I'll just sit down by the side of life's turnpike and wait till something goes travelling by to get me along—but I guess I'll have to wait a good while; for the place will be occupied—they'll be very sorry to be sure, and they'll wish they had know'd it in time; but there's no room left."

MRS. COUTTS' VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD—1825.

The much talked of lady who began life as Miss Harriet Mellon, a comic actress in a provincial troupe, and died duchess of St. Albans, as making a tour in Scotland as Mrs. Coutts, the enormously wealthy widow of the first English banker of his time. No person of such consequence could, in those days, have thought a Scotch progress complete, unless it included a reception at Abbotsford; but Mrs. Coutts had been previously acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, who, indeed, had some remote connexion with her late husband's family through the Stewarts of Allenbank, I believe, or perhaps the Swintons of Swinton. He had visited her occasionally in London, during Mr. Coutts' life, and was very willing to do the honor of Teviotdale in return. But although she was considerate enough not to come on him with all her retinue, leaving four of the seven with which she travelled at Edinburgh, the appearance of three coaches, each drawn by four horses, was trying to poor lady Scott. They contained Mrs. Coutts, her future lord, the Duke of St. Albans; one of his grace's sisters; a *dame de compagnie*, (vulgarly styled a toady;) a brace of physicians, for it had been considered that one might himself be disabled in the course of any expedition so adventurous; and besides other menials of every grade, two bed chamber women for Mrs. Coutts' own person, she requiring to have this article also in duplicate, because in her widowed condition she was fearful of ghosts, and there must be one Abigail for the service of the toilette, a second to keep watch by night. With a little puzzling and cramming, all this train found accommodation; but it so happened that there were already in the house several ladies, Scotch and English, of high birth and rank, who felt by no means disposed to assist their host and hostess in making Mrs. Coutts' visit agreeable to her. They had heard a great deal, and they saw something, of the ostentation, almost inseparable from wealth so vast as had come into her keeping. They were on the lookout for absurdity and merriment; and I need not observe how effectually women of fashion can contrive to mortify, without doing or saying anything that shall expose them to the charge of actual incivility.

Sir Walter, during dinner, did everything in his power to counteract this influence of the *evil eye*, and something to overawe it; but the spirit of mischief had been fairly stirred, and it was easy to see that Mrs. Coutts followed these noble dames to the drawing-room, in by no means that complacent mood which was customarily sustained, doubtless, by every blandishment of obsequious flattery in this mistress of millions. He cut the gentlemen's sederunt short, and, soon after joining the ladies, managed to draw the youngest, and gayest, and cleverest, who was also the highest in rank, (a lovely Marchioness,) into his armorial hall adjoining. 'I said to her,' he told me, 'I want to speak a word with you about Mrs. Coutts. We have known each other a good while, and I know you won't take anything I can say in ill part. It is, I hear, not uncommon among the fine ladies in London to be very well pleased to accept invitations, and even, sometimes, to hunt after them, to Mrs. Coutts' great balls and fetes, and then, if they meet her in any private circle, to practice upon her the delicate manœuvre called *tipping the cold shoulder*. This, you agree with me is shabby; but it is nothing new either to you or to me that fine people will do shabbiness for which beggars might blush, if they once stoop so low as to poke for tickets. I am sure you would not for the world do such a thing; but you must permit me to take the great liberty of saying, that I think the style you have all received my guest, Mrs. Coutts, in, this evening, is, to a certain extent, a sin of the same order. You were all told, a couple of days ago, that I had accepted her visit, and that she would arrive to-day, to stay three nights. Now, if any of you had not been disposed to be of my party at the same time with her, there was plenty of time for you to have gone away before she came; and, as none of you moved, and it was impossible to fancy that any of you would remain out of mere curiosity, I thought I had a perfect right to calculate on your having made up your minds to help me out with her.' The beautiful peeress answered, 'I thank you, Sir Walter, you have done me the great honor to speak as if I had been your daughter; and depend upon it, you shall be obeyed with heart and good will.' One by one, the other exclusives were seen engaged in a little *tete-a-tete* with her ladyship. Sir Walter was soon satisfied that things had been put into a right train.—The Marchioness was requested to sing a particular song, *because* he thought it would please Mrs. Coutts. 'Nothing could gratify her more than to please Mrs. Coutts.' Mrs. Coutts' brow smoothed, and in the course of half an hour she was as happy and easy as ever she was in her life, rattling away at comical anecdotes of her early theatrical years, and joining in the Chorus of Sir Adam's *Laird of Cockpen*. She staid out her three days—saw, accompanied by all the circle, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Yarrow—and left Abbotsford delighted with her host, and, to all appearance, with his other guests."—*Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott.*

A QUEER CHARACTER.

Missed from this year's May-day celebration, is a very singular man who has been, almost immemorially, its best known and most popular, feature—Lazarin the famous puppet show manager, the king and patriarch of the vagrant theatricals of France. He died just before the holiday came round, and thus terminated one of the most curious and extraordinary lives of the time. Lazarin was a marquis—a real, legitimate marquis—born of one of the best and oldest descents of France, and married in his youth, to a daughter of a family as noble. He came in to manhood by the gate of gold. Strikingly handsome distinguished looking, (as he continued to be to the last) rich, joyous and brave, he launched into the gayeties of Court-life, and was soon the person whose wit was the most quoted, whose style was the most imitated, & who was the most sought and best received. The waste of his fortune however, kept equal pace with his triumphs and when the Revolution arrived, he was desperately ready to throw himself into the front rank of the partizans and plotters. After miraculous hazards and escapes his last disguise served to take him beyond reach of harm and he found himself in Germany, one of a company of strolling players and without a sous or hope. Instead of yielding to any depression, he gaily adopted the sock and buskin for the remainder of his life, and with one or two intervals, during one of which he came and passed some little time in America, he industriously followed it till he died. At the Restoration, he returned to Paris, having in his absence passed the meridian of life, but he returned with no idea of resuming rank or name. The fortunes of marquisate were extinct, and poverty with the dignities of such a name offered little temptation. His winning address, in parading before the tent door of his wax-figure show, and inducing the strolling public to enter, was profitably employed, and though he loved in his leisure moments to tell his story and laugh over his adventures, he was never other than 'Lazarin' in his claims to position or respect. He is lamented now by more than would have lamented him, had he died under the satin canopy and been buried under the heraldic blazon of a marquis.

WONDERFUL VISION OF A CHILD.

The N O. Delta of the 2d inst., has a letter giving an account of the discovery of a child, in the interior of Louisiana, the son of a blacksmith, with telescopic powers of vision. The writer stopped to have his horse shod, and was attracted to the child, of which he gives this account:

"Drawing the child near me, I found his eyes unusually large, but not remarkably prominent. The iris, which is of a light hazel color, encroached more than ordinarily on the sclerotic coat, and the widely dilated pupil, on examination proved to have no contractile energy. In a conversation with the mother, she observed that her son could discover objects at inconceivable distances, but when they were within the range of ordinary vision, he appeared as blind as an owl at noontide. This commucation gave a solution to the 'stubborn awkwardness' of this interesting child. As I had a desire to attest the acuteness of his sight by an observation on the satellites of Jupeter, you may judge of my pleasure when I received an invitation to remain for the night.

Having with me a small telescope, of power sufficient to observe the satellites of Jupiter, I directed the boy's attention to this planet, at the same time requesting him to inform me if he saw any small luminaries in its vincinity, & to state how they are situated with regard to the primary body In a moment he asserted that he saw "three bodies like golden marbles, one above the planet, one on the right, and the other on the left hand." I then asked him their apparent relative distances from the main body, and he answered that the upper one was the most remote, and that on the left hand the least I immediately pointed the telescope to the spot, and found, to my indescribable astonishment, that the boy was minutely correct in every particular.

His atention was next drawn to the planet Saturn, when he announced that he could plainly discern four small bodies similar to those adjacent to Jupiter, but of an inferior size; in this instance I was not prepared for an investigation, the power of my instrument being too limited. I instituted other experiments that proved, to a demonstration, the telescopic vision of the child, but as I have already written more than I intended, I shall not attempt a recapitulation of them.

I intend to write to you again, giving in detail several experiments made on the same subect. T. B.

Franklin, St. Mary's Parish, La., May 21, 1847.

GALVANISM.

By means of the galvanic agency a variety of sriking and surprising effects have been produced, some of which we have already noticed, and of which the following is a brief summary. Gunpowder, cotton, and other inflammable substances have been set on fire—charcoal has been made to burn, with a most brilliant and beautiful white flame, water has been decomposed to its elementary part—metals have been melted and set on fire—fragments of diamond, charcoal and plumbago, have been dispersed, as if they had been evaporated platina, the hardest and heaviest of the metals has been melted as readily as wax in the flame of a candle—the sapphire quartz magnesia, lime and the firmest compounds in nature, have been made to enter into fusion. Its effects on the animal system are no less surprising. When applied to a fowl or rabbit, immediately after life is extinct, it produces the most strange and violet convulsion on the nervous and muscular system as if the vital functions were again revived: and when applied to the human body after death, the stimulous has produced the most horrible contortions and grimaces in the muscles of the head and face, and the most rapid movements in the hand & feet. Numerous experiments which have been made both on dead animals and human subjects, have led to the conclusion that galvanism possesses some *sanative* as well as energetic influence on the action of diseased living beings. It has been found to effect cures, and to afford relief in nervous disorders. It has not only been used to save the afflicted living, but also to resuscitate the apparently dead; and, in all cases of suspended animation, from accidents or otherwise it has been found to be a test of vitality, and the surest criterion of recent death. A celebrated medical writer on this subject, in Berlin, strongly recommends its use in rheumatism, palsies, nervous deafness, hoarseness, debility of sight white swellings of the joints, tumors in the glands of the neck, and several other disorders. It is found that it possesses not only a stimulating power, over the nerves and muscles, but also over the vital forces M. Sprongen, of Jenna, gives an account of having restored the sense of hearing to 15 persons by means of this singular agent—to four of whom he also restored the sense of smelling. Galvanism has also been employed as a powerful agent for blasting rocks. At Glasgow, and several other places, its agency has been applied with great success. At one blast hundred of tons of stone have been in a moment loosened from the rock. It is found that dry sand is quite sufficient for filling perforation in the rock where the charge is placed, and that the process is unaccompanied with the smallest degree of danger, so that, by this mode of blasting those accidents which have so frequently happened to workmen employed in such operations may be entirely prevented. The galvanic agency enables us to account for the following among other facts. Why porter has a different and more pleasant taste when drunk out of a pewter vessel, than out of glass or earthenware,—why a silver spoon is discolored in eating eggs,—why the limbs of people under amputation are sometimes convulsed by the application of the instruments—why pure mercury is oxydised when amalgated with tin,—why works of metal which are sodered together, soon tarnish in the places where the metals are joined;—and why the copper sheathing of ships when fastened with iron nails, is soon corroded about the place of contact. In all these cases a galvanic circle is formed which produces the effects. We have reason to believe that, in combination with the discoveries which modern chemistry is daily unfolding, the agencies of this fluid will enable us to carry the arts forward towards perfection, and to trace the secret causes of some of the sublimest phenomena of nature.

The editor of the New Orleans Mercury says he should like to know how much gall a chemist would be able to extract from two such Whigs as the Louisville Journal and the Philadelphia North American. Prentice would like to know how many wooden nutmegs a Yankee pedlar would be able to make out of Mr. Polk's head and Santa Anna's leg.

ADMISSION OF SANTA ANNA.—Gov. Aaron Vail Brown, of Tennessee, in a public address, declared that Mr. Polk meant no harm in letting Santa Anna into Vera Cruz; "but fellow citizens," said he pointing to his head) "the error was here."—This was a very delicate way of intimating a weakness in the Presidential "upper story."

RULES FOR THE LADIES.

It is not considered fashionable to introduce two persons who accidentally meet in your parlor, and who are paying you a morning visit.

Never introduce in the street, unless the third person joins and walks with you. You may make an exception to this rule, when the parties are mutually desirous of knowing each other.

When a gentleman is presented to a lady, if she is in her own house and desirous to welcome him, she may shake hands with him; but on any other occasion, unless the gentleman is venerable, or the bosom friend of the husband and father, this practice is reprehensible.

A lady is at liberty to take either another lady or a gentleman to pay a morning visit to a friend, without asking permission; but she should never allow a gentleman the same liberty.

A lady who is invited to an evening assembly may always request a gentleman who has not been invited by the lady of the house, to accompany her.

If you are walking with one lady, do not stop to converse with others who are unknown to her, as she must necessarily feel unpleasant; but if with a gentleman, you may do as you please.

AN INCIDENT AT A FUNERAL "LONG TIME AGO."—In the "Literary History of the United Kingdom," in the last number of the North American Review, we find the following incident related as having taken place at the burial of William the Conqueror. These anecdotes of olden times are not familiar with every one, and they are interesting for that reason:

Just as the body was about to be lowered into the grave, a man came forward, crying out—"Clerks and bishops! this ground is mine. Upon it stood the house of my father. The man for whom you pray wrested it from me to build thereon his church. I have neither sold my land nor mortgaged it, nor have I forfeited it, nor made any grant whatsoever of it. It is my right, and I claim it. In the name of God I forbid you to lay the body of the spoiler therein, or to cover it with my clay." All present confirmed the truth of the man's words. The bishops told him to approach, and making a bargain with him, delivered him sixty sols, as the price of the sepulchre only, engaging to [illegible] nify him equitably for the [illegible] ground.

The corpse had been dressed in the royal habit and robe, but it was not in a coffin. On its being placed in the grave, whose sides consisted of masonry, and which was found to be too narrow, it became necessary to force it down, which caused it to burst. Incense and perfumes were burned in abundance, but without avail. The crowd dispersed in disgust, and the priests themselves hurrying the ceremony, soon deserted the church.

THE NERVES OF THE HEART.—An interesting discovery has recently been made respecting the nerves of the heart.—The doctrine that the heart was wholly devoid of nerves (*cor nervis careet*) and was a *stupidum et insensible viscus*, which obtained, we believe, at the close of the last century, had already been modified by later authorities; but until Dr. Lee commenced his inquiries, it was generally supposed that the nerves were very few in number; it was considered that the organ performed its important functions with little or no nervous action. Dr. Lee's inquiries are stated to establish not merely the existence of numerous hitherto unnoticed nerves in the heart, but also the curious facts, that these nerves increase with the increase of the organ; and that the nerves on the left side are more than double the size of those on the right. This latter circumstance is accounted for by the difference in the functions of the two sides, it being the office of the left ventricle to disperse the blood through the whole body by means of the arteries, while that of the right ventricle is merely to transmit it thro' the lungs to the left auricle—an operation obviously requiring a less vigorous pulsation, and consequently less nervous power, than that of the left ventricle. This discovery may be regarded as the compliment of Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood.—*N. O. Commercial Times.*

THE NEEDLE.—How often have I blessed my needle for rescuing me from the temptations which assail the other sex! Bright and innocent little implement, whether plied over tasteful luxuries, or gaining the poor pittance of a day, thou art equally the friend of her whose visions tend to wander amid the regions of higher abstractions, and of her whose thoughts are pinned down to the tread mill of their minute progress! Quiet rescuer from clubs and midnight revels, amid the minor blessings of woman's lot, thou shalt not be forgotten! Still come, and let thy fairy wand shine on her; still lend an ambitious joy to the plaything of the girl; still move unconsciously under the glittering smile of the maiden planning thy triumphant results; still beguile the mother whose thought roves to her boy on the distant ocean, or the daughter watching by the sick bed of one who has heretofore toiled for her; still sooth the long, dreamy moments of faithful love; and though a tear sometimes fall on thy shining point it shall not gather the rust of despair, since *employment* is thy dower.—*Mrs. Gilman.*

"CAN THE ETHIOPIAN CHANGE HIS SKIN?"—A QUESTION SATISFACTORILY ANSWERED.

—In the Alexandrian correspondence of the 'Times' of yesterday, we find the following: "The extraordinary fact of a black woman turning white has recently occured at Cairo. The woman is married to a black soldier belonging to Ibrahim Pasha's guard, and, according to the evidence brought forward, it is during the last two years that her black skin pealed off by degrees and without any inconvenience to herself, and has been replaced by a white skin. Her features distinctly belong to the ethiopian race, and her flat nose, thick projecting lips, woolly hair, peculiar cheekbone, accent, and the shape of her feet, all denote her origin. Five European medical men at Cairo have certified to the above facts. The woman is of about forty years of age, has always enjoyed very tolerable health, and comes from the province of Sowauli, in Zanzibar, in the dominions of the Emperor of Muscat."—*London Examiner.*

LOCOFOCO PATRIOTS!

It is stoutly urged by the Locofocos that if their President made the war, they have fought it! If we were to take the accounts of these political historians, who like Bancroft shape facts to suit their partizan tenets, we should believe that Scott, Taylor and Worth were ingloriously reposing at home, instead of gathering military laurels in Mexico, and we should be compelled to believe that the blood spilled by the noble McKee, Clay, Hardin, Watson and others on the battle fields of Mexico was as purely "Democratic" as hat against which Mr. Buchanan once so loudly fulminated, and which with the lancet of his indignation, he threatened to let out, should it be found to gaunly current in his veins. But when we come to compare locofoco professions on the war with locofoco practice, they will be found widely different. Locofocoism can vapor with as much noise of steam as Santa Anna himself, in a proclamation; but when hard knocks are required, many of its adherents are inclined to show their knowledge of the Mexican language by exercises in the art of "vamos."

We are led to these general remarks—for there are individual exceptions, and we know some truly brave locofoco soldiers—by noticing in the Corydon (Ia.) Gazette, that, during the last Congressional canvass in that district, the Hon Robert Dale Owen, on several occasions said: "*I will agree to do all the fighting which may grow out of annexation.*" Upon this Prentice exclaims—"What a blunder it was on the part of the Administration to expend so much money and raise so many men to fight at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Buena Vsta, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, and Sacramento, when the Hon. Robert Dale Owen might have won all those battles singe-handed, and when he stood positively pledged to his constituents to do so!"

But there was mother locofoco member of Congress from the same State—a brawler for War, for Mexico, the Halls of the Montezumas, and the whole or none of Oregon—Thomas J. Henly. The Indiana State Journal says he was one of Mr. Polk's electors in that State, and then told the people that the annexation of Texas would not produce a war with Mexico, and if it did he would undertake to conquer Mexico with a dozen old ladies armed with broomsticks. The annexation took place and the war followed. Mr. Henly did not conquer Mexico with his dozen old ladies, nor did he volunteer when the State called for troops. As an excuse for not doing it he wrote as follows:

"And now, in conclusion, as the occasion is a fit one, allow me to say to the troops at Camp Whitcomb, that having voted for the annexation of Texas which is alleged to have originated it, *if my duties in Congress would have allowed it I should already have been one of their number; and if they do not march before the adjournment, or if I can leave at an earlier period without neglecting the duties which devolve upon me here, I may yet join them before they reach the table lands of Mexico.* They have my ardent wishes for a safe return to their homes and families

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
THOMAS J. HENLY.

Washington, June 26, 1846.

So much for Locofoco patriotism!—Then there was Judge Wick, another Polk elector of Indiana, who was willing to whip Mexico on contract! We do not hear of him since the war, and when we do, he will probably be feeding the army on *contract*, and making a fortune.—*North American.*

DEATH OF JUDGE NICHOLLS.—The Donaldsonville papers come to us in mourning for Judge Thomas C. Nicholls, who died at that place on the 12th instant at the age of fifty seven. Judge Nicholls was a Marylander by birth, and has resided in this State for many years, having been for a long time Judge of the 4th District Court and lately one of the judges of the Court of Appeals in criminal cases. Judge N. was a veteran of the late war, having been engaged in the operations below New Orleans in 1814 and 1815. He was a just and honorable man—a faithful and capable Judge—a patriotic and high minded citizen.—*New Orleans Delta.*

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